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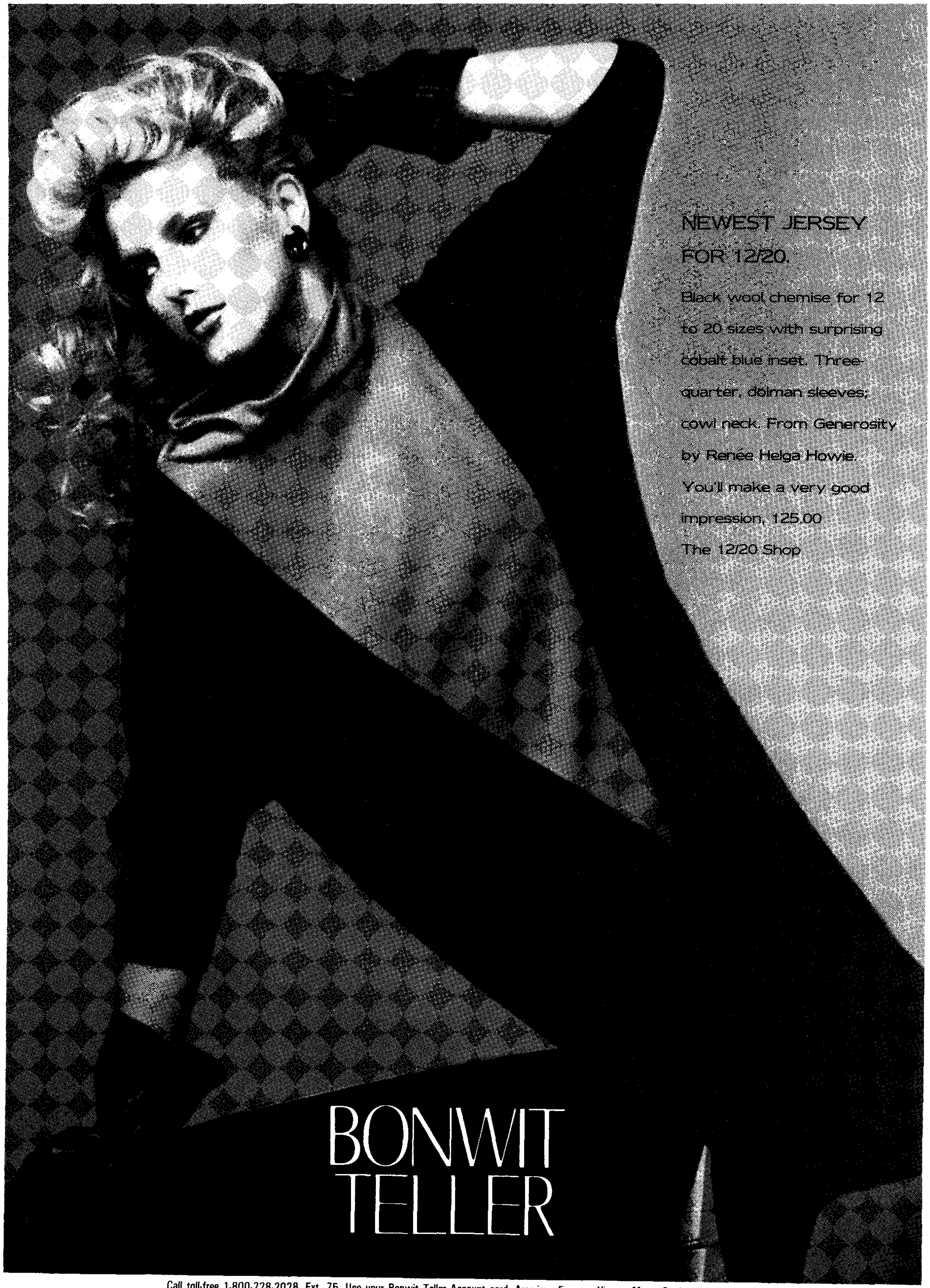

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Beckett Plays—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe," in which David Warrilow gives a silent, eloquent performance, first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider is the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Big Maggie—This harsh comedy—an Irish import by John B. Keane—is about a widow and the schemes she devises to initiate her four grown children into the stringent realities of life in provincial Ireland. Ideally, the play should be performed by an Irish company, but the American actors assembled do pretty well under Donal Donnelly's direction. Robin Howard is excellent in the title role. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Breakfast with Les and Bess—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brighton Beach Memoirs—Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. Now with Fisher Stevens as the wisecracking adolescent Neil. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

La Cage aux Folles—A musical worth attending for the performances by George Hearn and Gene Barry as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez and for the production itself, which is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. The settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge, and the lighting is by Jules Fisher. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics, which in the context are oddly conventional; the book, by Harvey Fierstein, is a primerlike and unnecessary defense of a drag queen's capacity to experience family love. (9/5/83) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial—A distinguished cast, headed by Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and Joe Namath breathes plenty of life into Herman Wouk's time-tested melodrama about a Navy minesweeper in the Second World War. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Edmund Kean—Ben Kingsley in a one-man show that celebrates the disreputable personal life and brilliant professional career of the man who is generally considered one of the three or four greatest actors in British history. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of Christopher Fry's comedy "The Lady's Not for Burning" is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

Fool for Love—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

FunHouse—Eric Bogosian in a one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, Oct. 9: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, Oct. 12: **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

A Little Madness—A play by Gerald Zipper. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 5. (Provincetown, 133 MacDougal St. 777-2571. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My One and Only—Tommy Tune and Twiggy are the stars of this merry, newly invented musical comedy (book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer), which brings back half a dozen superlative Gershwin songs. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

'Night, Mother—Marsha Norman's eloquent play about a young woman determined to end her life, superbly acted by Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak. The director was Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine, has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Colin Stinton,

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and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Ridiculous Theatrical Company—Presenting Charles Ludlam's **GALAS.** (One Sheridan Square. 691-2271. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

Sad Lament of Pecos Bill on the Eve of Killing His Wife and **Superstitions**—A pair of brief musical one-acters. The words are by the incomparable Sam Shepard and the songs, in all varieties, by a group called the Overtones, along with Mr. Shepard. Mark Petrakis and O-lan Shepard act and sing to perfection. (9/26/83) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Saturday at 7, and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Oct. 9.)

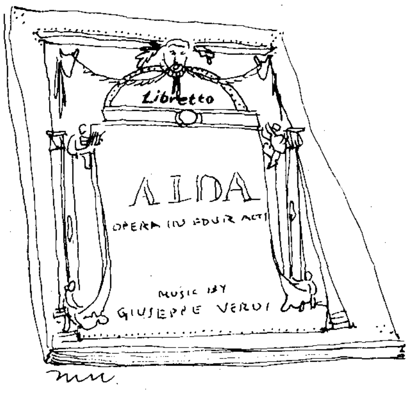
Taking My Turn—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Vi-Ton-Ka Medicine Show—The first production of the twentieth-anniversary season at American Place is this re-creation of the sort of show that toured the country from the Civil War through the nineteen-fifties. (American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 16.)

Yellow Fever—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi was the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed by Mako. Donald Li plays Shikaze at the matinée performances. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

You Can't Take It with You—Eddie Albert and an army of others in the Kaufman-Hart comedy of 1936. Most of the lines and all of the fireworks are as funny as ever. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Daniel Davis, Peter Crook, and Maureen Moore heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 10, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Oct. 10, at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,752 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **GREATER TUNA:** Ron Lee Savin and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Sergio Franchi plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a seething satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **TRUE WEST:** Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Serious Bizness—This little show, written by Jennifer Allen, David Babcock, Winnie Holzman, and Don Perman, and performed by Mr. Babcock, Jill Larson, Mr. Perman, and Nealla Spano, is as witty and humorous as anything in town. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 869-4200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DANCE

Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century—Final performances of the engagement. Wednesday through Friday evenings, Oct. 5-7, and Sunday matinée, Oct. 9: "Eros Thanatos." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Oct. 8: "Greek Dances," "Concerto in Re," and "Rite of Spring." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Ballet Hispanico of New York—Traditional dances of Spain, Latin America, and the Caribbean, and jazz-influenced works. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 5-7, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 8, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

Saeko Inchinohe and Company—A program of modern dance. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3. For tickets, call 246-4779.)

Bertram Ross—A program of solo works. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Oct. 13, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 15-16, at 8.)

Linda Diamond and Company—A program of modern dance. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11-12, at 4. For tickets, call 489-2312.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—A five-day engagement. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** will work with pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN;** on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will be on hand with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** has returned to this club to sing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concert-style (sh-h-h!) sets Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club, with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Singer Anne Marie Moss is here on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5-6. On Friday, Oct. 7, singer **JOE WILLIAMS,** who had the super-duper Basie band of the fifties and sixties for a backing

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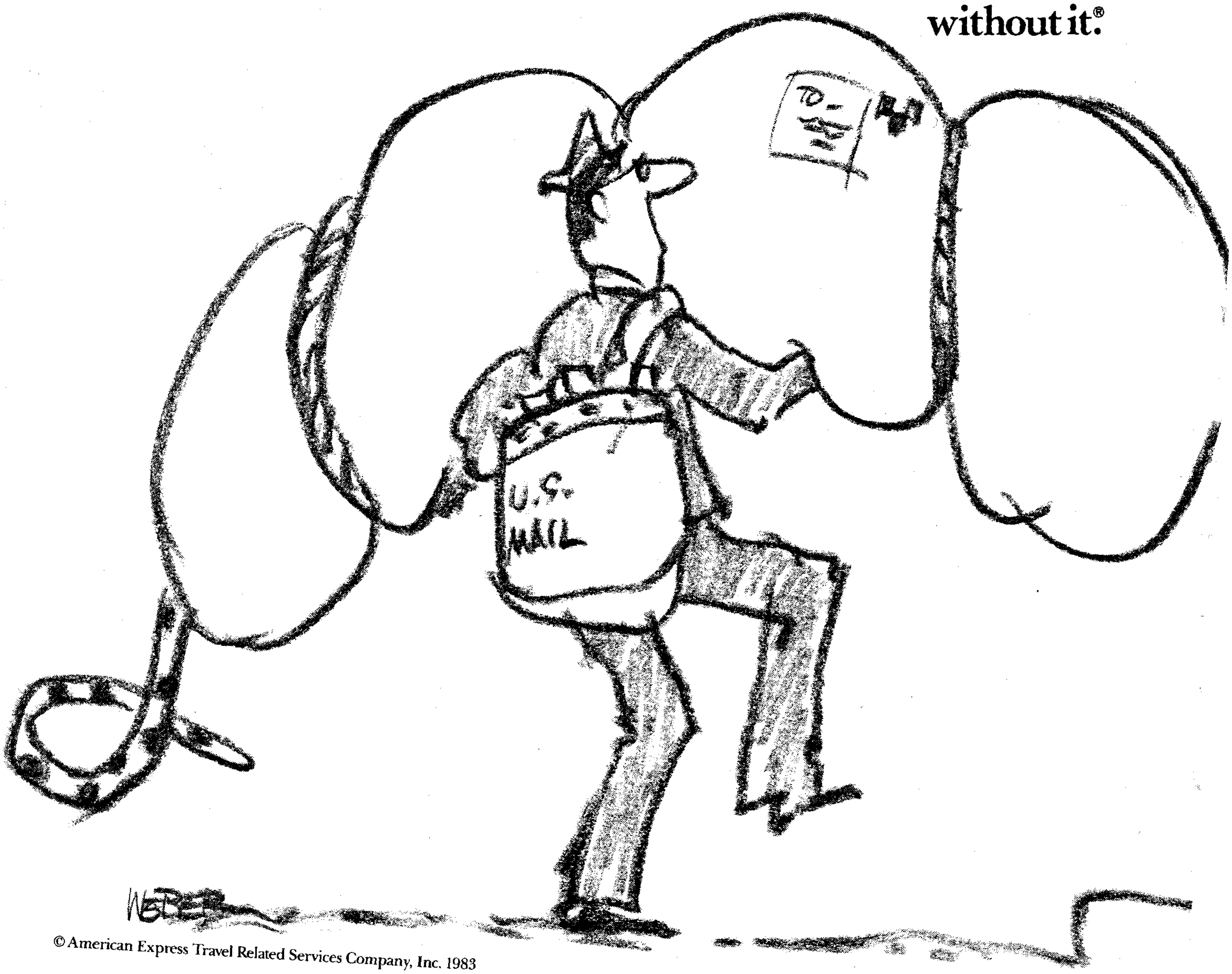
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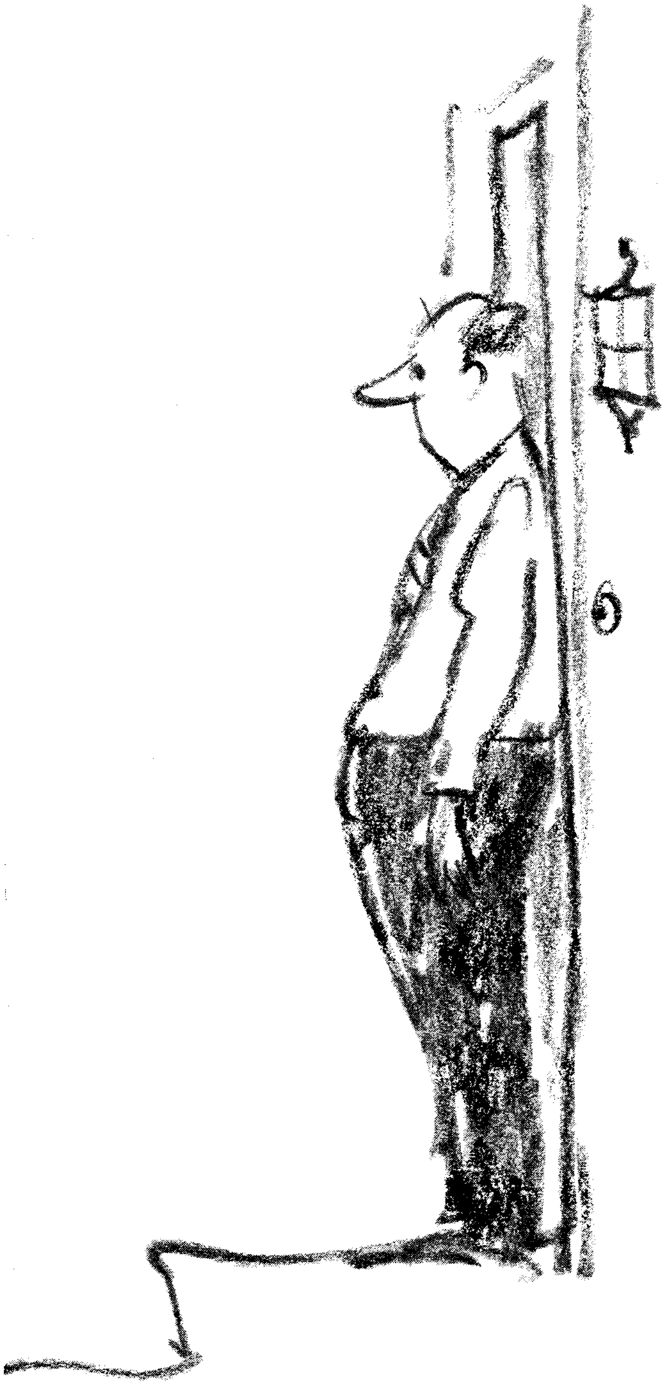

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

crew, *will arrive to perform every night but* Monday. On Monday, Oct. 10, the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI–LEW TABACKIN** Big Band will take over the bandstand. Sets begin after nine-thirty. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: Friday through Sunday, Oct. 7-9, Southern rockers **DICKEY BETTS, JIMMY HALL, CHUCK LEAVELL,** and **BUTCH TRUCKS;** Monday, Oct. 10, the Itals and Roots Radics; Wednesday, Oct. 12, **JONATHAN RICHMAN & THE MODERN LOVERS;** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, Pieces of a Dream and Brazilian singer and pianist **TANIA MARIA;** Saturday, Oct. 15, Nils Lofgrin. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good musicians. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** is here performing until Sunday, Oct. 9; he's with pianist Bill Mays through Saturday, Oct. 8. On Monday, Oct. 10, pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his sidekick, bassist **JIMMY ROWSER,** will take over. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—Pianist **JIMMY LYON,** who works until ten at the Waldorf at a sumptuous Louis XVI Steinway that belonged to Cole Porter, performs after ten-thirty in this theatre-district bar and restaurant at a teeny, white pocket-size Kawai that sounds pretty darn good. Mr. Lyon can be heard on Fridays and Saturdays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Peter Nero is at the piano in the Café Carlyle through Saturday, Oct. 8. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 11, the ever-enthusiastic **BOBBY SHORT** will be back in the saddle again, along with his compadres, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** is at work in the Bemelmans Bar from nine every night but Sunday.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** a delicate, elegantly swinging piano soloist given to playing short, abbreviated sets, works here nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Oct. 5, Those Three, the Transformers, Twilight Frontier, Deep Six, and Yo-Yo; Thursday, Oct. 6, the Backbones, the Bandits, and the Spencers; Friday, Oct. 7, Mondo Boffo, Hi Fi Tie, and Rebo 5; Saturday, Oct. 8, Shrapnel, Bop Apocalypse, and the Young Hegelians; and Tuesday, Oct. 11, Holy War and Screaming Urge. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CLUB JISCO, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Formerly called the Jazzmania Society (but what's in a name?), this comfortable loft club features jazz (both live and recorded) to dance to. Frequency will perform on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8; trumpeter **TED CURSON'S** band will be present on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15; and **HERMAN ANGEL'S** orches tra is here on Thursdays. Live music from about ten.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**JOE TURNER,** a first-edition stride pianist—he was a contemporary of Fats Waller—has taken charge of the piano nightly, except Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

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EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven: Wednesday, Oct. 5, Stolen Child; Saturday, Oct. 8, the Fiction Brothers; Wednesday, Oct. 12, Father Charlie Coen; and Saturday, Oct. 15, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA.** Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The tradition-minded house sextet goes to work at eight-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, Oct. 9, clarinettist **PHIL BODNER** and **DON ELLIOTT,** on mellophone and vibraharp, will co-pilot a quintet from about nine-fifteen. On Mondays Ed Polcer's quintet has the floor, on Wednesdays the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here from five-thirty to eight-thirty, and on Fridays from five-thirty to eight-thirty the Jay Leonhart–Danny D'Imperio quartet can be heard. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Right now, a jazz singer's room: singer and lyricist **JON HENDRICKS** is here with his singing family through Sunday, Oct. 9; on Tuesday, Oct. 11, baritone **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** will come in. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Thursday, Oct. 6, Linda Tillery with Adrienne Torf and Toshi Reagan; Friday, Oct. 7, **BIG MAMA THORNTON,** who will, no doubt, sing her stirring, original version of "Hound Dog;" Saturday, Oct. 8, Nicksilver, a group of aging Bay Area rockers—singer **NICK GRAVENITES,** guitarist **JOHN CIPOLLINA,** drummer **GREG ELMORE,** and keyboardist **MERL SAUNDERS;** Sunday, Oct. 9, Jane Brucker; Monday, Oct. 10, Lynn Samuels; Tuesday, Oct. 11, Elliot Sallow, D. A. Jones, and John Green; Friday, Oct. 14, folk-rock singers **MARY MC CASLIN** and **JIM RINGER;** and Saturday, Oct. 15, British folkie Robin Williamson. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space to hear music in. **HILTON RUIZ,** a fine, driving young pianist is here with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, Oct. 8, and all alone playing solo piano on Sunday, Oct. 9; Monday through Thursday, Oct. 10-13, will belong to pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and super bassist **RON CARTER;** *and on Friday and Saturday*, Oct. 14-15, **CARMEN LUNDY** will sing with a combo. Music Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The Carl Barry trio performs through Sunday, Oct. 9, and the Matt McMerlean trio will come in on Wednesday, Oct. 12. Mondays, Baba Motta works with bassist John Belzaguy; and on Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** whose guitar solos are still bebop fast, leads a trio. All these groups begin at about ten. Sundays from five to ten belong to Baba Motta, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride player, winds up a visit on Saturday, Oct. 8. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Five Dixieland players and trumpeter Spanky Davis hit it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. They're listening to fine piano-bass duos: **DON FRIEDMAN** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Saturday, Oct. 8, **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 11, and **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** who show up every Sunday and Monday. Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's, where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday, Oct. 5, Big Al Downing and the Screaming Honkers; Thursday, Oct. 6, **BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO,** from New Orleans, and Loup Gorou; Sunday, Oct. 9, Blackwater and the Larry Eagle Band; Monday, Oct. 10, the New York City Swing Band and the R. & B. Cadets; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11-12, English bluesman John Mayall and Canned Heat; and Thursday, Oct. 13, Badfinger. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

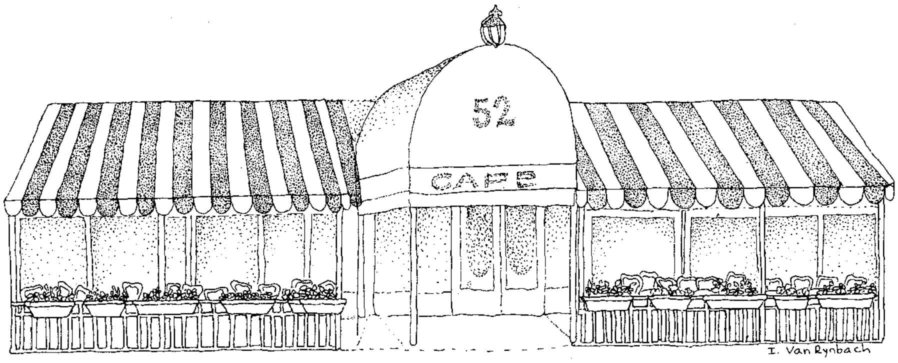
LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. The **MINGUS DYNASTY** band occupies the stand through Sunday, Oct. 9; on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11-12, drummer **PAUL MOTIAN** will head up a combo. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, midnight, and two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

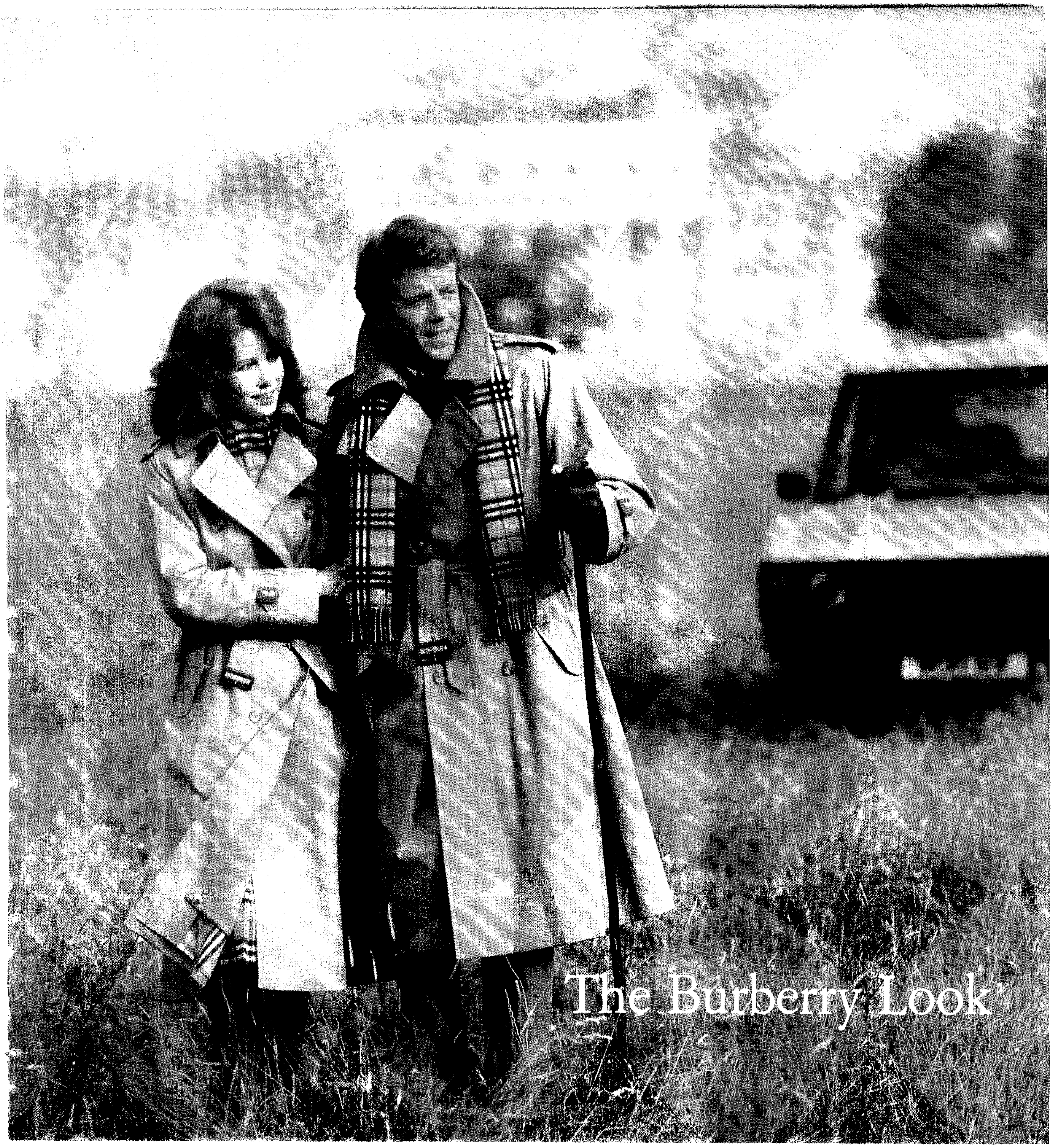
MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianists **ALBERT DAILEY** and **DON SHIRLEY** perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Music from ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club, but now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Wednesday, Oct. 5, the Nults and Pinhead; Thursday, Oct. 6, the Modulators, the Broken Promises, and Spellbound; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN;** Monday, Oct. 10, the Silent Partners, American Standard, and Stick Against Stone; Wednesday, Oct. 12, Push, Maiden American, and Social Register; Thursday, Oct. 13, Cody Lee & the Walk, the Tapes, and the Hometown Rockers; Friday, Oct. 14, Bonnie Parker and the Sorrows; and Saturday, Oct. 15, Bill Chinnock. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty. On Sundays after ten, the place is given over to a jazz-rock jam session. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which func-





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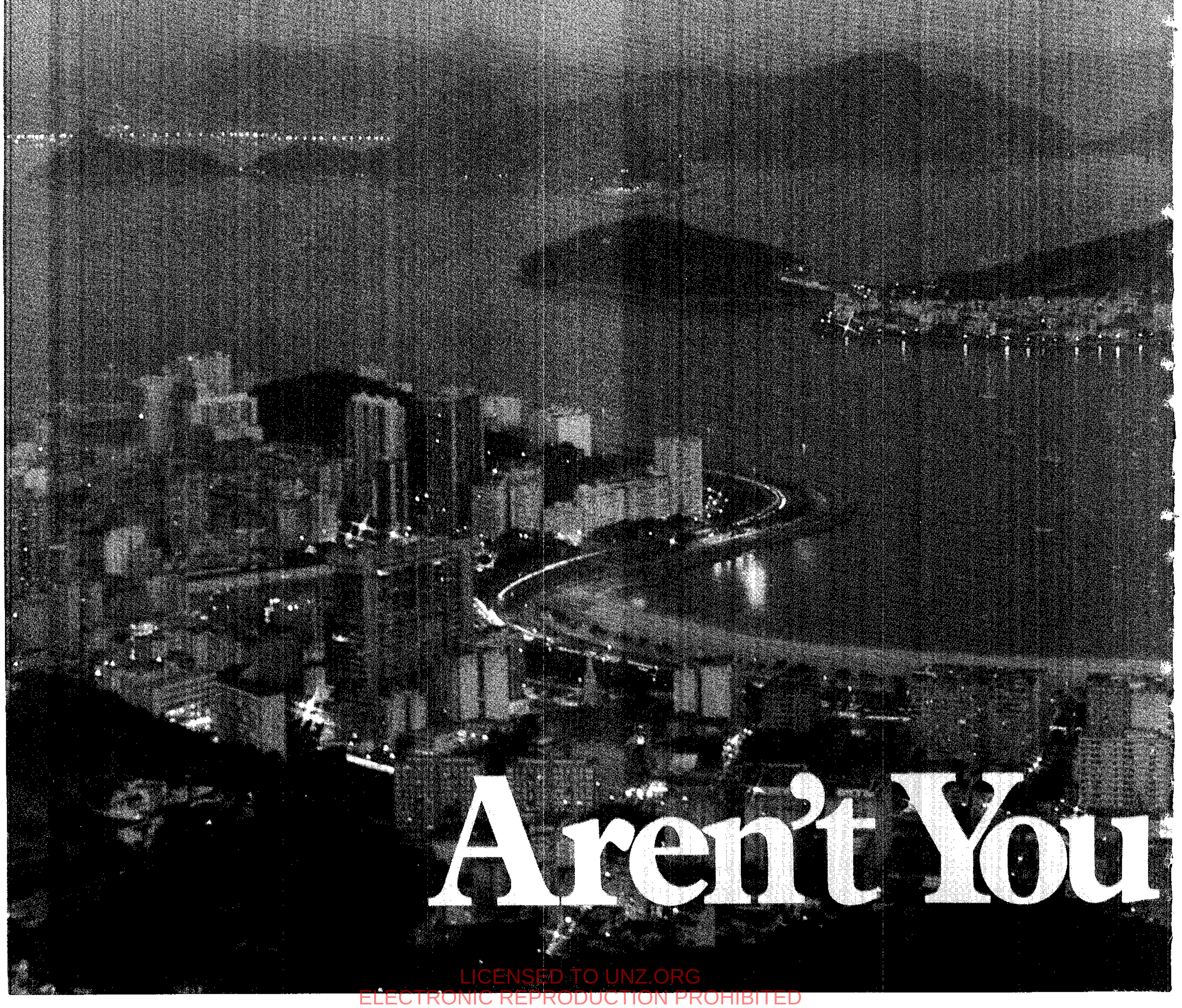

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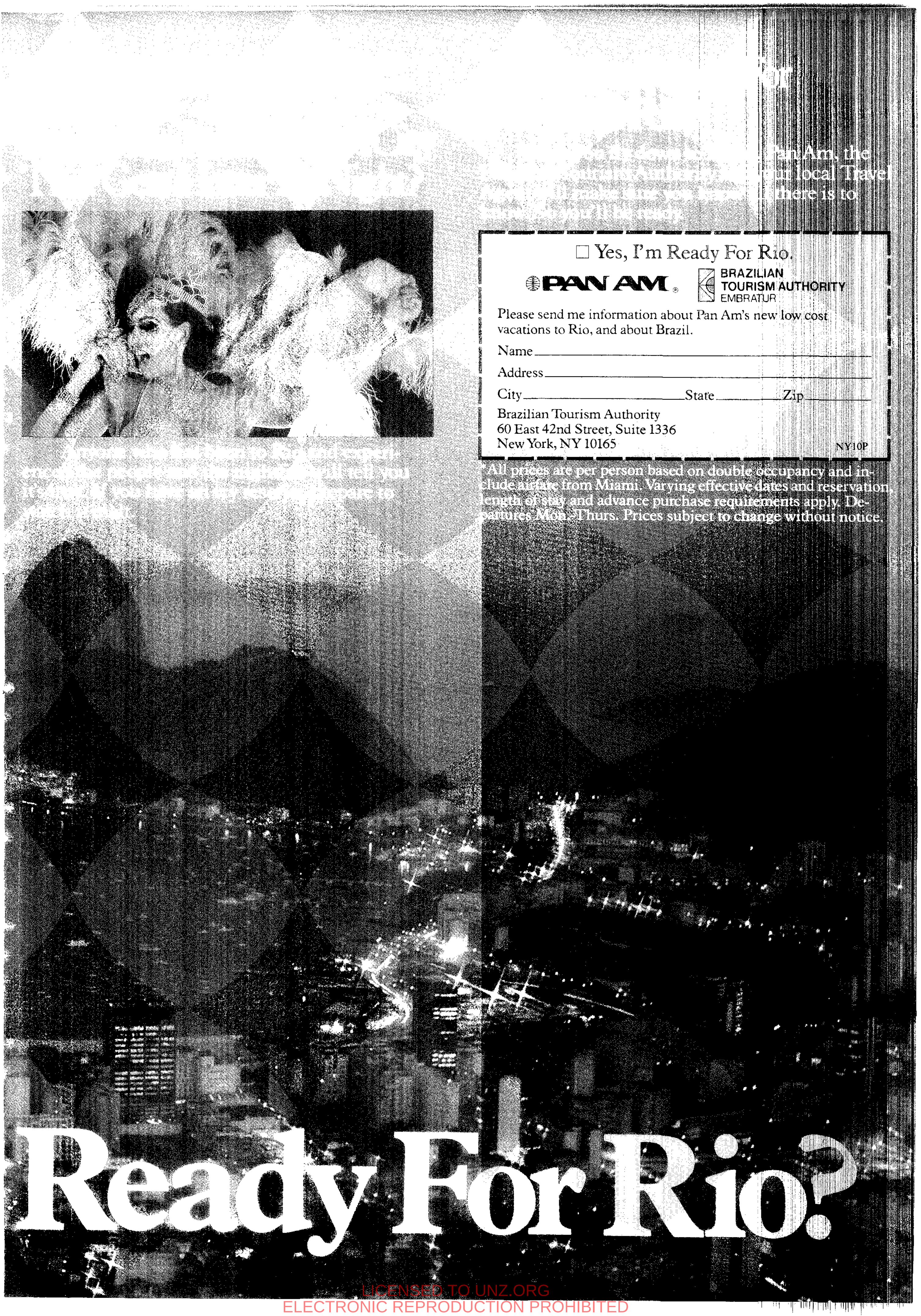

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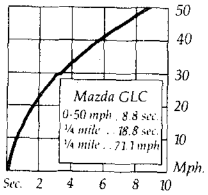

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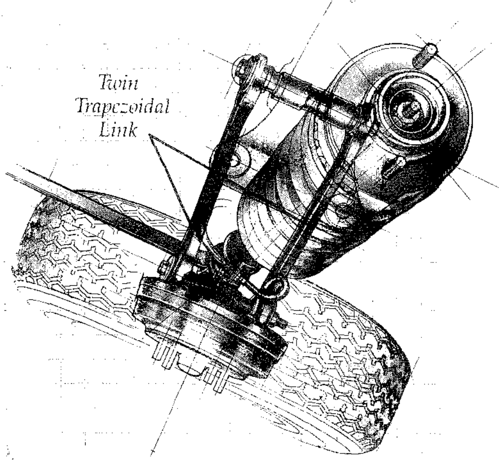

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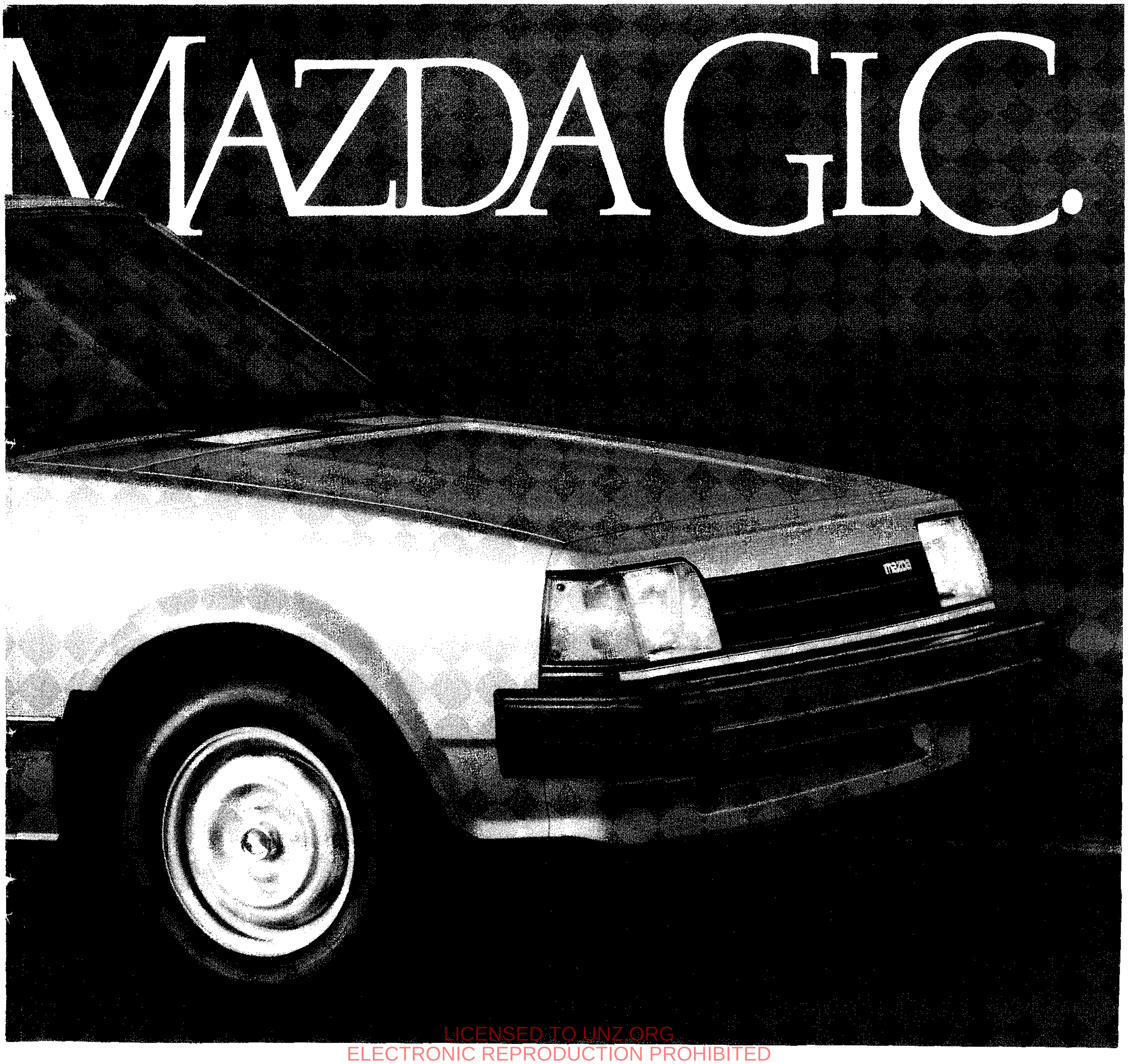
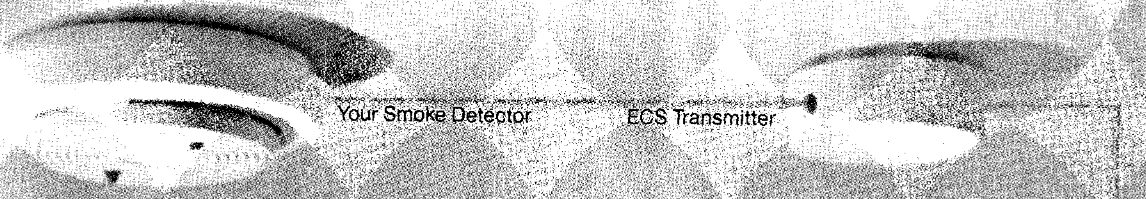


Your smoke detector alone can't protect you. It's useless the moment you leave home.



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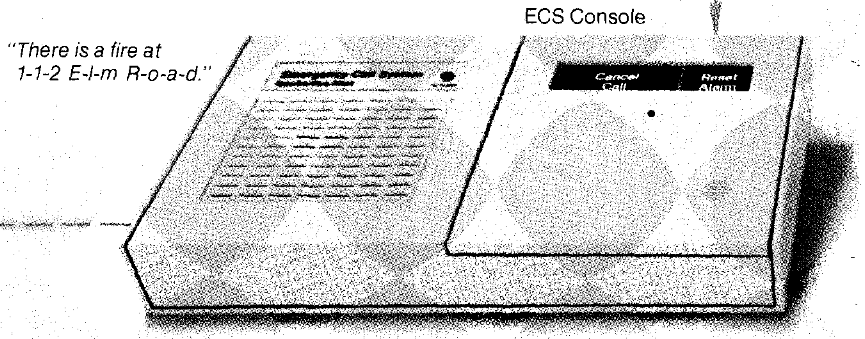

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*Consult your fire department on local laws governing calls made by automatic dialing devices to emergency numbers. Product may not be available for sale in all locations.

tions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Friday, Oct. 7, Howard DeVoto; Saturday, Oct. 8, blues singer **PAUL BUTTERFIELD,** Paul Shaffer, Anton Fig, Blondie Chaplin, and Dave Sedwick; Friday, Oct. 14, the Cats of Joyous Recognition; and Saturday, Oct. 15, the Searchers. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays are in the hands of the resident d.j.s and v.j.s. Live music from after eleven-thirty.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS & HIS SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting and irresistible music to Lindy to Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The state of rock and roll today is basically similar to that of most political parties, the environment, and New York baseball teams—it could be better. Many of the new groups that come along—be they from Birmingham, England, or Birmingham, Alabama—seem more self-conscious, trendy, and blatantly business-oriented than ever. (Perhaps the glut of M.B.A. graduates is forcing some of them into pop music.) Much of the synthesized instrumentation in some of the bands sounds exactly like synthesized instrumentation. A lot of rock is just downright conniving. On the other hand, one could try to just sit back, Zen it out, and enjoy what crop of good musician-composers does come along. **MARSHALL CRENSHAW,** a young singer-guitarist-songwriter who began making his mark a couple of years ago, writes, sings, and plays friendly, soft-edged, and bouncing rock and roll. He seems to have been influenced by a lot of Buddy Holly and a dash of Elvis Costello. His lyrics aren't as cutting, political, sexy, or sophisticated as Costello's, but they're simple and clever and mushy, as good rock and roll should be; they rely on a lot of repetition and are effectively brought off by Crenshaw's old-fashioned, sentimental, drawled-out singing. The music he writes is a succession of sweet melodic hooks as temptingly hummable as Charles Hardin Holley's groundbreaking fifties dance music; and his cozy, basic, pre-George Harrison guitar licks seem to float on by. "Some Day, Some Way," "Girls . . . ," "She Can't Dance," "There She Goes Again," "Mary Anne," and other Crenshaw tunes already sound like classics. It's music to bop around to. He'll be here with his adept trio on Thursday, Oct. 6. The rest of the schedule: Friday, Oct. 7, the Bongos; Saturday, Oct. 8, Aztec Camera; Sunday, Oct. 9, rockabillyist **ROBERT GORDON,** who does Marshall Crenshaw songs; Monday through Thursday, Oct. 10-13, and Saturday, Oct. 15, the rough-voiced English R. & B. singer **GRAHAM PARKER;** and Friday, Oct. 14, Mental as Anything. Shows usually begin after midnight.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor. The players: Wednesday, Oct. 5, Ronaldo, a Brazilian guitarist; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 6-7, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON;** Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 8-9, guitarist **DOC POWELL;** Tuesday, Oct. 11, Rock Wilk; Wednesday, Oct. 12, Keith Loving; Thursday, Oct. 13, singer Steve Satten and Contempo Vibrato; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, sublime R. & B. with guitarist **CORNELL DUPREE,** pianist **RICHARD TEE,** guitarist **ERIC GALE,** drummer **BUDDY WILLIAMS,** and bassist **RUSSELL BLAKE.** Mondays are devoted to the music of **GIL EVANS** and his young vivacious big band. Music from ten.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Sambas and other musical sounds from Rio, Bahia, Salvador, and the jungle. On weekends, patrons can become percussionists: they are given previously emptied and mysteriously resealed Brahma beer (it's Brazilian, of course) cans partway filled with rice and tantalizingly shakable. The roster: Thursday, Oct. 6, Kimati Dimi-

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zulu; Friday, Oct. 7, and Saturday, Oct. 15, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, Oct. 11, Brazilian bandleader **GEORGE ANDRE** and a dance orchestra; Thursday, Oct. 13, Nigerian music with Adesanya Adeyeye; and Friday, Oct. 14, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Wednesdays belong to pianist **DOM SALVADOR.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** and his wonderful, probing octet—**OLU DARA, CRAIG HARRIS, JULIUS HEMPHILL, BUTCH MORRIS, CURTIS CLARK, WILBER MORRIS,** and **BILLY HIGGINS**—engage in some all-out, let-'em-rip ensemble playing through Sunday, Oct. 9. Monday, Oct. 10, will be claimed by pianist **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** (known to many as Dollar Brand); and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 11-15, **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will play alto sax with his group. Shows from about ten. Dining.

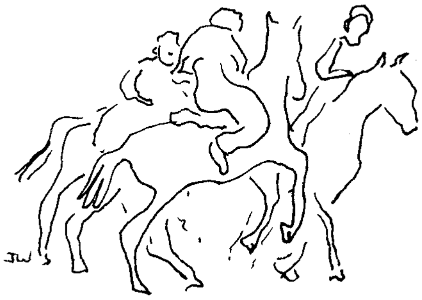
Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple basic-blues and R. & B. hangout. Buster Poindexter (a *nom de guitare* if there ever was one) holes up here Mondays through Wednesdays. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, Delta-blues singer and guitarist **CEDELL DAVIS** will be on hand. Music after nine.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, Mondays after nine are salsa nights: on Oct. 10, **LARRY HARLOW** and **DANIEL PONCE** will lead their respective bands behind the guest jazz soloist, saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER.** On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, **BETTY CARTER,** the risk-taking jazz singer, will go on at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ Music on the Terrace is handled through Saturday, Oct. 8, by pianist **RAY BRYANT;** beginning Tuesday, Oct. 11, by pianist **BOB DOROUGH;** and, in addition, on each Tuesday by jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN.**

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** plays spiritually enlightened hard-bop with his quartet through Sunday, Oct. 9; on Tuesday, Oct. 11, **GEORGE COLEMAN,** another tenor-playing hard-bopper, will descend the stairs with *his* quartet. The **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** supplies Monday-night music. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A nice bar with tile floors, a pressed-tin ceiling, a bandstand bounded by a brass rail, and a hairpin turn (which leads to the dining room). **JIM HALL** and **RON CARTER** perform their wondrous guitar-bass duets until Sunday, Oct. 9; on Tuesday, Oct. 11, clarinettist **BUDDY DE FRANCO** will move in with his trio. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. Joe Ruddick and Frank Jolliffe can be heard Mondays through Wednesdays; Tom Charlap has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.



West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop music admirers and players. Bebopping pianist **JOE ALBANY** winds up his stint on Saturday, Oct. 8; on Sundays alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** and pianist **DICK KATZ** work with a quartet. Music from nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, the current identity of this ground-floor, town-house space is a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The musicians you'll find there: guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Oct. 8; pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff beginning Monday, Oct. 10; and pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and his bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN** on Sundays. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30, and Monday, Oct. 10, at 8.

John McLaughlin, Al Di Meola, and Paco De Lucia—With Steve Morse. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.

Jean-Luc Ponty—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.

Iron Maiden—With Quiet Riot. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

Tim Moran and Tony Vacca—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.

The Crusaders—With Lonnie Liston Smith. (Beacon Theatre. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 8.)

All Nite Soul—A twelve-hour jazz marathon, with Tommy Flanagan, Dick Hyman, Billy Taylor, the Harlem Blues and Jazz Band, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Sunday, Oct. 9, beginning at 5 P.M.)

Grateful Dead—Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 11-12, at 7:30.

Lionel Richie—With the Pointer Sisters. (Radio City Music Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 11-13, at 8, and Friday, Oct. 14, at 8 and midnight.)

Caribbean Expressions '83—A four-day program of music and dance. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: Groups from Nigeria, the Dominican Republic, and an American calypso company. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: Jelon Vieira Dance Brazil, Roberto Borrel y Su Kubata, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: Music from Haiti, a steel band from Trinidad, and reggae music from Jamaica. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2: A joint program of music and dance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

Ann Reinking—In a performance entitled "One More Song One More Dance." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Andrew Bolotowsky and Randall McClellan—Alternative Museum. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.

John Carter—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Charles McPherson with the Barry Harris trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Walter Bishop, Jr., C-Sharpe, Leroy Williams, and others. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Architectural interiors and exteriors combined with landscapes and occa-

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sionally figures, all with elements imported from the artist's imagination. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Robert Cook—Bronzes. Through Oct. 22. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Alan Feltus—Paintings of groups of women in formal poses. Through Oct. 27. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Flanagan—Surrealistic paintings. Through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Morris Graves—New paintings. Through Oct. 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. A Graves retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)

James Guy (1910-83)—Paintings from the thirties and forties whose themes reflect the social problems of their day and whose styles range from surrealistic to abstract. Through Oct. 22. (Diamond, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Addie Herder—Collage constructions housed in boxes. Through Oct. 29. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Louis le Brocquy—A series called "Studies Toward an Image of William Shakespeare," in charcoal, oils, and watercolors. Through Oct. 29. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Morris Louis (1912-62)—Six paintings from his "veil" series. Through Nov. 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Juan Martinez—New paintings. Through Nov. 5. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Todd McKie—Fanciful paintings. Through Oct. 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Lucy Mitchell / Walt Kelly (1913-73)—Small-scale collages embellished with drawings. / "Pogo" comic-strip drawings from the years 1958-71. Through Oct. 22. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—A sampling of the paintings and drawings that made this Bay Area artist so influential. Through Oct. 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Churyo Sato—Bronze sculptures (nudes in wide-brimmed straw hats, children in caps) and drawings. Through Oct. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Dorothea Tanning—Semi-abstract figures painted in lush flesh tones and seen frolicking in a dreamy empyrean. Through Oct. 29. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. . . . ¶ Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays.)

Mary Joan Waid—Paintings of heads and details of heads, vastly larger than life-size. Through Oct. 22. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

Kay WalkingStick—Large paintings, very heavily textured. Through Oct. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Paul Wonner—Still-life paintings that concentrate on light and shadow. Through Oct. 29. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Abbie Zabar—Collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Ed Baynard—Recent paintings in which landscapes are seen through window frames. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Rosemarie Castoro—Geometric cutouts of museum board streaked with graphite and assembled in sculptural pieces that have much the same harmony as natural crystallization. Through Oct. 26. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Chamberlain—This celebrated crusher of automobiles has turned his talents to Tonka toy cars, and five of the small resultant sculptures are here on view, along with unrelated monoprints. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ The Dia Art Foundation, 67 Vestry St., two blocks below Canal St., has more Chamberlain sculptures, these dating from 1961 to 1982. (Opens at noon.)

Willard Dixon—Romantic paintings of Western landscapes. Through Oct. 19. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Watercolors of trees and lily ponds, a single work sometimes occupying several panels. Through Oct. 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Simon Harling / Terry Lee Dill—Small pastoral landscapes, mostly of Ireland and England, including a view of Stonehenge. / Small-scale models of real-looking but wholly imaginary high-tech scientific equipment, housed in trestlework towers full of catwalks and filter systems and mazes of pipe. Through Oct. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Frances Hynes—Oils and watercolors of buildings and landscape features pared to simple shapes. Through Oct. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lester Johnson—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Robert Jordan—"The Trail to Champney Falls" (in New Hampshire, where the artist lives) and other representational landscapes in oil. Through Oct. 22. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Drawings, including numerous preliminary drawings for commissioned portraits and sketches of professional models, and a half-dozen oils. Through Nov. 5. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Cutout photographs of contemporary fashion-magazine models are used in a series of collages intended as a homage to La Belle Époque. Through Oct. 31. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Marin—Mountain landscapes. Through Oct. 29. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Philip Mullen—Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 29. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Pearson—Vertical canvases, mostly, in which bright-colored geometric forms are stacked one on top of the other, as in totem poles. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Concetta Scaravaglione (1900-75)—Figures by a sculptor who worked in beaten copper, wood, stone, and bronze. Through Oct. 22. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

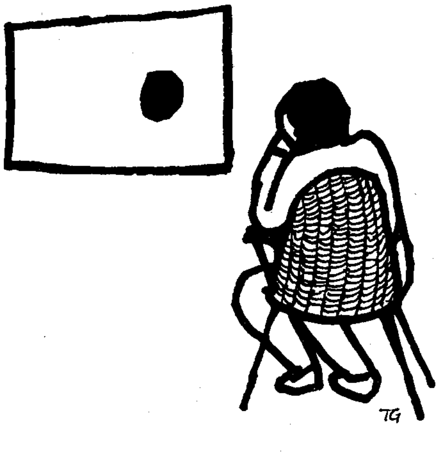
David Smith (1906-65)—Paintings from the thirties and forties that reflect some of the influences at work on the emerging sculptor. Through Oct. 29. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St. and 113 Greene St.)

Tony Smith (1912-80)—Representative sculptures, including an overpowering black geometric presence, ten and a half feet tall, entitled "Tau;" and large paintings. Through Oct. 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

William T. Wiley—Recent sculptures. Through Thursday, Oct. 13. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. A larger show is at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum.)

Group Shows—At the **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Bryan Hunt, sculptures by Mel Kendrick, and photographs by Jan Groover. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. . . . **marisa del re**, 41 E. 57th St.: One painting and one work on paper each by nine big-league Americans, such as Kline, Rothko, Stella, Twombly. Through Oct. 22. . . . **gruenebaum**, 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists who have shown here in the past ten years, among them Janice Biala, Norris Embry, and Esteban Vicente. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **tilton**, 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings by Ernst Caramelle, an Austrian; Tullio De Gennaro, an Italian; Alan Johnston, a Scot; and Joseph Nechvatal, from the lower East Side. The gallery, a new one, is the same one previously occupied by the late Betty Parsons. Through Saturday, Oct. 15.



GALLERIES—SoHo

Dotty Attie—Four new works in her usual vein, that is to say storytelling through drawings and insinuating texts. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Jennifer Bartlett / Jackie Winsor—Paintings. / Sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Peter Berg—A large, painted abstract sculpture and related drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Bonnier, 420 West Broadway.)

Monica Bernier—Portraits of the artist's family, among other paintings. Through Oct. 19. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Rudy Burckhardt—Paintings of Maine and New York; photographs of nude figures. Through Oct. 19. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Greg Constantine—A series of antic drawings showing Vincent van Gogh in New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Elsewhere in the gallery are paintings by Kevin Franke, Gary Jacobson, and Kenneth Morgan.

Jack Goldstein—A new set of his marvels-of-the-night-sky paintings. Through Oct. 22. (Metro Pictures, now located at 150 Greene St.)

Cham Hendon—New paintings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 12. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Jörg Immendorff—Huge, turbulent Expressionist paintings and prints collectively depicting "Café Deutschland," which houses swarms of eagles, ice-caked swastikas and hammer-and-sickles, and an assortment of orgies. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Christopher Le Brun—In each of these large paintings, strikingly colorful abstractions surround the enigmatic figure of a white horse. The artist is a young Englishman. First solo show in New York. Through Oct. 22. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Donald Lipski—Sleek sculptural works composed of improbable parts—a small movie camera on a tripod is veiled with candle wax, for instance, and a slim, graceful anti-aircraft missile lies peacefully on a bed of tiles. Through Oct. 22. (Germans van Eck, a new gallery, at 420 West Broadway.)

Peter Mackie—Airbrush paintings of colorful rumpled paper, many of them suggesting a female form underneath. Through Sunday, Oct. 9. (Jack, 138 Prince St.)

Kenneth Price / Robert Barry—New ceramic sculptures that combine polished surfaces with unfinished ones. / Paintings done directly on the wall. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Todd Siler—A large installation using constructions, drawings, photomontages, and collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Group Shows—At the **bowery**, 121 Wooster St.: Landscape paintings by seven gallery members, among them Temma Bell and William Faust. Through Oct. 19. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by ten emerging artists, including an oversize paper-pulp sculpture of seedpods and a mollusk by Ming Fay and computer-inspired drawings by Roger Boyce. Through Oct. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **thorp**, 419 West Broadway: New works by gallery regulars like David True and April Gornik, and representative works by newcomers like Gary Bower and Anton van Dalen. Through Oct. 29. . . . **weber**, 142 Greene St.: A show ti-

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tled "Science Fiction" brings together paintings and sculptures by R. M. Fischer and David Deutsch and better-known artists like Donald Judd and the late Robert Smithson. Peter Halley was the curator. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

OTHER GALLERIES

David Finn—Life-size scarecrow figures assembled from castoff clothes and urban rubbish, and given animal masks—a bear, a gorilla, a frog. Through Oct. 20. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

Geoffrey Hellman (1907-77)—A selection of the author's letters and manuscripts. Through Oct. 27. (Bobst Library, third floor, New York University, 70 Washington Sq. S. Mondays through Thursdays, 2 to 5.)

Terry Rosenberg / Frank Young—A wall piece involving three hundred and seventy-five ceramic tiles, hand-cast by the artist at the Kohler factory in Wisconsin, each one measuring twenty and a half square inches. / Four new large-scale paintings. Through Oct. 30. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Italo Scanga—Sculptures. Through Oct. 29. (Delahunty, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.)

Sculpture—An exhibit of contemporary Japanese metalwork. Through Oct. 21. (Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 9; Saturdays, 9 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Wynn Bullock (1902-75) **and Edna Bullock**—Two exhibitions of the independent works of these two photographers. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Through Oct. 22. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. . . . ¶ Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Through Oct. 29. Opens at noon.)

Louise Dahl-Wolfe / Paul Outerbridge, Jr. (1896-1958)—Prints by a former *Harper's Bazaar* fashion photographer. / A retrospective, including both commercial and noncommercial photographic works. Through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St., also has photographs by Dahl-Wolfe. (Opens at noon.)

Larry Fink—Silver-print self-portraits of the artist at home, sometimes in the company of his daughter. Through Oct. 21. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Eikoh Hosoe—More than sixty prints are included in a retrospective of the works of this Japanese photographer. Through Oct. 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Annie Leibovitz—Photographs, primarily the studies of rock stars for which she is well known. Through Oct. 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Eadweard Muybridge (1830-1904)—Animal-locomotion collotypes, plus prints from the series on Central America and on the Yosemite Valley. Through Oct. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Pfahl—Landscape photographs that center on nuclear and hydroelectric power plants. Through Oct. 19. (Freidus-Ordover, 70 Greene St.)

James Van DerZee (1886-1983)—Early portraits done in his Harlem studio, plus a few prints from as recently as the eighties. Through Thursday, Oct. 13. (Photo Center Gallery, New York University, 721 Broadway, two blocks south of 8th St. Open Mondays; opens at noon on Saturdays.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A show called "Metropolitan Opera Centennial: A Photographic Album." . . . ¶ A retrospective of the works of Canadian portraitist Yousuf Karsh. Both shows through Nov. 13. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.: More than a hundred prints by photojournalist Roland Freeman, chronicling the day-to-day activities of contemporary black Americans in rural and urban America. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ "A Century of Black Photographers, 1840-1960" has works by little-known artists from the nineteenth century and by their better-known twentieth-century counterparts, among them James Van DerZee and Roy DeCarava. Through Oct. 23. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Edouard Manet retrospective. . . . ¶ *Twentieth-century paintings from the collection of Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza;* among the seventy-five works are ten newly acquired ones, including an O'Keeffe and a Mondrian. Both shows through Nov. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—A display of the color lithograph that Jim Dine made for the Metropolitan Opera's *hundredth-anniversary poster. Also, nine trial* proofs. Through Tuesday, Oct. 11. . . . ¶ The short history of video—its artists and exhibitions—is summarized in a show of photographs and catalogues. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

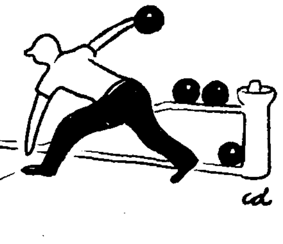
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibit of sixteen of Charles Simonds' clay-brick sculptures of Lilliputian cities and neighborhoods for an imaginary civilization he calls his Little People, including a nine-and-a-half-foot piece (his largest to date) created specifically for the museum's rotunda. Through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven artists from around the country have been chosen to represent "New Perspectives in American Art." Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Oct. 10, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Morris Graves retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings, sculptures, and drawings done from 1935 to the present. Through Nov. 27. A complementary show is at the Willard Gallery, 29 E. 72nd St. . . . ¶ "The Sculptor as Draftsman," a show of about forty twentieth-century drawings by nearly as many artists, including Elie Nadelman, Isamu Noguchi, and H. C. Westermann. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The permanent collections are the main reason for a visit just now. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, Oct. 10, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of Japanese *emaki,* narrative painted hand scrolls. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Photographs of the Japanese crane seen in its native habitat. Through Oct. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)



Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Frank Lloyd Wright and the Prairie School," an exhibit examining the evolution of that style, as well as the results of Wright's collaborations with artists and other architects in designing, furnishing, and embellishing such structures as the Robie house, Midway Gardens, and the Imperial Hotel. Drawings, photographs, sculpture, furniture, decorative glass, and silverware. A complementary show is at Max Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Designs for opera sets and costumes, from the Renaissance to the present, are seen in a display (of paintings, drawings, prints, books, and models) marking the centennial of the Metropolitan Opera. Through Saturday, Oct. 8. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A Japanese National Treasure, "Toiletry Case with Medallion Design," made in the mid-thirteen-hundreds, is included in a show that focusses on the autumn-grass and water motifs in the classical art of that country. Lacquerware, porcelain, screens, and textiles. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"Four Centuries of Opera," a comprehensive show (also with the Metropolitan Opera in mind) offering original music manuscripts, printed scores and librettos, and drawings for stage designs representing a hundred or so works by Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Massenet, and Gilbert and Sullivan, to name just a few. Through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings (dating from the fourteenth century to the eighteenth) by Italian masters, among them Canaletto, Piranesi, and Titian. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of recently acquired works in several categories—painting, wood carving, textiles, and so forth. Through Nov. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of paintings of New York City by two dozen contemporary artists, among them Rackstraw Downes, Yan Hsia, Philip Sherrod, and Anna Goth Werner. (Open daily except Tuesday, Oct. 11. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 10, from 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibit fêting the Metropolitan Opera in its hundredth year. Among the close to a thousand items (primarily from the Met's own collections) are thirty-five costumes (such as Caruso's from "Pagliacci"), pieces of scenery, props, letters, contracts, and sketches. (Open daily except Sundays and Monday, Oct. 10. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays, 10 to 6; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

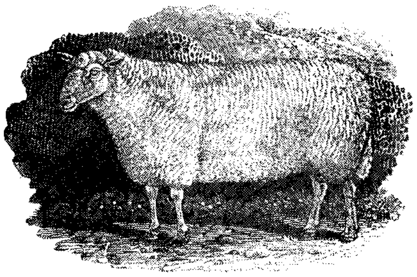
EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A new-talent show of paintings and sculptures by a dozen artists kicks off the tenth season here. Through Oct. 29.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Johanna Went (performance), Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; Eleanor Antin (reading), Friday, Oct. 7, at 6. . . . ¶ An installation by Ellen Rumm. Through Oct. 22. . . . ¶ A show of recent acquisitions of artists' books. Through Saturday, Oct. 8.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Two programs of Russian Constructivist music and performance. Thursday through Sunday,



Bill Blass
and
The British Sheep.

When they arrived to conquer Britain in 54 BC, the Romans found sheep already well established, though not actually in charge. The natives were in charge, more or less.

The natives were fairly disorganized at the time. They made very little woolen cloth, being content to go about draped in the basic skins. (Sheepskins are hard to tailor, besides leaving the sheep with nothing to wear.)

The Romans, who were now in charge and so well organized it was quite annoying, promptly set up mills to make woolen cloth for uniforms for the Roman Legions.

Eventually the Legions went home to oversee the Fall of Rome, but the mills stayed, and flourished.

By 1774 there were 12,000,000 sheep in England alone, give or take a couple. Luckily they couldn't vote.

Something about the British Isles—surely it can't be the weather?—seems to produce superior wool. Everyone wants British wool. Both Edward III and Charles II had to pass laws against selling it out of the country, which led to the invention of smuggling, or wool-running.

If you are Bill Blass you do not, of course, have to lurk about in small boats in the dark to get what you want. You go boldly by daylight and choose the best, and bring it home.

For this group he chose a Donegal Shetland. It has the enduring, rock-ribbed virtues of those who actually live in the Shetland Isles, which are nobody's Tahiti. It has the friendly feel of natural things. And in the hands of Bill Blass it acquires a civilizing grace as well.

A Blass sportsjacket of Donegal Shetland makes an authoritative entrance. Rather like a Centurion of the Legions striding in to organize the blithering natives.

It makes them button up their sheepskins and straighten their ties.

For a local merchant, write: Bill Blass Tailored Clothing, a Division of PBM, 734 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

BILL BLASS

CERTIFICATION WOVEN IN THE BRITISH ISLES TRADE MARK

Oct. 6-9, at 8:30: Music of Nikolai Roslavetz and performances from the theatre of Nikolai Foregger. . . . ¶ Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 13-16, at 8:30: Music of Alexander Mossolov and theatre work from Vsevolod Meyerhold.

P. S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The paintings and sculptures of five of Germany's Neo-Expressionists—Georg Baselitz, Jörg Immendorff, Anselm Kiefer, Markus Lüpertz, and A. R. Penck—occupy the main galleries. Through Nov. 20.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Neil Shicoff, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Ryan Edwards; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 1:30: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Spiro Malas; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, and Placido Domingo; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 10, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Ryan Edwards; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Spiro Malas; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 6:30: "Les Troyens," with Tatiana Troyanos, Jessye Norman, and Placido Domingo; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Peter Grimes," with Elisabeth Söderström, Lili Chookasian, Jon Vickers, and Thomas Stewart; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Alfredo Kraus, and Ara Berberian; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Barbara Daniels, Dano Raffanti, and Brent Ellis; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Grace Bumbry, Isola Jones, José Carreras, and Renato Bruson; James Levine.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Alcina," with Carol Vaness, Erie Mills, D'Anna Fortunato, and John Stewart; conducted by Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Delia Wallis, and William Parker; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Elizabeth Hynes, Robert Grayson and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Diana Walker, Jerry Hadley, William Stone, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 1: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Pamela Myers, Harry Theyard, and Richard T. Gill; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 7: "Alcina," with Carol Vaness, Erie Mills; D'Anna Fortunato, and John Stewart; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Diana Walker, Jon Garrison, William Stone, and Richard T. Gill; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Pamela Myers, Harry Theyard, and Richard T. Gill; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: The New York première of Carlisle Floyd's "Of Mice and Men," with Carol Gutknecht, Robert Moulson, Lawrence Cooper, and William Livingston; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Alcina," with Carol Vaness, Erie Mills, D'Anna Fortunato, and John Stewart; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Judith Haddon, Judith Christin, Robert Grayson, and William Stone; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Elisabeth Braden, Frederick Donaldson, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

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Amato Opera Company—Boito's "Nerone," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Larry Newland conducting a Copland-Mahler-Dvořák program on Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8; Friday, Oct. 7, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8 (all with Håkan Hagegård, baritone). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Mendelssohn-Mahler program on Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 7:30 (with Itzhak Perlman, violin). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a Bach–Saint-Saëns–Varèse program on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30 (all with Mr. Perlman and Joseph Robinson, oboe).

Swedish National Orchestra of Gothenburg—Neeme Jarvi conducting an Alfven-Mahler-Sibelius program, with Birgit Finnilä, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Bamberg Symphony Orchestra—Eugen Jochum conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8, a performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8—a benefit performance; for tickets, call 957-9061—an all-Beethoven program.)

Boston Philharmonic—Benjamin Zander conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Pamela Gore, contralto; Gene Tucker, tenor; and David Cumberland, bass-baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti directing a performance of Verdi's "Macbeth" in concert form, with Elizabeth Connell, soprano; Luis Lima, tenor; Renato Bruson, baritone; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

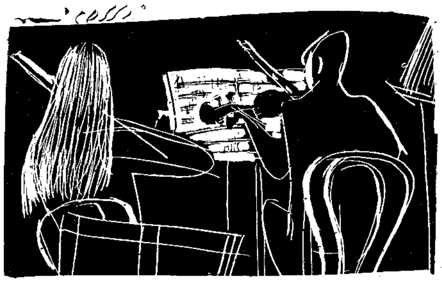
Lausanne Chamber Orchestra—Armin Jordan conducting a varied program, with Kathleen Battle, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Vienna Chamber Orchestra—Philippe Entremont conducting and acting as piano soloist, with Ola Rudner, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Manhattan Symphony—George Manahan conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the first in a series of three Haydn-Mozart programs, this one with Jacob Lateiner, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—A series of five concerts. **Avery Fisher Hall.** Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Lucy Shelton, soprano; Lorna Myers, mezzo-soprano; Jon Humphrey, tenor; and Julien Robbins, bass. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing a Bach-Handel program, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano; David Gordon, tenor; and David Arnold, baritone. . . . **Central Presbyterian Church.** Friday, Oct. 7, at 7:30: Anthony Newman, harpsichord, and friends in a Bach-Handel program. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 9, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the orchestra and chorus in a program of Bach cantatas, with Nan Nall, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Mark Bleeke, tenor; and Kevin Deas, bass. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7:30: Richard Westenburg directing the chamber ensemble in a Bach-Telemann program, with Bruce Fifer, baritone; Ronald Roseman, oboe; David Jolley, horn; and the Choristers of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. (Park Ave. at 64th St. For tickets, call 873-9546.)



RECITALS

Arden Trio—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Verdehr Trio—A program of contemporary music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Musica Antiqua Köln—A chamber ensemble from Germany, performing on authentic baroque instruments. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8.)

Arnold Steinhardt and Lincoln Mayorga—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8.)

The Bach Winterfest—The first in a series of six concerts, this one performed by John Ostendorf, bass-baritone; Grayson Hirst, tenor; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; and the Bach Family Strings. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Oct. 7, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St., on Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Alexander Markov—Violin, with Albert and Marina Markov, also violin, and a chamber ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

For the Love of Music—The first in a series of four programs of chamber music, this one performed by Emily Mitchell, harp; Pamela Mia Paul, piano; Renée Siebert, flute; Richard Sortomme, violin; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3.)

Musick's Monument—A vocal quartet performing John Dowland's "The Pilgrim's Solace." (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

North/South Consonance—With Manuel Enriquez, violin; Frank van Koten, oboe; and Max Lifchitz, piano. (St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 9, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Aldo Mancinelli—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 10, at 8.)

Finckel Cello Quartet—With Lucy Shelton, soprano; the Times Square Basstet; and five guest cellists. (Symphony Space, B'way at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

New York Harp Ensemble—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 12, at 8.)

Gerald Robbins—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

New Music Consort—A concert in honor of Elliott Carter's seventy-fifth birthday, at which the composer will be present. With Ursula Oppens, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The first in a series of three programs presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Oct. 13, and a repeat performance on Friday, Oct. 14, both at 8.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8.)

Sergei Edelman—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30.)

Elmar Oliveira—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Todd Crow—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8.)

Lillian Kallir—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing an eight-member ensemble, which combines ancient and medieval chanting techniques with contemporary musical forms. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 14-16, at 8. For tickets, call 678-6982.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—The first two of four new productions, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which combine music, theatre, dance, and visual effects. In the Opera House, Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 6, at 7; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 7-8, at 8; Sunday, Oct. 9, at 2 and 7; and Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 11-15, at 8: **THE PHOTOGRAPHER/FAR FROM THE TRUTH,** with music by Philip Glass and text by Robert Coe, performed by the Philip Glass Ensemble, dancers from the David Gordon/Pick Up Company, and a company of actors. . . . ¶ In the Lepercq Space, Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2: **THE WAY OF HOW,** by the George Coates Performance Works, with music by Paul Dresher. Performed by John Duykers and Rinde Eckert, tenors; Leonard Pitt, mime; and Mr. Dresher. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Glenn Gould Film Festival—Three programs showing films and videotapes of Mr. Gould in conversation and performance. Proceeds will be used by the Glenn Gould Memorial Fund, in Canada. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 7-9, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Baseball—**AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAY-OFFS:** Start Wednesday, Oct. 5. . . . **WORLD SERIES:** Starts Tuesday, Oct. 11, in the home park of the American League champion.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 8:** Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. William and Mary, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Colgate, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Rutgers (Newark), at John F. Kennedy Field, Tibbett Ave. and W. 230th St., at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Air Force, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Columbia, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Williams, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Boston College, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 15:** Army vs. Notre Dame, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Lafayette, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Navy, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Penn State, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 9: Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Cleveland Browns, at Cleveland.

Hockey—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN** (all games at 7:30): Rangers vs. Devils, Wednesday, Oct. 5. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Monday, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, Oct. 13. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 15, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Rangers, Friday, Oct. 7, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Friday, Oct. 14, at 7:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 17. The Fall Highweight Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 8; the Jamaica Handicap, Sunday, Oct. 9; the Frizette, Monday, Oct. 10; the Bertram F. Bongard, Thursday, Oct. 13; the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 14; and the Champagne and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 31. The Queen Charlotte, Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 9.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Ann Beattie reading from her own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ May Sarton in a benefit reading of her own poetry and prose on the subject of women. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-8190.) . . . ¶ Readings from the works of Tennessee Williams, along with reminiscences of the playwright, by Anne Jackson, Eli Wallach, James Kirkwood, and Dotson Rader. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 557-3750.)

Antiques Shows—**FALL ANTIQUES SHOW** (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 48th St.): Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, from noon to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 9, from noon to 6. . . . **NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW** (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St.): Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 6-8, from noon to 9, and Sunday, Oct. 9, from noon to 6.

International Festival of Flowers—Floral, fruit, and plant exhibits from Canada, Korea, New Zealand, Bermuda, South America, and the United States. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 5-7, from 10 to 7, and Saturday, Oct. 8, from 10 to 6. For information about tickets, call 678-6922.)

Walking Tour—"Astor Place: Peter Cooper's New York," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Oct. 9, starting at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 5-6, at 10:15 and 2: Antique and period jewelry and watches. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, together with furniture and paintings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 8, at 2: Folk art, from the estate of Hillary Underwood. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 5, at 10 and 2: Silver, watches, *objets de vertu*, and Russian works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 13, at 10 and 2: American furniture, silver, and decorative arts. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 7. . . . **PHILLIPS,** 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, Oct. 13, at 2: American paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 8.

Election Registration—The registration dates for the Nov. 8 elections will be Thursday, Oct. 13, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 1 to 9.

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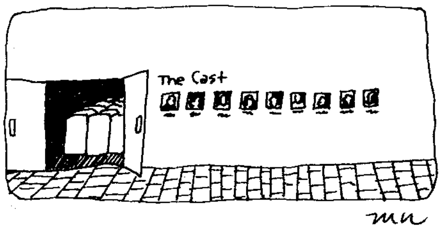

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 26.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 9: "El Bruto" (1952; directed by Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Pedro Armendariz and Katy Jurado.
From Oct. 11: A program of films from Columbia Pictures. Some days are devoted to a special genre or a particular person, for example, Oct. 14, four Rita Hayworth films, and Oct. 15, five comedies.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Trading Places" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 6: "Staying Alive" (†); and "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).
From Oct. 7: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Oct. 6: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.
From Oct. 7: "Risky Business" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 6: "Zelig" (†).
From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 3: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Oct. 6: "Risky Business" (†).
From Oct. 7: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 6: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis.
Oct. 7-13: "The Grey Fox" (†).
From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 13: "Risky Business" (†).
From Oct. 14 (tentative): "Streamers" (Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Cross Creek" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 6: "Flashdance" (†). From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie. From Oct. 7: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.
Theatre 2: "Daniel" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Hanna K." (Costa-Gavras), with Jill Clayburgh.
Theatre 2: "Educating Rita" (Lewis Gilbert), with Michael Caine and Julie Walters.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora. From Oct. 14: "Never Cry Wolf" (Carroll Ballard), with Charles Martin Smith.
Theatre 2: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Zelig" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Oct. 8: "Trading Places" (†).
From Oct. 9: "Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon and Mickey Rourke.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"The Leopard" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 6: "Pieces" (J. Simon), with Christopher George.
Oct. 7-13: "Escape 2000."
From Oct. 14: "Night of the Zombies."

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Oct. 7: "Hell's Angels Forever."
Theatre 2: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "A Time to Die" (Matt Cimber), with Rex Harrison and Rod Taylor. From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 6: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis. From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again."

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 11: "The Flat Jungle" (1978; directed by Johan van der Keuken). Oct. 12-15: "Pharos of Chaos" (Wolf-Eckart Buhler and Manfred Blank), a documentary about Sterling Hayden; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (†).
Theatre 2: Oct. 5: "Céleste" (1981; Percy Adlon; in German), with Eva Mattes and Jurgen Arndt; and "Despair" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder), with Dirk Bogarde and Andréa Ferréol. Oct. 6: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" (1967; Jean-Marie Straub; in German); and "History Lessons" (1973; Jean-Marie Straub; in German). Oct. 7-8: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent; and "The Great Ecstasy of the Sculptor Steiner" (1975; Werner Herzog; a West German film, with English subtitles), a documentary about Walter Steiner. Oct. 9-10: "Effi Briest" (†); "Precautions Against Fanatics" (1969; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Last Words" (1981; Werner Herzog; in German). Oct. 11-12: "Taxi zum Klo" (1981; Frank Ripploh; in German); and "The Consequence" (1977; Wolfgang Petersen; in German), with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald. Oct. 13: "Moses and Aaron" (1975; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in German); and "Introduction to Arnold Schönberg's 'Accompaniment to a Cinematographic Scene'" (1973; Jean-Marie Straub and Danièle Huillet; in German). Oct. 14-15: "Heart of Glass" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German); and "Woyzeck" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).
Theatre 2: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Flashdance" (†). From Oct. 7: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "The Moon in the Gutter" (†). From Oct. 7: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 2: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Staying Alive" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Brainstorm" (Douglas Trumbull), with Christopher Walken and Natalie Wood.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Oct. 6: Part V of "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
From Oct. 7: "Romantic Comedy" (Arthur Hiller), with Dudley Moore and Mary Steenburgen.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Koyaanisqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Heat and Dust" (James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 13: Theatre closed.
From the evening of Oct. 14: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Lonely Hearts" (†).
Theatre 2: "Danton" (†).
Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 11: "Rear Window." From Oct. 12: "Passion" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Isabelle Huppert and Hanna Schygulla.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm.
Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat. From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Risky Business" (†). From Oct. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 13: "The Big Chill" (Lawrence Kasdan). From Oct. 14: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 13: "Fanny and Alexander" (†). From Oct. 14: To be announced.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).
Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Sword of the Barbarians." From Oct. 7: "Hell's Angels Forever."
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 13: "Staying Alive" (†) and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†). From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 13: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora. From Oct. 14: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "The Secret Policeman's Other Ball" (1982), a series of comedy skits.
Theatre 4: "Trading Places" (†) and "48 Hrs." (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "Mr. Mom" (directed by Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton. From Oct. 7: "Never Say Never Again" (Irvin Kershner), with Sean Connery.
Theatre 2: "Risky Business" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 6: "Nightmares" (Joseph Sargent), with Cristina Raines. From Oct. 7: "Mr. Mom."
Theatre 4: "Strange Invaders" (Michael Laughlin), with Nancy Allen and Paul Le Mat.
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 6: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell. From Oct. 7: "Zelig" (†).
Theatre 6: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Trading Places" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Flashdance" (†).
Theatre 3: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
Theatre 4: "Staying Alive" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Return of the Jedi" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Eddie and the Cruisers" (Martin Davidson), with Tom Berenger.
Theatre 2: "Beyond the Limit" (John MacKenzie), with Richard Gere and Michael Caine.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 6: "Zelig" (†).
From Oct. 7: "Hell's Angels Forever."

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Flashdance" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 13: "Pieces" (J. Simon), with Christopher George. From Oct. 14: "A Boy and His Dog" (1976; L. Q. Jones), with Don Johnson and Jason Robards.
Theatre 2: "The Lonely Lady" (Peter Sasdy), with Pia Zadora.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 6: "The Final Option" (Ian Sharp), with Lewis Collins and Judy Davis. From Oct. 7: "Escape 2000."
Theatre 2: "A Time to Die" (Matt Cimber), with Rex Harrison and Rod Taylor.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Revenge of the Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi.
Theatre 2: "Sword of the Barbarians."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 7: "Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From Oct. 8: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Oct. 5: "The Scarlet Letter" (1973; Wim Wenders; in German), with Senta Berger; and "The State of Things" (1983; Wim Wenders).
Oct. 6: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler; and "The State of Things."
From Oct. 7: "Don't Look Back" (1967; Donn Pennebaker), with Bob Dylan.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 13: "The Grey Fox" (†).
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 6: "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.
Oct. 7-8: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "Fantastic Planet" (1973; René Laloux; in French), an animated science-fiction film.
Oct. 9-11: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.
Oct. 12-13: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.
Oct. 14-15: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus;" and "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.

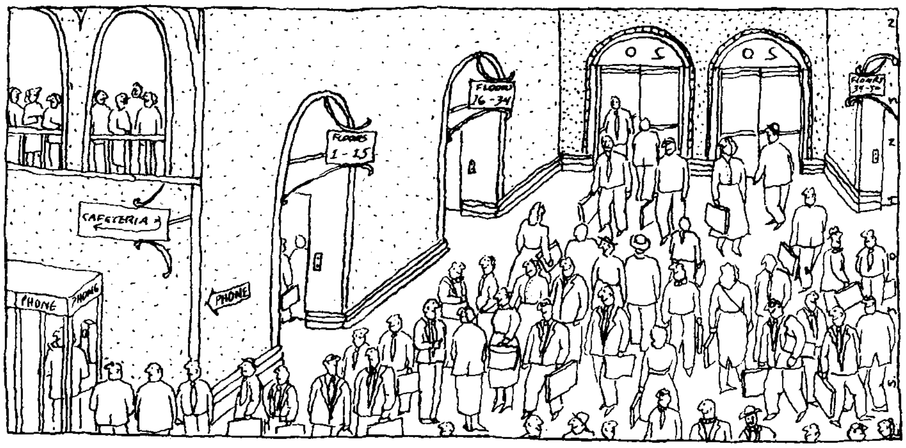
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 13: "Ernesto" (Salvatore Samperi; in Italian), with Martin Halm.
From Oct. 14: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 5: "Russ Meyer's 'Vixen'" (1969); and "Cherry & Harry & Raquel" (1970; Russ Meyer).
Oct. 6-8: "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1981; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson and Jessica Lange.
Oct. 9-10: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.
Oct. 11-12: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; and "The Searchers" (1956; John Ford), with John Wayne, Natalie Wood, Jeffrey Hunter, Vera Miles, and Ward Bond.
Oct. 13-15: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "Alien" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 6: "Poltergeist" (1982; Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson; and "Carrie" (1976; Brian De Palma), with Sissy Spacek, John Travolta, Piper Laurie, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt.
Oct. 7-8: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.
Oct. 9: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
Oct. 10-11: "Enter the Dragon" (†); and "Return of the Dragon" (1974; Bruce Lee), with Lee.
Oct. 12-13: "Up in Smoke" (1978; Lou Adler), with Tommy Chong and Cheech Marin; and "Stir Crazy" (1980; Sidney Poitier), with Richard Pryor, Gene Wilder, Georg Stanford Brown, and Jobeth Williams.
Oct. 14-15: "Missing" (1982; Costa-Gavras), with Jack Lemmon, Sissy Spacek, Melanie Mayron, and John Shea; and "The Verdict" (1982; Sidney Lumet), with Paul Newman, Charlotte Rampling, Jack Warden, and James Mason.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Oct. 5: "The Middle of the World" (1975; Alain Tanner; in French), with Philippe Léotard and Olimpia Carlisi; and "Story of a Love Affair" (1950; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Ferdinando Sarmi and Lucia Bosè.
Oct. 6: "Potemkin" ("The Battleship Potemkin;" 1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film); and "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov.
Oct. 7: "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, Fulton MacKay, and Burt Lancaster; and "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.
Oct. 8: "Z" (1969; Costa-Gavras; in French), with Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas; and "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic).
Oct. 9: "Grand Hotel" (†) and "Kings Row" (†).
Oct. 10: "Animal Crackers" (1930; Victor Heerman) and "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), both films with the Marx Brothers.
Oct. 11: "Breaking Away" (†) and "Taking Off" (†).
Oct. 12: "Mandabi" (1968; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); and "Jom" (1982; Ababacar Samb; in Wolof).
Oct. 13: "White Heat" (†) and "The Public Enemy" (†).
Oct. 14: "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, and Mickey Rourke; and "American Graffiti" (1973; George Lucas), with Richard Dreyfuss and Ronny Howard.
Oct. 15: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 5: "Great Expectations" (1946; David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Tunes of Glory" (1960; Ronald Neame), with Alec Guinness, John Mills, Dennis Price, Kay Walsh, and Susannah York.
Oct. 6-8: "The Wrong Box" (1966; Bryan Forbes), with John Mills, Ralph Richardson, Peter Sellers, Wilfrid Lawson, Michael



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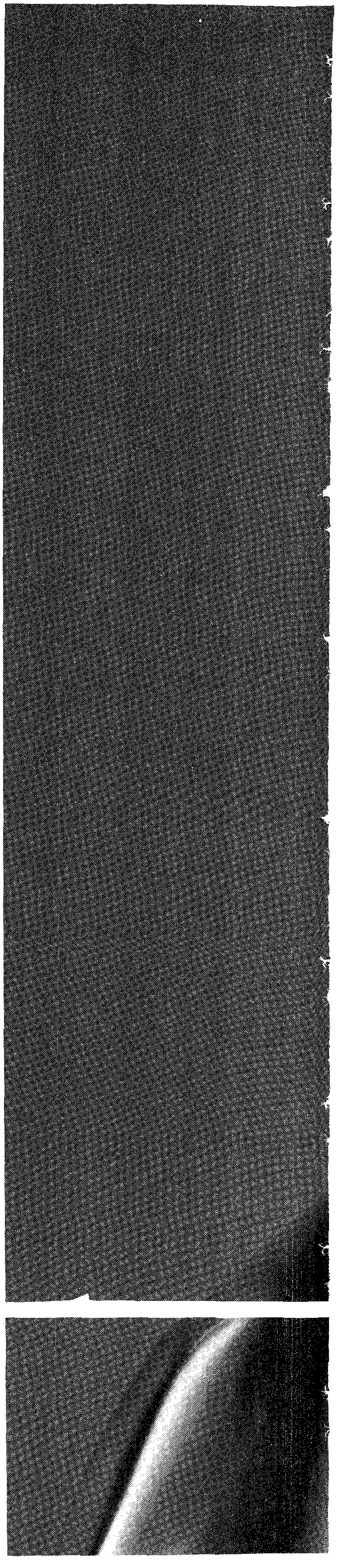

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Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore; and "The Mouse on the Moon" (1963; Richard Lester), with Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins, Ron Moody, and Terry-Thomas.

Oct. 9-10: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "The Horse's Mouth" (1958; Ronald Neame), with Alec Guinness and Kay Walsh.

Oct. 11-12: "Four Feathers" (1939; Zoltán Korda), with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "The Sea Hawk" (1940; Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Flora Robson, and Brenda Marshall.

Oct. 13-15: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950; Robert Hamer), with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, Dennis Price, and Joan Greenwood; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951; Charles Crichton), with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 5: "High and Low" (1963) and "Stray Dog" (1949), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Oct. 6: "Hi, Mom!" (1970; Brian De Palma), with Robert De Niro; and "Dionysus in 69" (1970; Brian De Palma, Robert Fiore, and Bruce Rubin), a filmed performance of the Off Broadway play.

Oct. 7-8: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.

Oct. 9-10: "Eagle's Wing" (1979; Anthony Harvey), with Martin Sheen, Sam Waterston, Harvey Keitel, and Stéphane Audran; and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

Oct. 11: "The Nun's Story" (1959; Fred Zinnemann), with Audrey Hepburn, Peter Finch, Dean Jagger, Mildred Dunnock, and Beatrice Straight; and "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.

Oct. 12: "Majin, the Stone Samurai" (1966; Kimiyoshi Yasuda; in Japanese), with Miwa Takada; and "Majin Strikes Again" (1967; Kazuo Mori; in Japanese).

Oct. 13: "The Devils" (1971; Ken Russell), with Vanessa Redgrave and Oliver Reed; and "Lisztomania" (1975; Ken Russell), with Roger Daltrey.

Oct. 14-15: "26 Days in the Life of Dostoyevsky" (1980; Alexander Zarkhi; in Russian); and "A Nest in the Wind" (1979; Olav Neuland; in Russian).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 5: "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" (1936; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur and Gary Cooper; and "Platinum Blonde" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jean Harlow, Robert Williams, Loretta Young, Claude Allister, and Halliwell Hobbes.

Oct. 6: "The Stranger" (1946; Orson Welles), with Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young; and "Journey Into Fear" (1943; Norman Foster), with Orson Welles, Dolores Del Rio, and Joseph Cotten.

Oct. 7: "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford.

Oct. 8-9: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Oct. 10: "The Big Sleep" (†); and "Michael Shayne, Private Detective" (1940; Eugene Forde), with Lloyd Nolan as the detective.

Oct. 11: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (†) and "Things to Come" (†).

Oct. 12: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann.

Oct. 13: "Cabin in the Sky" (†); and "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

Oct. 14-15: "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert; and "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961; Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, Patricia Neal, Martin Balsam, and Mickey Rooney.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Oct. 6 at 2:30: "The Goat Horn" (1972; directed by Metodi Andonov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Anton Gorchev and Katya Paskaleva. . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 6: "*Advantage; or, The Reincarnation of the Rooster*" (1977; Georgi Dyulgerov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 2:30: "The Unknown Soldier's Patent Leather Shoes" (1979; Ranghel Vulchanov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Borislav Tsankov and Slavka Ankova. . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 6: "Iconostasis" (1969; Todor Dinov and Hristo Hristov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Dimiter Tashev and Emilia Radeva. . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at noon: "Rubber Tarzan" (1981; Søren Kragh-Jacobsen; in Danish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 2:30: "Advantage; or, The Reincarnation of the Rooster." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 5: "The Goat Horn." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at noon: "Rubber Tarzan." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 2:30: "Iconostasis." . . . ¶ Oct. 9 at 5: "The Unknown Soldier's Patent Leather Shoes." . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 2:30: "The Peach Thief" (1964; Vulo Radev; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Nevena Kokanova and Rade Markovich. . . . ¶ Oct. 10 at 5: "A Tree Without Roots" (1975; Hristo Hristov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Nikola Dadov, Nevena Kokanova, and Marin Yanev. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 2:30: "On 'The Little Island'" (1958; Ranghel Vulchanov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Ivan Kondov and Stefan Peichev. . . . ¶ Oct. 11 at 6: "Out of Order" (1983; Diane Christian and Bruce Jackson), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 2:30: "A Tree Without Roots." . . . ¶ Oct. 13 at 6 and Oct. 14 at 2:30: "Detour" (1967; Grisha Ostovski and Todor Stoyanov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Nevena Kokanova and Ivan Andonov. . . . ¶ Oct. 14 at 6: "The Peach Thief." . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at noon: "When Willie Comes Marching Home" (1950; John Ford), with Dan Dailey, Corinne Calvert, and Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 2:30: "We Were Young" (1961; Binka Zhelyazkova; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles), with Dimiter Bouinozov and Roumyana Karabelova. . . . ¶ Oct. 15 at 5: "On 'The Little Island.'" (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Oct. 9: Films by Ernie Gehr—"Eureka" (1974) and "Still" (1969-71) showing daily at 1, and "Untitled" (1977), "Mirage" (1981), "Shift" (1972-74), "Table" (1976), and "Untitled" (1981) showing daily at 3. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 11: A program of films by Warren Sonbert—"Carriage Trade" (1969-72) showing daily at 12:30 (plus Tuesdays at 4); and "Rude Awakening" (1972-76) and "A Woman's Touch" (1983) showing Tuesday, Oct. 11, at 2 and 6 and Wednesday through Sunday, Oct. 12-16, at 2 and 3:30. Mr. Sonbert will be present on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 2. Closed Mondays.

New York Film Festival—The final programs in a series of international films—At **ALICE TULLY HALL,** Lincoln Center. Oct. 6 at 6:15: "Nostalghia" (Andrei Tarkovsky; U.S.S.R. and Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 6 at 9:30 and Oct. 7 at 6:15: "Heart Like a Wheel" (Jonathan Kaplan; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 7 at 9:30: "Rumble Fish" (Francis Coppola; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 12:30: "Entre Nous" (Diane Kurys; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 3: "Rumble Fish." . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 6: "Burroughs" (Howard Brookner; United States) and "Secret Agent" (Jacki Ochs; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 8 at 9: "Entre Nous." . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Oct. 9 at 8:30: "Streamers" (Robert Altman; United States). (For information about tickets, call 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

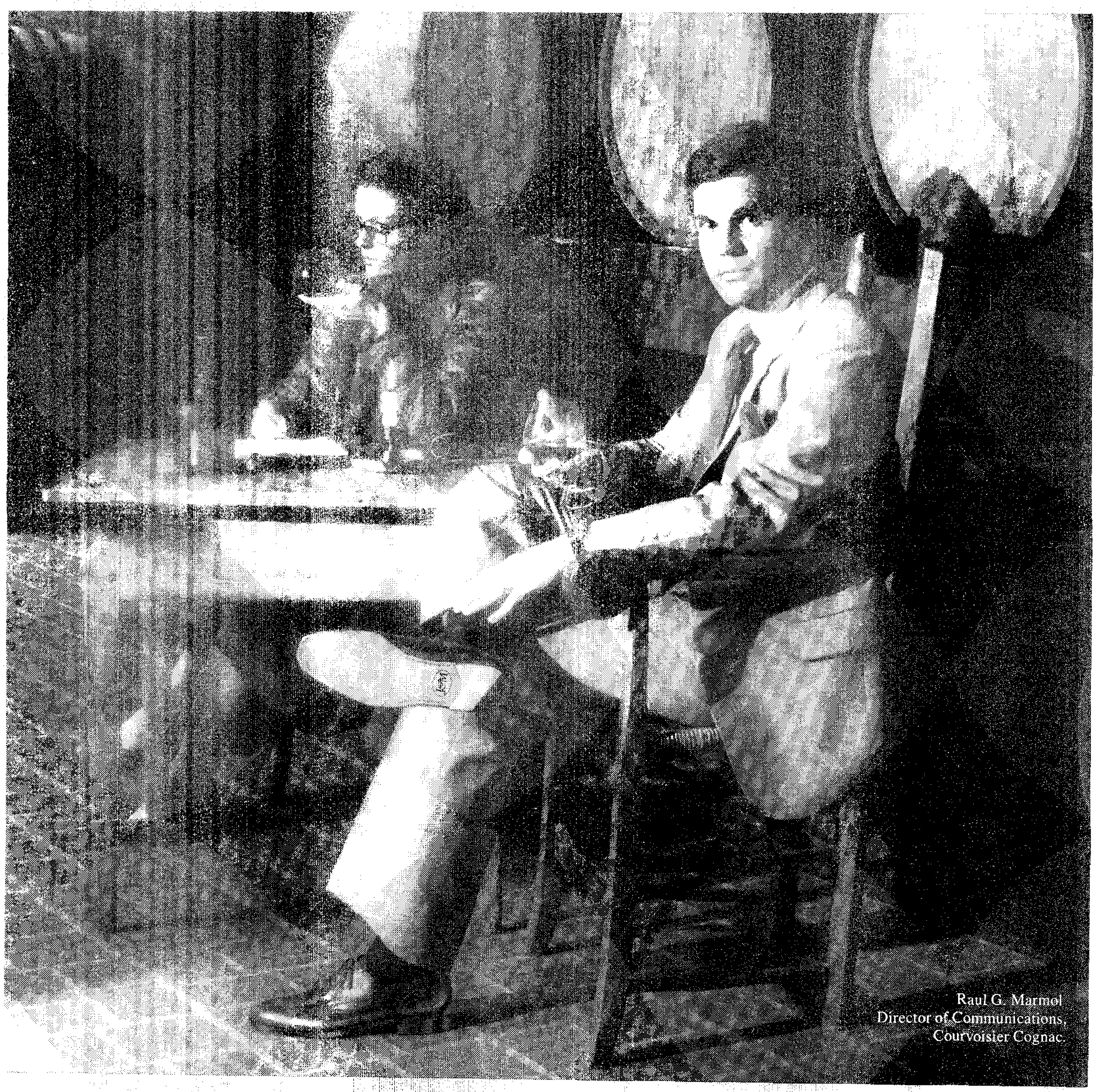
Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on Earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 13-15.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller directed by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. Sterling Hayden is the central figure, and the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen, Marilyn Monroe, James Whitmore, John McIntire, and Marc Lawrence. The screenplay, by Ben Maddow and Huston, was adapted from the W. R. Burnett novel. (Remade as "The Badlanders" in 1958, "Cairo" in 1962, and, with a black cast, as "A Cool Breeze" in 1972.) (Film Forum; Oct. 12-15.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty, incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement (Chandler reported that while the film was in production, William Faulkner and the other screenwriters had to appeal to him for guidance, and apparently Chandler couldn't exactly figure it out either), but it's the dialogue and the entertaining qualities of the individual sequences that make this movie. It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city, where sensation is all. The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. The characters are a collection of sophisticated monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb), drug addicts, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Dorothy Malone seduces the hero in what must surely be record time), murderers. All of them talk in innuendos, as if there were a new stylization of the American language. Howard Hawks directed—and so well that you may even enjoy the fact that, as he said, "Neither the author, the writer, nor myself knew who had killed whom." (The 1978 Michael Winner remake, starring Robert Mitchum, has the same title.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 10.)

Breaking Away (1979)—A cheerful comedy about four high-school graduates (Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, and Jackie Earle Haley) who don't know what to do next. Paul Dooley and Barbara Barrie play a set of parents with confused notions about progress. Directed by Peter Yates, with affection for the middle class, the landscape of Indiana, and bicycle racing. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 11.)

Cabin in the Sky (1943)—This was the first film Vincente Minnelli directed, and his approach was fresh and enthusiastic. It's a joyful, stylized treatment of *faux naïf* Negro folklore, with an all-black cast, and it's one of the best musicals ever made in this country. It becomes even better with the years: now it's easier to ignore the weaknesses in the script, because it's so exciting to see legendary artists, such as Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John W. Bubbles (John William Sublett), as they were in the forties. The slinky dancing of Bubbles (to the song "Shine") is a high point, so is Ethel Waters singing "Happiness Is Just a Thing Called Joe," and so is Lena Horne on "Honey in the Honeycomb." The cast includes Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Rex Ingram, Kenneth Spencer, Manton Moreland, Willie Best, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, and the Hall



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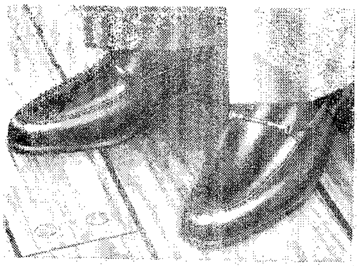

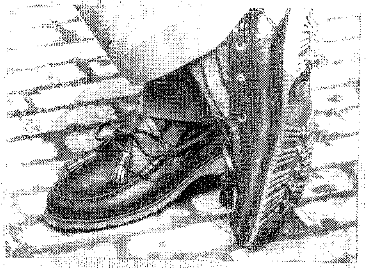

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Johnson Choir. The script, by Joseph Schrank, is based on the stage musical, with book by Lynn Root, lyrics by John Latouche, and music by Vernon Duke. Only three of the songs in the movie are from the original score; the others are from a variety of sources. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 13.)

Cross Creek—Very loosely based on Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' semi-autobiographical tales of her years in an orange grove in the Florida swamps, this movie, directed by Martin Ritt, suggests a child's storybook version of women's liberation. Everything is lighted to look holy, and whenever the score isn't shimmering and burnishing, nature is twittering. It's all pearly and languid, and more than a little twerpy—it's one long cue for "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'." The heroine is envisioned as a muted, passive artist who soaks up the local color, and the audience is left to watch her soak. As Mrs. Rawlings, Mary Steenburgen is withdrawn; she has a tight, little-girl voice, and she seems to count to ten before she speaks—she comes across as a lyrical stiff. The movie is lulling, in a semi-stupefying way. Most of it is sun-coated and sugar-cured. But Rip Torn plays a Cracker on a grand scale; he's too powerful for sweetening. And Ritt shows his flair for melodrama in his handling of the hyperemotional entanglement between Torn and Dana Hill, who plays his daughter; the two work together with what looks like spontaneous frenzy. The Cracker's emotions rear up very large, and he simply discharges them—when he's bashing chairs or tables, it's like brushing a tear away. It's a rampaging role, but Rip Torn doesn't seem to be afraid of anything, and he gives a demonstration of a wild-man actor's art. The picture would be stone cold without it. With Alfre Woodard as Geechee and Peter Coyote, who has a Jiminy Cricket charm as Norton Baskin, who becomes Mrs. Rawlings' second husband. Also with Malcolm McDowell as Maxwell Perkins, who just happens to be in the neighborhood because he has been visiting "Ernest in Key West." The script is by Dalene Young; the cinematography is by John A. Alonzo. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/3/83.) (Plaza.)

Daniel—Sidney Lumet directed, from E. L. Doctorow's script, based on his 1971 novel "The Book of Daniel." The quasi-modernist novel is a personal fantasy that plugs into the persecution fears that the Rosenberg case stirred up. It's a mussy, mixed-up, passionate book—demagogic and harrowing. The movie is all those things, too, except it's not passionate, and so it doesn't carry you along. Timothy Hutton is Daniel, the son of the "Isaacsons," who is searching for the meaning of his dead parents' lives, and Amanda Plummer is the driven-mad younger sister; Lindsay Crouse and Mandy Patinkin are the parents. The cast includes Ellen Barkin, Ed Asner, Carmen Matthews, John Rubinstein, Maria Tucci, Julie Bovasso, Tovah Feldshuh, and many other well-known players; some of them must have flinched when they saw their performances here. (9/5/83) (Coronet.)

Danton—Andrzej Wajda's film comes from a Polish play of the nineteen-twenties that depicts Danton as a kind of proto-revisionist and makes Robespierre the real hero of their encounter, which resulted in Danton's going to the guillotine. Wajda and his screenwriter, Jean-Claude Carrière, stood the play on its head, making heroic Robespierre (Wojciech Pszoniak) into a sociopath who soaks his bed with sweat and cringes if a woman touches him, and Danton (Gérard Depardieu) into a slob and a libertine and a lush who in the end would rather be executed than executioner, and defies the Terror he helped to theorize. In France, where the movie was partially financed by the Socialist government, right and left divided over whether Wajda had a correct appreciation of the French Revolution, not over whether it was a good film or a bad one. By any reasonable standard, "Danton" is terrible. In French. (2/28/83; under Letter from Europe.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

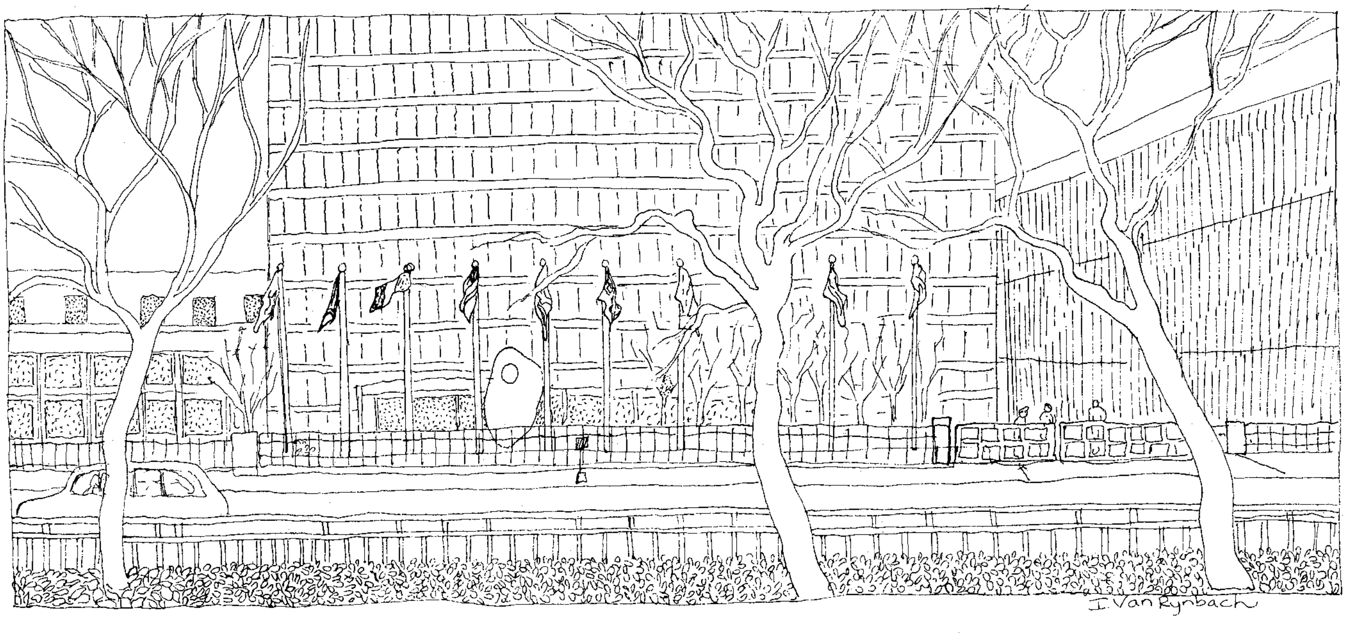
Diva (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by Jean-Jacques Beineix, a director who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Quad Cinema.)

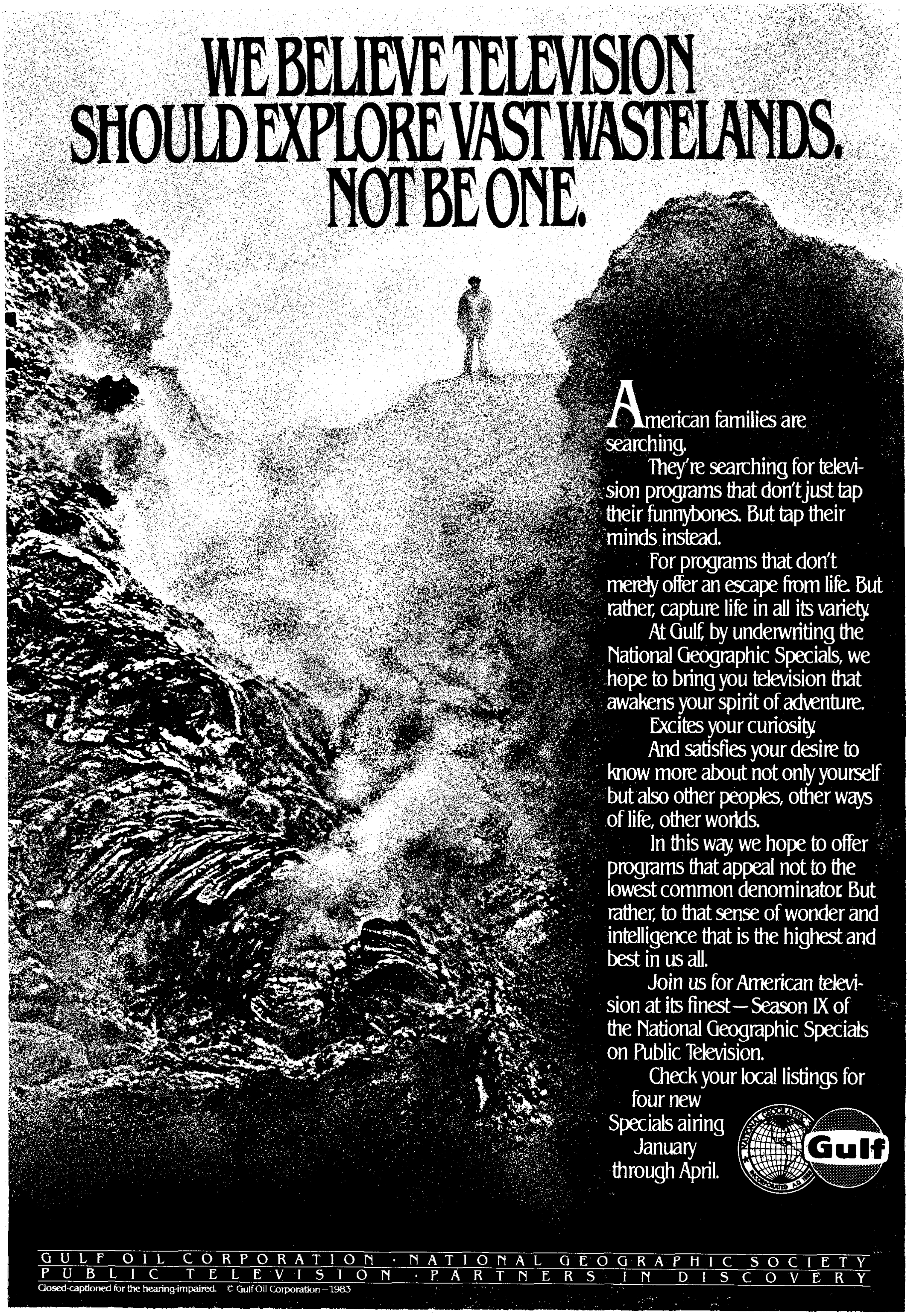
The Draughtsman's Contract—Set on an English estate in the summer of 1694, this formalist tease by the writer-director Peter Greenaway is a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. It's also a victimization fantasy: the draughtsman (Anthony Higgins), a lover of landscape, is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. The film is mannered and idiosyncratic; the speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle. For Greenaway, a movie is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active but his camera is dead. With Janet Suzman and Anne Louise Lambert. (8/22/83) (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Effi Briest (1974)—The most polished of all the films by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, set in a small German town stamped with the Prussian determination of the Bismarck period. Effi is played by Hanna Schygulla, a member of Fassbinder's phenomenal acting troupe. Here she plays a girl of seventeen who is married off to a baron with a face like a knife-edge (Wolfgang Schenck). After Effi has been his wife for a while, the general agreement is that the baron would have done better to have married her mother, whom he courted "twenty years ago." Not much of a start for a teen-ager. Fassbinder has an interesting attitude toward Effi, whose beauty and vivacity he communicates, but he also knows that she is ambitious in puny ways that run along the track of Prussian convention. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 9-10.)

Enter the Dragon (1973)—Bruce Lee and John Saxon in a kung-fu movie that's a good-natured example of the pleasures of schlock art. There's so much going on that the whole history of movies seems to be recapitulated in scrambled form. It could be billed as the movie with a thousand climaxes. But it's not all schlock: the slender, swift Bruce Lee was the Fred Astaire of martial arts, and many of the fights that could be merely brutal come across as lightning-fast choreography. With Jim Kelly as Williams, Ahna Capri as Tania, Bob Wall as Oharra, Shih Ken as Han, Angela Mao Ying as Su-Lin, Yang Sze as Bolo, Betty Chung as Mei Ling, the secret agent, Geoffrey Weeks as Braithwaite, and Peter Archer as the New Zealander, Parsons. Directed by Robert Clouse; written by Michael Allin; music by Lalo Schifrin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 10-11.)

Fanny and Alexander—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gin-





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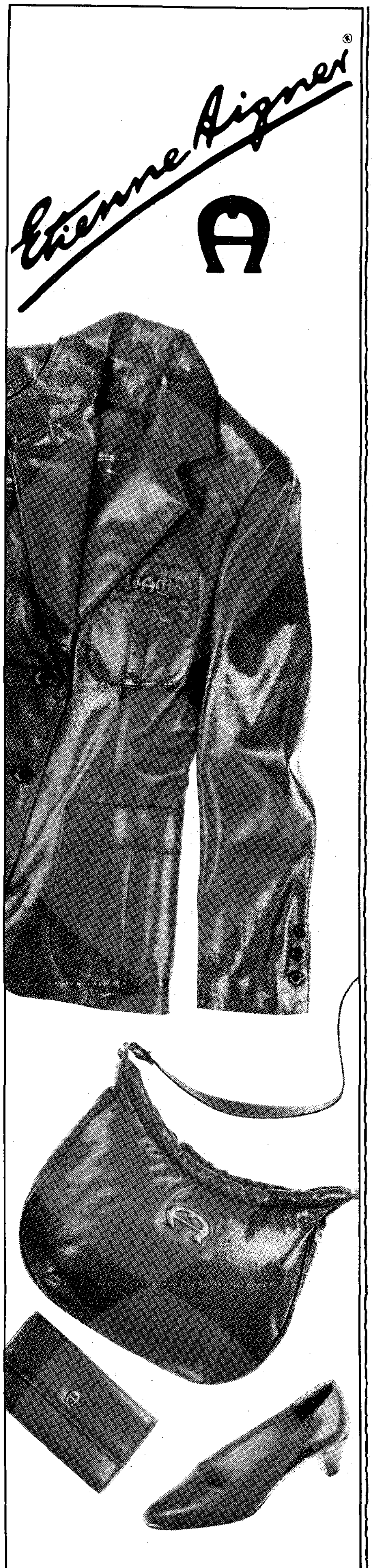

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gerbreading is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Gemini, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 13.)

Flashdance—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream, in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Embassy, and New Embassy 49th Street. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Oct. 6.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective, and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Olympia Quad.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—From her first line, "I have never been so tired in my life," Greta Garbo sets the movie in vibration with her extraordinary sensual presence. ("Mademoiselle Hamlet," Alice B. Toklas called her.) Garbo plays a *première danseuse* whose career is fading—a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman (John Barrymore). Garbo was only twenty-six when she played this role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue, the despair seem genuine. There is every reason to reject "Grand Hotel" as an elaborate chunk of artifice; there are no redeeming qualities in Vicki Baum's excruciating concepts of character and fate, and anyone who goes to see this movie expecting an intelligent script, or even "good acting," should have his head examined. Most of the actors give impossibly bad performances—they chew up the camera. But if you want to see what screen glamour used to be, and what, originally, "stars" were, this is perhaps the best example of all time. "Grand Hotel" is still entertaining because of the same factor that made it a huge hit in its day (it even won the Academy Award as Best Picture): the force of the personalities involved in the omnibus story. As a secretary working in the hotel, there is a startlingly sexy minx named Joan Crawford, who bears only a slight resemblance to the later zombie of that name; at twenty-five she still connected with other actors, and her scenes with Lionel Barrymore (in one of his rare likable performances; he's a dying man spending his life savings on a last fling) show a real rapport. The fifth star is Wallace Beery, as a brutal, crooked tycoon; he overacts mightily and charmlessly. Also in the cast are Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, Rafaela Ottiano, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Frank Conroy, Tully Marshall, Purnell Pratt, Morgan Wallace, Robert McWade, and Edwin Maxwell. Striding through it all is a living legend of the screen: Garbo, in her chinchilla polo coat, with her drawn face and wrinkled forehead and her anguished "I want to be alone." (Her clothes seem to get in her way, and there's a ridiculous little bobby pin that keeps her hair firmly in place during her big love scenes with Barrymore.) Directed by Edmund Goulding from William A. Drake's adaptation of Vicki Baum's "Menschen im Hotel;" cinematography by William Daniels; art direction by Cedric Gibbons; gowns by Adrian. (A 1945 remake was called "Week-end at the Waldorf.") (Metro Cinema; Oct. 9.)

The Grey Fox—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy. Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; Oct. 7-13.)

Kings Row (1942)—The typical nostalgic view of American small-town life turned inside out: instead of sweetness and health we get fear, sanctimoniousness, sadism, and insanity. Tranquilly accepting the many varieties of psychopathic behavior as the simple facts of life, this film has its own kind of sentimental glow, yet the melodramatic incidents are surprisingly compelling. The time is the beginning of the twentieth century, and the hero (Robert Cummings) is interested in the new ideas of Sigmund Freud. (Which is unfortunate: when Cummings, eyes alight with idealism, mouths naïve views on Freud, almost any contemporary audience is bound to break up.) The director, Sam Wood, gets some remarkably well-defined performances from others, though: Ann Sheridan is radiant in the role of a girl from the wrong side of the tracks, and Betty Field's frightened, passionate Cassie is a memorable vignette. Charles Coburn and Claude Rains are the town's doctors; Coburn likes to perform amputations without anesthetics (his special victim is Ronald Reagan), and Rains keeps his daughter locked up in his house. The cast also includes Judith Anderson, Maria Ouspenskaya, Nancy Coleman, and Kaaren Verne. Casey Robinson adapted Henry Bellamann's best-seller; James Wong Howe was the cinematographer; and William Cameron Menzies was the production designer. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 9.)

The Leopard (1963)—It's magnificent—a sweeping popular epic, with obvious similarities to "Gone with the Wind," and with an almost Chekhovian sensibility. It has a hero on a grand scale—Don Fabrizio, Prince of Salina, played superlatively by Burt Lancaster, who modelled his performance on the nobleman director Luchino Visconti. The film is set in the eighteen-sixties, when Italy was in the middle of a revolution, but it's essentially about the Prince himself—the aging Leopard—and how he reacts to the social changes. We couldn't be any closer to Lancaster's Prince if we were inside his skin—which in a way we are. We're inside his mind as he relives his life, experiences regret, and accepts the dying of his class and his own death. It's one of the greatest of all passages in movies. With Alain Delon as the Prince's sly nephew; Claudia Cardinale as a shrewd, sensual heiress; Paolo Stoppa as her beady-eyed, land-grabbing father; Rina Morelli as the Prince's repressed, whimpering wife; and Romolo Valli, Serge Reggiani, Leslie French, and Pierre Clementi. The score is by Nino Rota; the cinematography is by the justly celebrated Giuseppe Rotunno. In Italian; three hours and five minutes. (9/19/83) (72nd Street East.)

Lonely Hearts—This movie is very casually strung together. It's an Australian variant of the comfy-cozy Ealing comedies of the fifties, but it doesn't have their precise construction—it moves from one small slapstick diversion to the next. As the timid, sexually repressed heroine, Wendy Hughes is lovely in the standard fine-actress-playing-dowdy-aging-virgin performance. As the piano tuner who courts her, Norman Kaye has a furtive, childlike prankishness, and that's what keeps the movie alive. The core idea is moist, but the film's humor is dry and sometimes darting and sneaky. Directed by Paul Cox, who wrote the script with John Clarke, the film has a cheerless look and dreary, crabbed cinematography. You have to settle for the flyspeck jokes and the acting; it's all mildly satirical, mildly romantic, and mildly engaging. With Jonathan Hardy as the piano tuner's amiable, innocent brother-in-law and Jon Finlayson as the flamboyant director of an amateur theatrical group. (10/3/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Man Who Could Work Miracles (1937)—This version of H. G. Wells' comic fantasy is one of the most touching and good-natured of all the films that employ "supernatural" tricks and illusions. It's also one of the few with any real point. With Roland Young, as the mild, bewildered miracle-maker, Ralph Richardson as the militarist whose swords are turned into plowshares, Ernest Thesiger (who never disappoints), Joan Gardner, George Zucco, Torin Thatcher, and, in a tiny part as a god, young George Sanders. Alexander Korda produced; Wells did the script, with Lajos Biro; Lothar Mendes directed, with Vincent Korda designing the production. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11.)

The Moon in the Gutter—Coming right after Jean-Jacques Beineix's sparkling, gift-wrapped "Diva," this oppressive romantic tragedy, in which Gérard Depardieu plays a stevedore obsessed with memories of his dead sister, may be a shock, but it's the kind of excruciatingly silly movie that only a talented director can make. Nastassia Kinski is posed like Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers;" she's the unattainable—the moon that shines on poor Depardieu down there in his Brando T-shirt in the *film noir* gutter. Beineix can sometimes engage us by his visual flourishes—abstractions of men at work, blood that's like spilled fingernail polish, a cathedral like a witch's palace. But it's a suffocating, empty movie in thick, nocturnal color, and with glamour music that's an exaggeration of Hollywood's old soaring and slurping scores. With Victoria Abril, Bertice Reading, Dominique Pinon, and Milena Vukotić. Based on the 1953 American novel by David Goodis. In French. (9/19/83) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 6.)

An Officer and a Gentleman (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 13.)

Pauline at the Beach—The writer-director Eric Rohmer contrasts the belle of the beach, the voluptuous blond divorcée Marion (Arielle Dombasle), with her dark-eyed fifteen-year-old cousin Pauline (Amanda Langlet). Rohmer has an amazing gift for finding (or creating) actors who embody the tiny, precise psychological observations that he wants to make, and, with the help of the cinematographer Nestor Almendros, he establishes a loose, summery atmosphere that the characters fit right into. But he offers a tedious message ("A wagging tongue bites itself"), and he can't resist setting up the little girl as our moral instructor. The six characters involved in the bedroom-farce misunderstandings include a suave, fortyish stud (Féodor Atkine); a handsome young windsurfer (Pascal Greggory), who's a ninny; and a girl (Rosette) who sells candy on the beach. In French. (9/5/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme

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music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Metro Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Return of the Jedi—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews Astor Plaza.)

Risky Business—The high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous softcore porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Sutton, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ Bay Cinema; starting Oct. 7.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan (1982)—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The theme of this endlessly inventive movie is death and rebirth, with the prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner), who has become stiff from sitting at his administrative post, taking a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and waking up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt, smiling grimly as he does the dirty; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, Bones McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. The pieces of the story fit together so beautifully that eventually the director has you wrapped up in the foolishness. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get to you. (6/28/82) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 6.)

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Staying Alive—Ludicrous. As producer-writer-director, Sylvester Stallone turns everything into a fight, and this sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever," with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero, seems designed to pound the audience into submission. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. The film gives the audience such a pounding that if it weren't for the final two minutes of Travolta on the street, moving to the theme music from "Saturday Night Fever," people might not have the strength to crawl out of the theatre. With Cynthia Rhodes, Finola Hughes, and Julie Bovasso, who has a couple of remarkable scenes as Tony's mother. (8/22/83) (Guild, and Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 13.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 11.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay (based on his book "The Shape of Things to Come"); the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. Wells peers ahead through a century of devastation to the cold, abstract architecture of 2055. The whole "scientific" phantasmagoria is posh and modernistic—an amusingly dated view of the future. (It suggests the twenties.) The movie is more handsome than dramatic, with spacious sets and great costumes (they're like what actors in Greek tragedies wore in avant-garde productions of the twenties), and some wonderful howlers in Raymond Massey's and Ralph Richardson's dialogue and acting. With Cedric Hardwicke, John Clements, Ann Todd, Margaretta Scott, and Derrick de Marney. Produced by Alexander Korda. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 11.)

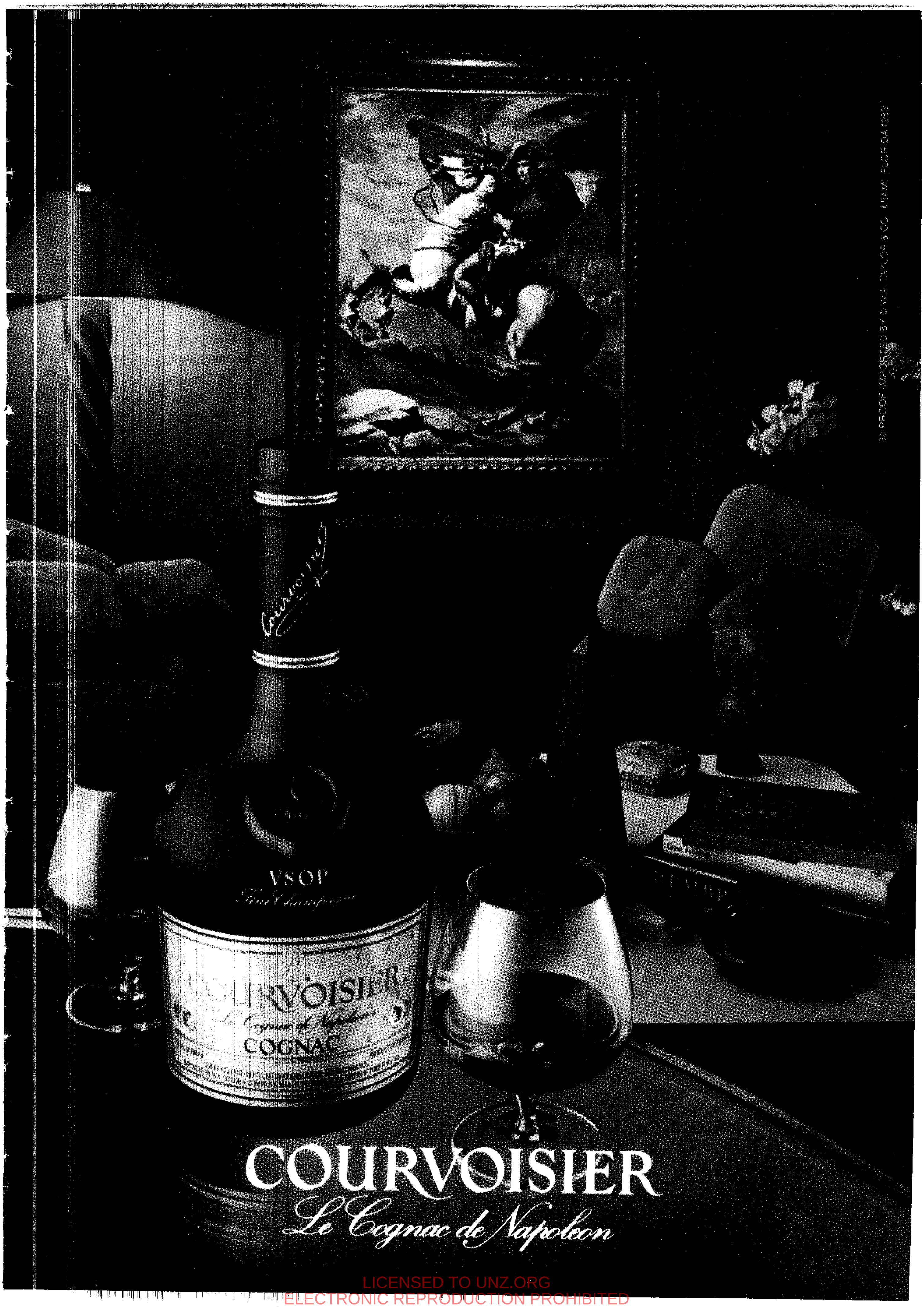
Trading Places—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (R.K.O. Century Art, Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Oct. 8.)

White Heat (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is very obvious, and it's so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems to have been made much earlier than it was. But this flamboyance is also what makes some of its scenes stay with you. James Cagney plays the tough guy who sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and runs amok in the prison mess hall when he learns of her death—a horrible sobbing whine comes out of him, and it just keeps coming, as he punches out anyone who gets near him. This is perhaps the most daring sequence Cagney ever performed; he does his most operatic acting in this film, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, Steve Cochran, Paul Guilfoyle, and Fred Clark. The script by Ivan Goff and Ben Roberts was based on a story written for the screen by Virginia Kellogg. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 13.)

Woyzeck (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Film Forum; Oct. 14-15.)

Zelig—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Beekman, and New Yorker. . . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and Movieland; through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres; starting Oct. 7.)

SUNOCO
weil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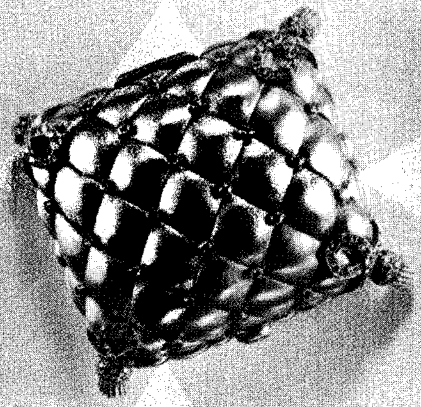

Jeweled case by David Webb

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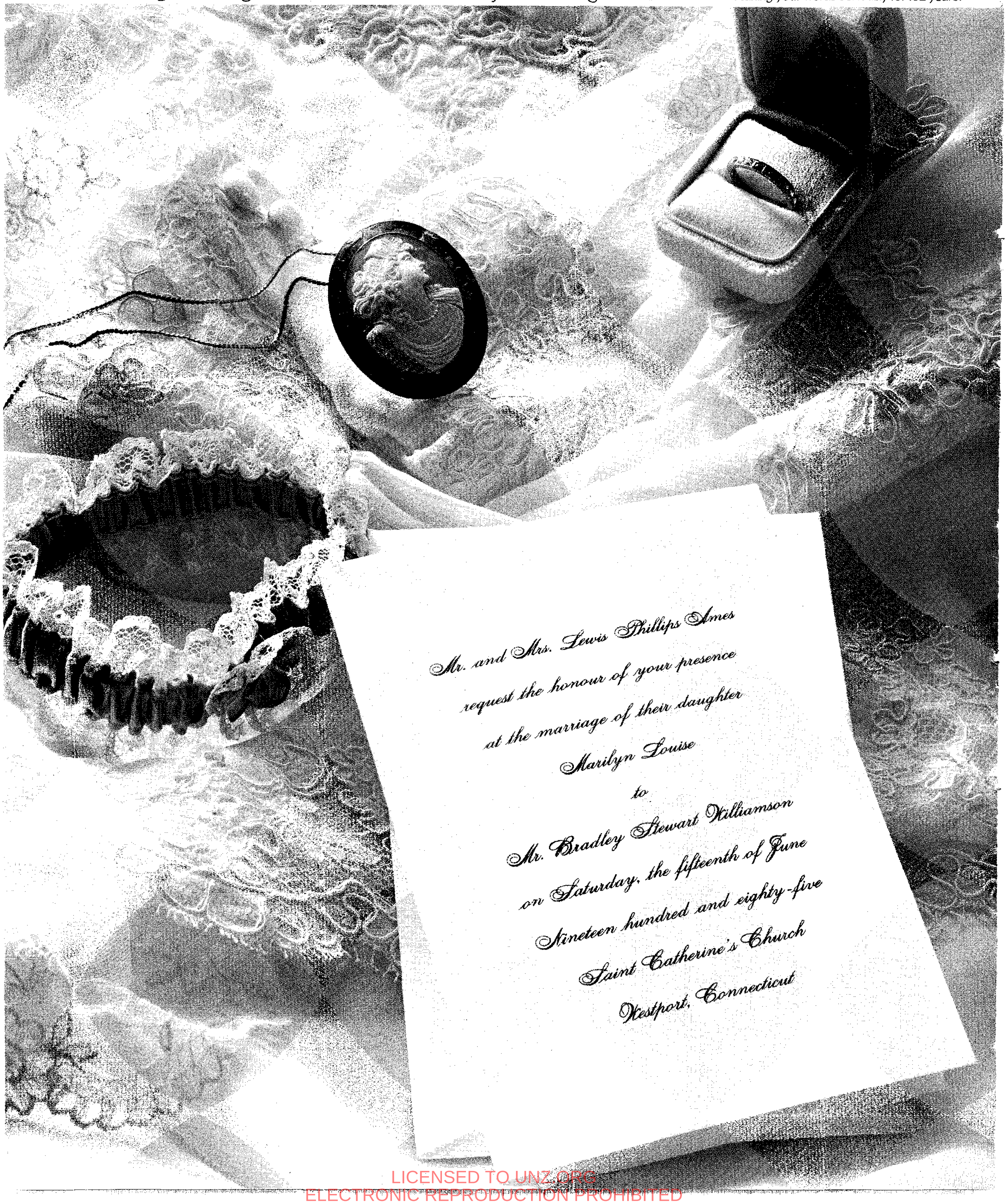

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at the marriage of their daughter
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to
Mr. Bradley Stewart Williamson
on Saturday, the fifteenth of June
Nineteen hundred and eighty-five
Saint Catherine's Church
Westport, Connecticut

THE
NEW YORKER

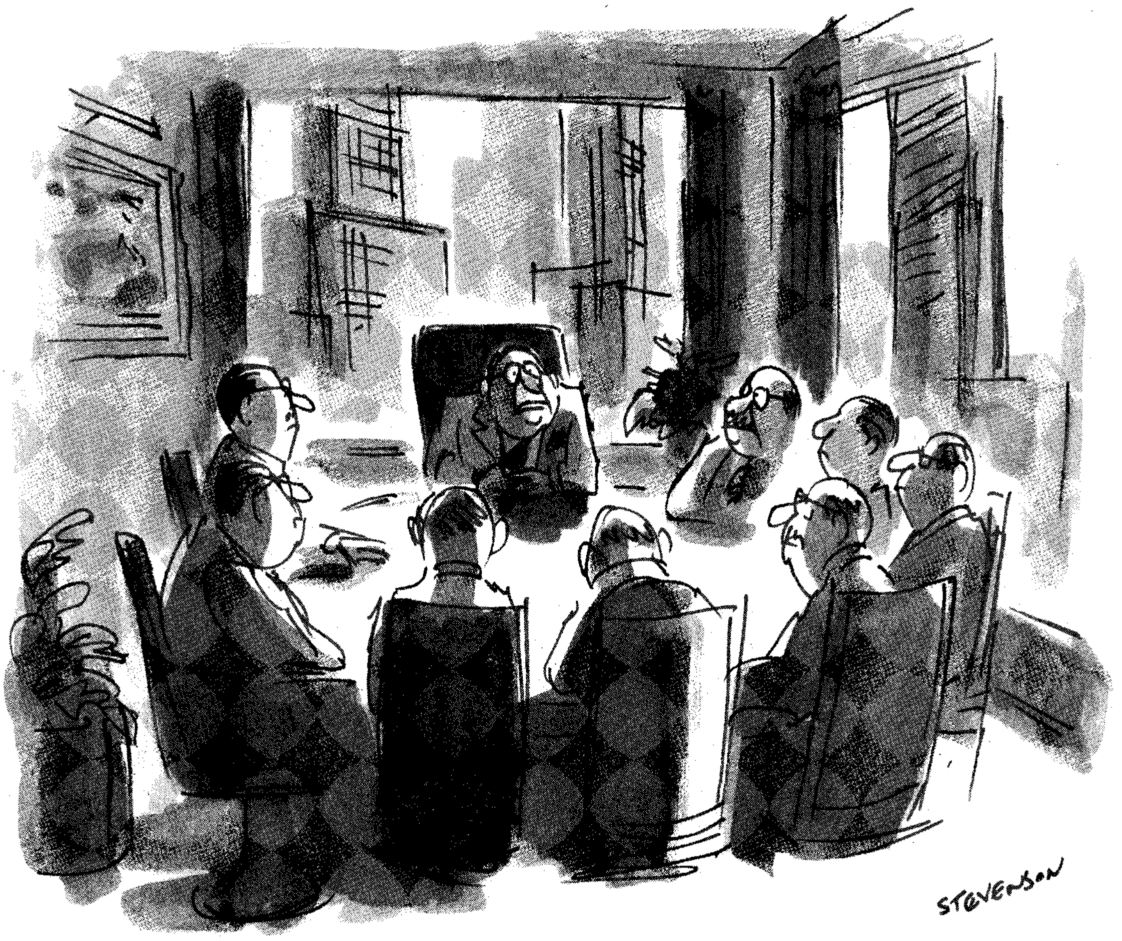
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE day, maybe ten years ago, killing time in a residential section of Seattle, we found a John Birch Society bookstore. Inside, between the stacks of "Teddy Bare" (a "history" of the Chappaquiddick affair) and a display of back issues of *American Opinion* (the Society monthly), were a bunch of bright-green bars of soap inscribed "U.S. out of the U.N. and the U.N. out of the U.S." We bought a cake, of course—it seemed a perfect relic of an America all but disappeared, an America where radio talk-show hosts could light up the switchboard simply by saying "fluoridated water." Musty quaintness filled the bookshop, and the lady who sat by the cashbox, sweetly dispensing drivel, seemed a harmless and poignant artifact. Her kind, surely, were the Shakers of American politics; a few years more and they'd be as relevant as Father Coughlin. Our bar of soap has long since eroded to a handful of stingy lather, but the cause it introduced into our shower lives on, and with a vengeance. Last month, the U.N.-out-of-the-U.S. part of the message won the quasi endorsement of one of the American delegates to that august Forty-sixth Street body. Impatient with Soviet criticisms of our government's failure to aid Russian Foreign Minister Andrey Gromyko in making a planned United Nations visit, the American delegate Charles Lichenstein (who helped ghostwrite Richard Nixon's "Six Crises") said that countries that didn't like our hospitality should "seriously . . . consider removing themselves and this organization from the soil of the United States." In a pleased purr, he went on to say that American officials "will be down at dockside waving you a fond farewell as you sail off into the sunset" (directions that, if they were followed literally, would leave the emissaries of a hundred and fifty-eight sovereign nations aground on the Jersey bank of the Hudson). Later in the day, American higher-ups made gentle, bemused retractions of Lichenstein's remarks. The President, a few days afterward, recommended that the body consider splitting its meetings between Moscow and New York, and added that he thought Mr. Lichenstein "had the hearty approval of most people in America." The same week saw the Senate vote, sixty-six to twenty-three, to substantially cut the amount of money our government gives to help finance the United Nations. "Taxpayers are sick and tired of playing host to our enemies and critics," Senator Steven Symms, Republican of Idaho, said. Though Lichenstein's outburst was aimed specifically at the Soviets, and was provoked by the Korean-airliner episode, it reflected Administration exasperation with the entire United Nations and the whole notion of an international community. Upon taking office, Reagan's people made sure that the talk of "interdependence" ceased in the corridors of Foggy Bottom: they refused to sign the Law of the Sea treaty; they politely ignored increasing Third World calls for a "new international economic order" (diplomatic talk for "Would you please share some of your wealth with the rest of us"). Reagan's predecessors had given at least occasional lip service to ideals like these—Jimmy Carter, in particular, talked about the world as if it were a complicated place. But Reagan liked the world in his head much better: in it the United States and the Soviet Union, locked in a tussle between good and evil, were all that really counted. In his world, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the nineteen-fifties, everyone outside our borders should damn well line up behind the United States. "The members of the United Nations must be aligned on the side of justice rather than injustice, peace rather than aggression, human dignity rather than subjugation," he said in his speech to the General Assembly last week. It was not very hard to guess what he meant, and the Korean-airliner episode, demonstrating, as it did, the depth of Soviet stupidity and brutality, must have seemed a heaven-sent way to realign the global community behind us.

The thing about the nineteen-fifties, though, is that they ended some time back, and are not likely to return. Or, rather, while they seem to have made a comeback in the United States, it is hard to imagine Zaire changing its name to the Congo and asking Brussels if it needs a colony. (It is even hard to imagine Belgium accepting.) The world is irrevocably different now. And while the killings above the Sea of Japan did shift world opinion toward "our side" the change will be neither as prolonged nor as dramatic as our diplomats are hoping. For one thing, most of the countries in the world have their own worries, like keeping their citizens from starving. When they look at the superpowers, it is often to shake their heads at *all that money* spent on arms. And, if this is not enough, we've managed, over the years, to raise a doubt or two about our national purity. One small example: Our United Nations delegation chided Zimbabwe because it did not vote to condemn the Russians for shooting down the jet and killing two hundred and sixty-nine people. The Prime Minister of that country, Mr. Robert Mugabe, politely pointed out that America, in 1981, had vetoed a Security Council resolution that would have condemned our friend South Africa for a raid into Angola which left more than four hundred people dead.

Since the world is not going to return to those carefree days of yesteryear, no matter how hard we stamp our feet on the Security Council floor (or our shoes on the table), the question becomes how to cope with the world we actually inhabit. Say, for the sake of argument, and also because it is partly true, that Reagan is correct in seeing the planet riven between East and West, with the two superpowers in fierce competition. The first way of handling such a world—call it the Lichenstein method—relies on sarcastic bluster; it says "Play my way or I'll go home and take my ball field with me." This method appeals to many Americans—particularly the sort who have always thought that those dashiki-clad people from little countries look kind of cute, the sort who usually refer to the United Nations as a "farce." But, enjoyable though tantrums can be, their political utility is questionable. It was hard at first to conceive how America would be able to turn the airliner affair to even our partial disadvantage, but our United Nations staff, with the help of the State Department people in Washington, has done its best. Instead of making sure that Mr. Gromyko arrived in New York to take some serious heat, we gave him the excuse he needed to stay home. Instead of keeping anger focussed on Russia, we introduced a new issue—our fitness as the "host nation" for the United Nations—which can only diffuse and diminish the outrage against the Soviets. If we didn't care about international sentiment, this would make no difference, but Reagan, from the moment he learned of the airliner incident, stressed worldwide condemnation, as opposed to unilateral anger. In a larger sense, if we are in competition with the Soviets it's ultimately for the hearts, minds, and export markets of the rest of the world. A second approach to the world—and a solution deeply rooted in American tradition—would be to keep the same product and improve the packaging. This would involve a return to a somewhat earlier style of diplomacy, when we made the right noises but continued to support our dictator friends, despite their occasional lapses and massacres. It might work, but it probably wouldn't fool many representatives of the rest of the world, even if they do wear colorful native costume. At best, it would keep the rest of the world disgusted equally with Russia and with America. We can have Botha and Pinochet and Marcos or we can have a reputation for sincerity rather than hypocrisy, but we can't have both. A third approach—changing our foreign policy so that it is more palatable to others—won't happen any time soon, but if Ronald Reagan can dream about the nineteen-fifties perhaps it's fair for some of us to think about the future. Say we really did come to realize that the present generation of dictator friends are the last of the line; that the old order of privilege, poverty, and exploitation must inevitably change; and that if we don't midwife the process the Russians will. Say, just for starters, we announced that we were climbing out of bed with South Africa. The advantages of this approach are numerous. It would work in winning friends and converts. It would be the right thing as well as the practical thing to do. And it would save one of New York City's biggest tourist attractions.



"Here's the story, gentlemen. Sometime last night, an eleven-year-old kid in Akron, Ohio, got into our computer and transferred all our assets to a bank in Zurich."

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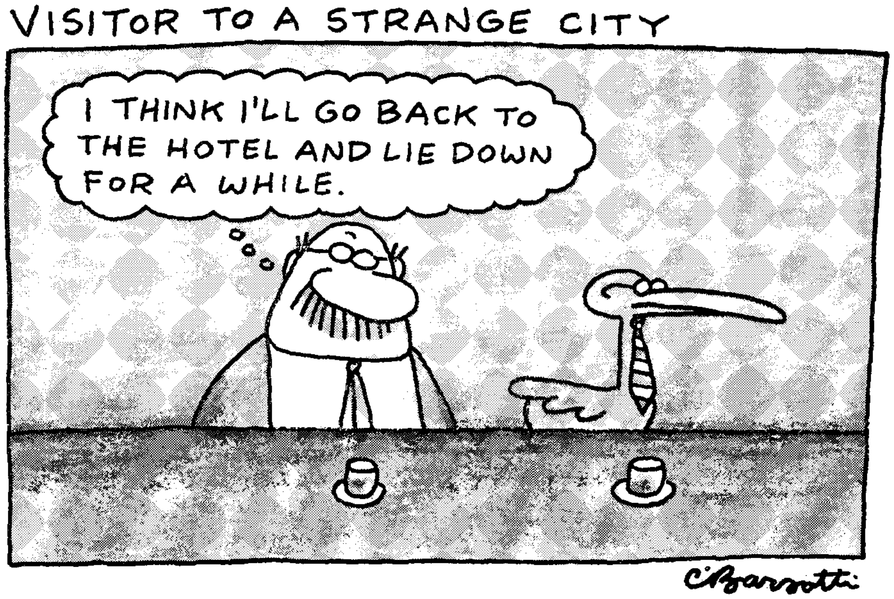
Atrium

WE went by the unfinished Trump Tower a few months ago, stopped under the


VISITOR TO A STRANGE CITY
I THINK I'LL GO BACK TO THE HOTEL AND LIE DOWN FOR A WHILE.
CBarsotti

• •

scaffolding by the entrance, and noted the two guards we had heard so much about. One of them was tall, friendly, and black, the other one pink and jovial, and they *were* wearing operetta uniforms: crimson tunics tightly buttoned in gold, with high collars and large epaulets, and enormous black bearskin busbies. On an impulse, we plunged into one of the two revolving doors, and, in the span of one medium-slow revolution, saw a blur of pink in a huge space, saw four ficus trees at least thirty feet tall that were apparently growing out of marble, heard a plaintive violin and a resonant piano, heard a myriad muffled voices and the plash of a great cascade. And then we were safely out on the pavement again, and repaired next door to look at Tiffany's windows.

After that, we heard a lot more about the Trump Tower. We heard that Mrs. Trump in person had ordered the guards' uniforms in London. That the building was the tallest residential structure, and also the tallest concrete structure, in New York. That it had sixty-eight floors and stood six hundred and sixty-four feet high. That the twenty-four facets of its exterior façade were of aluminum and reflective bronze glass. That its interior space, the Atrium, which we had glimpsed so fleetingly, rose six stories. And that the pink marble came from Italy and was called Breccia Perniche.

Last Saturday, on another impulse, we went back to have a better look. We paused before one of the two revolving doors. This time, a solitary guard wore, instead of the black busby, a white pith helmet with a golden spear on top. Inside, the first thing we noticed was two thick and highly polished bronze Ts, about four feet high, close together but not aligned, the left one supporting an indifferent arrangement of rubrum lilies in a clay vase. A towheaded toddler with a Prince Valiant haircut was winding his way, back and forth, back and forth, through the exiguous space between the two Ts while his parents smiled. The crowd in the Atrium was dense and mostly young. Sightseers and tourists, rather than serious shoppers. And polyglot.

Buccellati was to our left. The four tall ficus trees did not grow out of marble; they grew out of square bronze plaques with small perforations, through which we could see a sampling of brown earth. Charles Jourdan, to our right, showed woollen belts in its window which could have gone round the waists of baby elephants. Puzzled, we stood there until, in the same window, we saw one of the belts wound round and round and buckled about the neck of a mannequin. They were scarves. Beyond Jourdan, we saw a long row of people, most of them elderly, sitting on a banquette with their backs against a marble wall, and, at the end of the line, a woman in a wheelchair. They were listening to the pianist and the violinist play "Alice Blue Gown." A card on the grand piano revealed the pianist's name (Howard Salat) and the violinist's (Michael Forman). There was no music on the piano's music rack. Instead, it bore the words "TRUMP TOWER" in large gold capitals. The initials TT, also in gold, were stamped on all three of the piano's legs.

As we approached the waterfall, we saw an entrance to Bonwit Teller (the Trump Tower is built on the site of the *old* Bonwit's) and an entrance to the indoor park of the I.B.M. Building, with its tall, cool, listing bamboo trees. We went up to a security man, impeccable in a pearl-gray suit, a white shirt, and a pearl-gray moiré tie. He held a walkie-talkie in his right hand. He told us that the waterfall was called a "waterwall," that it was eighty feet high, and that the water could be regulated to fall at different speeds. Right now, it was on "medium." He also told us that Bonwit's opens onto Levels A, B, and C of the Atrium. (We were on the street level.) All the walls and floors of the Atrium are of Breccia Perniche marble, which is of extraordinary warmth and beauty: shrimp pink, russet, vieux rose, burgundy, with a touch of mango, and beautifully cut and matched.

We went down one floor on the escalator, to the Garden Level Buffet, where we saw people peaceably seated at square rattan tables eating fried turkey on tricolor bread or chicken-and-broccoli salad and drinking iced tea or wine. Others were walking, as in a dream, with their little trays, looking for an empty chair, always against the sounds of voices, music, and waterfall. On the same level, we saw, through glass, a lovely girl, wearing surgical gloves, carefully skewering fresh giant strawberries onto thin wooden sticks, dipping them into an aluminum saucepan, from which they emerged coated with hot chocolate, and carefully aligning them on a small tray. On the escalator up, we saw two lovers in a tight embrace, kissing without apparently drawing breath. They knew exactly when to get off and onto the next escalator, where, immediately, they resumed their kiss.

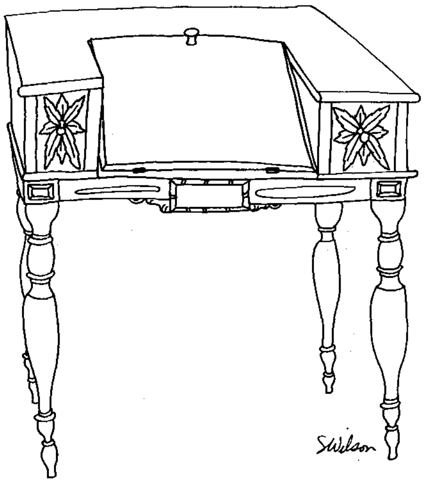
On Level A, we saw that Loewe (leathers from Madrid) had opened a shop. In the windows, bags, shoes, luggage, and gloves looked very fine: flawless and conservative. Through the glass door we saw a salesman at rest in the deserted shop. Everywhere in the Atrium we saw balustrades of glass edged in golden bronze, and the living dark-green note of plants: a palm tree in a vast square bronze tub; more ficus trees; climbing ivy; bromeliads; ponytail palms; russet and yellow chrysanthemums in narrow bronze planters. They all seemed to flourish, under electric lights and in daylight that came through the vast glass-and-bronze skylight. There was a gigantic and rather ominous bald eagle, fashioned of black crystal, white crystal, silver, and gold, hovering in the window of Asprey's.

Lulled by the dominant note of human voices, which was high, we rode the escalator to Level B. We passed a workman sawing a steel rod on the building site of the Martha boutique. (The Atrium is far from finished, and we went by many a building site.) Through a glass window we saw a girl caressing sweaters stacked in piles on a table as if she were trailing her hand in water. We saw, also through glass, a swarthy man, wearing primrose-yellow trousers, a turquoise shirt, and, on his tanned right wrist, a heavy gold bracelet, buy a handbag across a table on which stood a dark bust of Napoleon wearing his tricorne. We saw a security man—this one a surfer type, tall, with sun-streaked hair—leaning over a balustrade as he spoke into his walkie-talkie. We seemed to be passing a Lina Lee boutique every other minute. We had already walked by some silver-screeny evening dresses: tight royal-purple satin; a black velvet sheath with a wide royal-blue flounce. ("Beverly Hills," it said on the window.) Now we asked a salesgirl in a miniskirt just how many Lina Lee boutiques there were, and she said, "Three. There will be four in two to three weeks; over there is shoes and funky."

Up on Level C, a guard in reduced operetta uniform—shorter tunic, smaller epaulets, aviator glasses instead of pith helmet—stood by the escalator and repeatedly told the moving crowd to proceed to Level D. We did. There, we came almost at once upon Norman Crider's tiny, glass-enclosed antique shop. We saw avant-garde Russian porcelain, niello boxes, a minute Meissen dancing couple, and signed photographs. Inside, a man wearing spectacles with heavy brown rims sat behind a low display case sipping something that looked like dark sherry from a tall-stemmed cut-crystal glass. We walked in. "I'm Norman Crider," said the man. He extended his hand, half rose from his chair, and smiled a ready smile. "People think I'm drinking God knows what in here all day. Actually, it's Tab with a drop of cranberry juice. The cranberry kills the aftertaste of Tab. At first, I felt I was in a goldfish bowl—my shop is only eight by seventeen—but now I'm used to it. People don't look *at* me, they look *through* me. I do a lot of business with autographs. Today was a very good day. *Saturday* is a very good day." He smiled another ready smile.

On the same level, we saw a Nymphenburg chess set in the window of Ludwig Beck of Munich. We walked in. A very young salesgirl said, "Saturday is shopping day. What would you like to see?" We saw marvellous loden coats and capes that never wear out, hand-knitted and embroidered sweaters, cattle-hair slippers, and hand-molded dough made into circles and hearts. We saw an exquisite handmade doll that bore the label "Brigitte Deval." It was priced at two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars. We saw an evening jacket of the softest hand-painted and shirred leather. It was three thousand dollars. We saw a music-box theatre, under glass, constructed by Jean-Pierre Ferriot, entitled "The Tight-Rope Cyclist." It was seven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. "Is Saturday *your* buying day?" the very young salesgirl inquired. We left the shop, and saw the reflection of a weathered derelict of indefinite age, wearing an elegant brown fedora, in a highly polished floor-to-ceiling pane of bronze between two elevators. Watching himself intently, he was carefully combing out his Tolstoyan beard with a small black comb.

Still on Level D, we leaned on a glass balustrade edged in bronze and took a plunging, totally vertiginous look down at the restaurant on the Garden Level. It was an exhilarating moment. It was like being in the mountains. We looked up at the giant A-shaped skylight, reinforced with bronze, and then we looked down again; one tiny man in the restaurant was walking about with a rattan chair held high above his head. The music played, the water sang, voices hummed. We decided we liked the place. Liked the patina, the crowds. Liked riding the escalators. Liked the veins in the marble and the warm gold of the bronze.



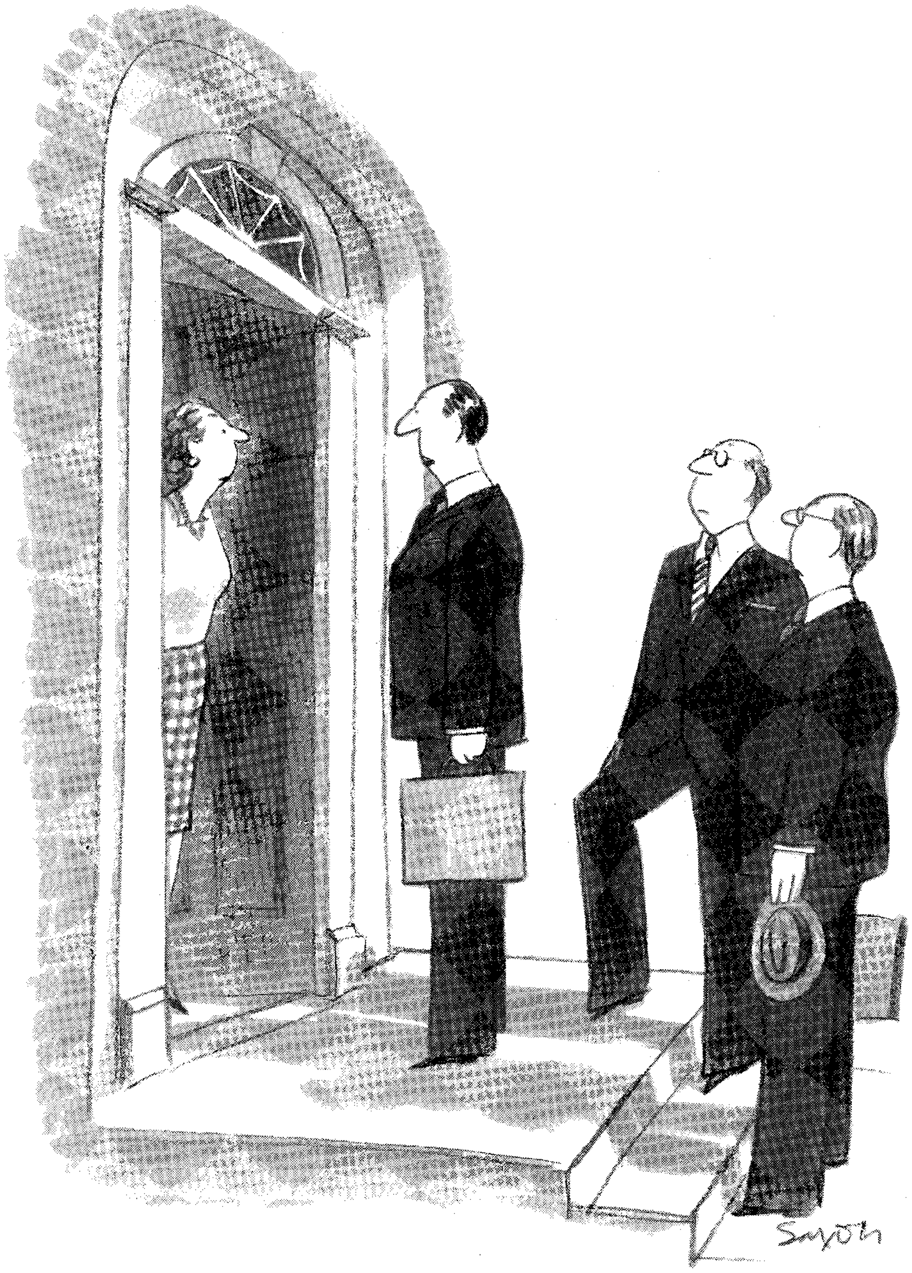
Three Parades

MODERATION in some things, but certainly not parades. By their very nature, parades both tie up crosstown traffic and celebrate excess; you can, for example, go to a band concert any old time, but at a parade you can stand on the sidewalk and watch band after band march by, some of them playing their instruments, and you can learn several different arrangements, in a single afternoon, of that Sinatra standard "New York, New York." In the spirit of surfeit, we went to three parades in two days late last month—celebrations of (1) religion, (2) ethnic descent, and (3) place of residence. Our report:

(1) The Rathayatra Parade. Ox-like in their placid immobility, two oxen stood near the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, suffering themselves to be petted by many children in saffron robes, whose parents were devotees of the Hare Krishna religion. The oxen were on hand to lead three fifty-foot-tall bright-colored carts down the Avenue to celebrate the age-old holiday of Rathayatra (Sanskrit for "Festival of the Chariots"). Each cart carried a statue of a deity, attended by a man with a yak-tail whisk to fan the deity. "According to the Vedic scriptures, anyone who any time in his life sees the carts becomes liberated," said Bhavananda Goswami, who is the secretary of the governing body of the Krishnas in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and is also a guru. "If they've seen the carts, when they die people won't have to take another birth in this world." Chanting and laughing, marchers pulled the huge carts down Fifth Avenue, liberating shoppers in front of the Trump Tower, tourists at Rockefeller Center, and plenty of other people. The procession ended at Washington Square Park, where a number of displays on Krishna topics ("Vedic Culture," "India: Another World") and a free vegetarian feast drew large crowds. Everyone was happy, except a vender of Yum Yum hot dogs, who told us that to his way of thinking vegetarianism was bad for the body and worse for business.

(2) The Steuben Day Parade.

Blocks away from the starting point, when we emerged from the No. 6 train in the middle of a pack of men wearing feathered Tyrolian hats and funny shorts we knew we were headed in the right direction. On Sixty-third Street, half an hour before the parade stepped off, we came across Mayor Koch, wearing a borrowed homburg and grinding away at an organ for a crowd of photographers; children may love parades, but theirs is a pale passion next to a politician's. The official car of the Steuben Day Parade, a classic Mercedes, pulled up nearby, and out hopped Willie Schoeps, who when last we met was overseeing a midsummer Oktoberfest at the Queens Botanical Garden. "This year marks the three-hundredth anniversary of German immigration to America," said Mr. Schoeps, who is retired from the job of Rheingold Breweries' liaison to the German-American community. "We started our parade twenty-five years ago and named it after Friedrich Wilhelm Baron von Steuben, who was drillmaster to George Washington. It's to let the world know how many German-Americans were instrumental in helping make this country great." We watched the parade from Yorkville, which was once the center of a thriving German community. Standing across Eighty-sixth Street from the Bavarian Inn, Bremen House, and Kleine Konditorei (but also Hunan East), with a mug of foamy Dinkelacker beer in one fist and an obese bratwurst in the other, we saw a number of beauty queens float by—notably, the Cornflower Queen, the Cornflower Queen of Philadelphia, Miss Schützenpark, Little Miss Schützenpark, and Miss Plattdeutsche Volksfest Vereen and her court. German sailors sang a German song. German dancers danced—the women twirling, the men slapping the soles of their shoes. Ah, Miss Burgenland! Very pretty! The German Masonic Home for the Aged sent a float, and the Dinkelacker people provided a mobile beer garden, but for some reason the men riding on it were drinking bourbon straight from a bottle.



"Mrs. Liscombe? We are from the S.E.C. As you undoubtedly know, the stock market dropped 21.5 points last Thursday because of a rumor that interest rates are going up. We have traced that rumor to you, Mrs. Liscombe, and we are here to request that you keep your perceptions to yourself."

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(3) The Atlantic Antic parade. Atlantic Avenue, which stretches the width of Brooklyn, reaches New York Harbor just below Brooklyn Heights; the last few blocks house Arab restaurants, antique stores, and not much else. We watched the ninth annual Antic parade from this stretch, and found it long on enthusiasm but a bit deficient in organization. A float would roll by—say, the Correction Emergency Response Team vehicle from the jail up the street, which carried a sign that said "SORRY WE CAN'T INVITE YOU INSIDE"—and then there would be a long pause, and the street would fill with spectators. Finally, another attraction would heave into sight—maybe the fire truck with the clown up top waving a giant sandwich, or the marchers from the Berk Trade School day and evening auto-mechanics classes. When the parade either petered out or paused so long that everyone forgot about it, we wandered along Atlantic Avenue, avoiding ample opportunity to buy empanadas and knishes and chorizos, to Boerum Place, to see the McDonald's champion double-Dutch jump-rope team stage an exhibition. Some things—the marathon, maybe—you look at and think, If I trained . . . Other things—hummingbird-fast double-Dutch jumping among them—are clearly impossible, and all you can do is look on in awe.

THE COLONEL'S CHILD

I GOT to London by way of Marseilles and North Africa, having left Paris more than a year before. My aim was to join the Free French and General de Gaulle. I believed the weight of my presence could tip the scales of war, like one vote in a close election. There was no vanity in this. London was the peak of my hopes and desires. I could look back and see a tamed landscape. My past life dwindled and vanished in that long perspective. I was twenty-three.

In my canvas hold-all I carried a tobacco pouch someone had given me, filled with thin reddish soil from Algeria. In those days earth from France and earth from Algeria meant the same thing. Only years later was I able to think, I must have been crazy. When you are young, your patriotism is like metaphysical frenzy. Later, it becomes one more aspect of personal crankiness.

Instead of a hero's welcome I was given forms to fill out. These questionnaires left no room for postscripts, and so only a skeleton of myself could be drawn. I was Édouard B., born in Paris, father a schoolteacher (so was my mother, but I wasn't asked), student of literature and philosophy, single, no dependents.

Some definitions seemed incomplete. For instance, I was not entirely single: before leaving Paris I had married a Jewish-born actress, so as to give her the security of my name. As far as I knew, she was now safe and in Cannes. At the same time, I was not a married man. The marriage was an incident, gradually being rubbed out in the long perspective I've described. So I saw it; so I would insist. You have to remember the period, and France occupied, to imagine how one could think and behave. We always say this—"Think of the times we had to live in"—when the past is dragged forward, all the life gone out of it, and left unbreathing at our feet.

Instead of sending me off to freeze on a parade ground, the Free French kept me in London. I took it to mean they wanted to school me in sabotage work and drop me into France. I did not know special parachute training might be needed. I thought you held your breath and jumped.

Two months later I lay in a hospital ward with a broken nose, broken left arm, and fractures in both legs. They had been trying to teach me to ride a motorbike, and on my first time out I skidded into a wall. The instructor came and sat by my bedside. He was about twice my age, a former policeman from Rouen. He said the Free French weren't quite casting me off, but some of them wondered if I was meant for a fighting force in exile. I was a cerebral type, who needed the peace of an office job, with no equipment to smash—not even a typewriter. I asked if General de Gaulle had been informed about my accident.

"Is he a friend of yours?" said the instructor.

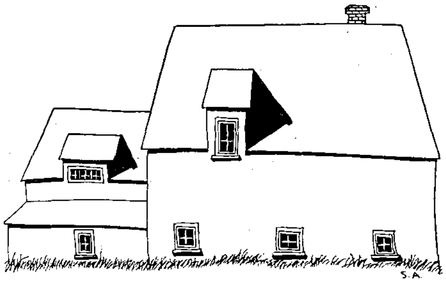
"I've seen him," I said. "I saw him in Carlton Gardens. He came out the door and down some steps, and got into his car. I was carrying a lot of parcels, so I couldn't salute. I don't think he noticed. I hope not."

There was a silence, during which the instructor stared at his watch. Presently, he inquired what I wanted to do with my life.

"I think I am a poet," I said. "I can't be sure."

After that they sent me a regular hospital visitor, a volunteer. Juliette was her name. She was seventeen, from Bordeaux, the daughter of a colonel who had followed de Gaulle to London. She had a precise, particular way of speaking, with every syllable given full value and the consonants treated like little stones. It was not the native accent of Bordeaux, which anyone can imitate, or the everyday French of Paris I'd grown up with, but the tone, almost undefinable, of the French Protestant upper class. I had not heard it before, not consciously, and for the moment had no means of placing it. I thought she had picked up an affectation of some sort while learning English and had carried it over to French. She had, besides, the habit of thrusting into French conversation brief, joyous, and usually irrelevant remarks in English: "You don't say!" "Oh, what a shame!" "How glad I am for you!" "How gorgeous!"

From behind a mask of splints and bandages I appraised her face, which was still childlike, rounded as if over a layer of cream. A beret kept slipping and sliding off her dark hair. "Oh, what a pity!" she remarked, pulling it back on. She was dressed in the least becoming clothes I had ever seen on a young woman—a worn and drooping tunic, thick black stockings, and a navy sweater frayed at the cuffs. She had spent five months in an English girls' school, she told me, and this was the remains of a uniform. She had nothing else to wear, nothing that fitted. Her mother was too busy to shop.



"Can't you shop for yourself?"

"It's not done," she said. "I mean, we don't do things that way."

"Who is we?"—for she still puzzled me.

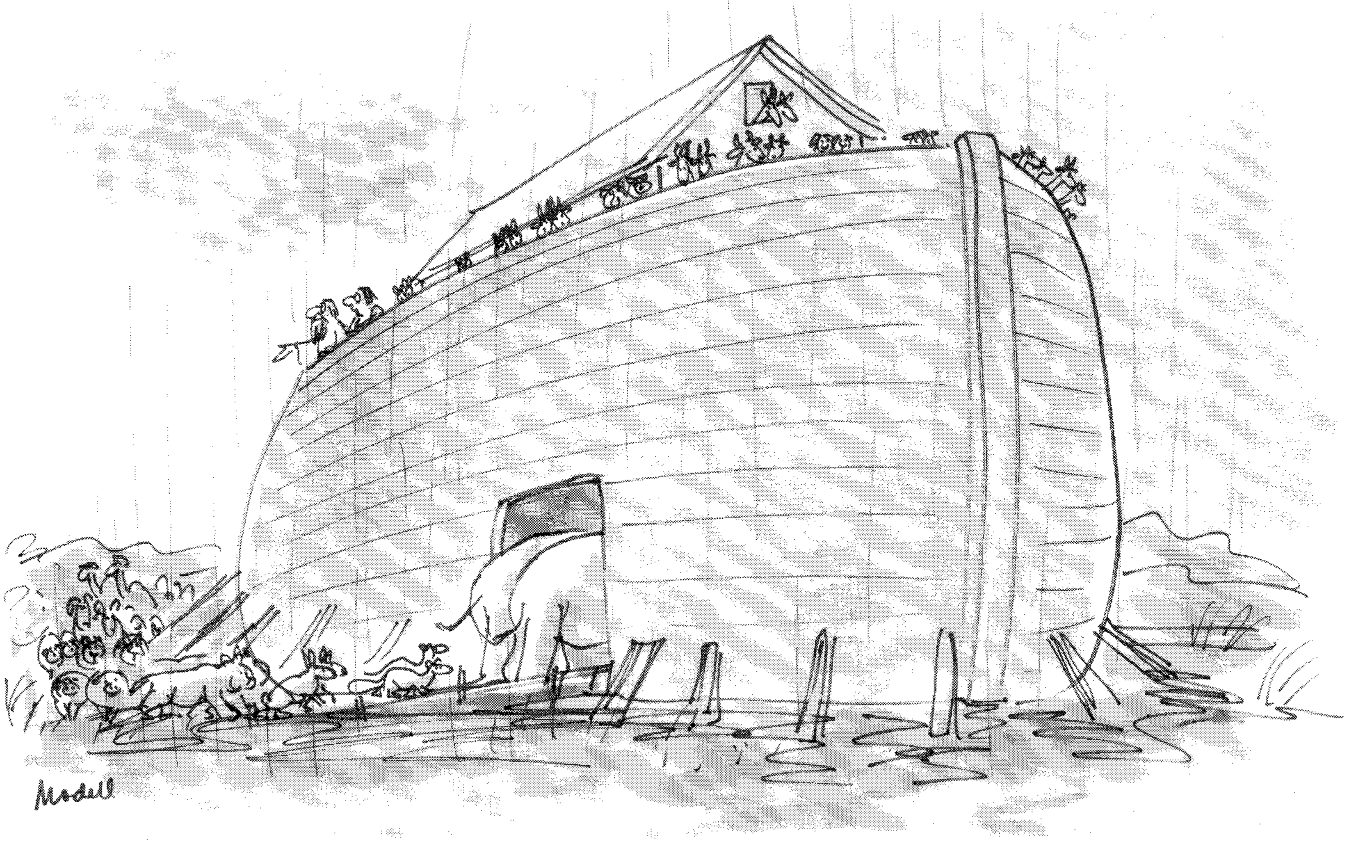
"Besides, I've got no money." This seemed a sensible explanation. I wondered why she had bothered to make another. "My mother teaches English to French recruits. Actually, she doesn't know much, but she can make them read traffic signs."

"You mean, 'Stop'?"

"Well, there are other things—'No Entry.' " She looked troubled, as if she were not succeeding in the tranquil, sleepy conversation that is supposed to keep a victim's mind off his wounds.

I had lost six front teeth in the accident. Through the gap, Juliette fed me the mess the English call custard. My right arm was fine, but I let her do it. She was grave, intent—a little girl playing. She might have been poking a spoon into a doll's porcelain face. When I refused to swallow any more, she got a bottle of eau de cologne and a facecloth out of a satchel and carefully wiped my hands and wrists and around my neck—whatever was bare and visible. I wondered if she would offer to comb my hair and cut my nails, but the nursing part of the game was over. She sat with her ankles crossed and her hands clasped, a good girl on a visit, and told me that her father, the colonel, was an outcast with a price on his head. From the care she took not to say where he was, I understood they had sent him to France, on a mission. Forgetting about secrets, she suddenly said she yearned to be smuggled into France, too, so that she could join him and they might blow up bridges together.

"I wanted to do that," I said. "That's why I came here. But I'm useless. I may come out of this with a scarred face, or a limp. I'd be at risk."



"We're going to look like damn fools if this is just a shower."

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"Oh, I know," said Juliette. "The Germans would catch you and shoot you. They'd look for a secret agent all covered with scars. Oh, what a nuisance!"

Sweet Juliette. Her dark eyes held all the astonished eagerness of a child of twelve. I often think I should want to be back there, with a Juliette still virginal, untouched, saying encouraging things such as "all covered with scars," but at the age I am now it would bore me.

She came to the hospital twice a week, then every day. Her mother was at work, and I felt the girl had time on her hands and was often lonely. She was with me when they took the last of the mask off. "Well?" I said. "Tell me the worst."

"I can't," she said. "I don't know how you were before." She held up a pocket mirror. My nose was broken, all right, and I had thick, bruised cheekbones, like a Cossack. For someone who had never been to war, I was amazingly the image of an old soldier.

I LEFT the hospital on crutches. There was no such thing as therapy—you got going or you did not. The organization found me a room on Baker Street, not far from where Juliette lived with her mother, as it turned out, and they gave me low-grade and harmless work to do. As my instructor had predicted, I was let nowhere near a typewriter, and once, I remember, someone even snatched a pencil sharpener away. Juliette used to come to the office, though she wasn't supposed to, and sit by my desk as if it were a bed. She had got rid of the uniform, but her new clothes, chosen by her mother, were English and baggy, in the grays and mustards Englishwomen favored. They seemed picked deliberately to make her creamy skin sallow, her slenderness gaunt. The mother was keeping her plain, I thought, perhaps to keep her out of trouble. Why didn't Juliette rebel? She was eighteen by now, but forty years ago eighteen was young. I wondered why she hung around me, what she wanted. I thought I guessed, but I decided not to know. I didn't want it said I had destroyed two items of French property—a motorcycle and a colonel's child. It was here, in London, that I was starting to get the hang of French society. In our reduced world, everyone in it a symbol of native, inborn rank, Juliette stood higher than some random young man who had merely laid his life on the line. She had connections, simply by the nature of how things were ordered.

I asked her once if there was a way of getting a message to my mother, in Paris—just a word to say I was safe. She pretended not to hear but about a month later said, "No, it's too dangerous. Besides, they don't trust you."

"Don't trust me? Why not?"

"I'm not sure."

"Do you?" I said.

"That's different."

Her mother was out most evenings. When Juliette was alone, I brought my rations around, and she cooked our supper. We drank—only because everybody did—replacing the whiskey in her mother's precious Haig bottle with London tap water. Once, Juliette tried restoring the color with cold tea, and there was hell to pay. When the news came from France that her father had been arrested and identified, she came straight to me.

"I'll never see him again," she said. "I haven't even got a decent snapshot of him. My mother has them all. She's got them in a suitcase. I feel sick. Feel my forehead. Feel my cheeks." She took my hand. "Feel the back of my neck. Feel my throat," she said, dragging my hand. We left the office and went to her flat and pulled the blackout curtain. The sun was shining on the other side of the street, where everything was bombed, but she didn't want to see it.

"How do you know your mother's not going to walk in?" I said. "She may want to be alone with you. She may want a quiet place to cry."

Juliette shook her head. "We're not like that. We don't do those things."

I think of the love and despair she sent out to me, the young shoots wild and blind, trusting me for support. She asked me to tell my most important secret, so that we would be bound. The most intimate thing I could say was that I was writing less poetry and had started a merciless novel about the French in London.

"I could tell you a lot," said Juliette. "Heroes' wives sleeping with other men."

"It's not that sort of novel," I said. "In my novel, they're all dead, but they don't know it. Every character is in a special Hell, made to measure."

"That's not how it is," she said. "We're not dead or in Hell. We're just here, waiting. We don't know what Hell will be like. Nobody knows. And some of us are going to be together in Heaven." She put her face against mine, saying this. It never occurred to me that she meant it, literally. I thought her Calvinism was just an organized form of disbelief. "Haven't you got some better secret?" she said. I supposed that schoolgirls talked this way, pledging friendship, and I wondered what she was taking me for. "Well," she said presently, "will you marry me anyway, even without a secret?"

Nobody coerced me into a life with Juliette. There were no tears, no threats, and I was not afraid of her mother. All I had to say was "I don't know yet" or "We'll see." I think I wanted to get her out of her loneliness. When for all her shyness she asked if I loved her, I said I would never leave her, and I am sure we both thought it meant the same thing. A few days later she told her mother that we were engaged and that nothing would keep her from marrying me after the war, and, for the first time since she could remember, she saw her mother cry.

Instead of a ring I gave Juliette some of the Algerian soil. She thanked me but confessed she had no idea what to do with it. Should it be displayed in a saucer, on a low table? Should she seal it up in a labelled, dated envelope? Tactful from infancy, she offered the gift to her mother, her rival in grief.

Now that we were "engaged," I began to see what the word covered for Juliette, and I had no qualms about smuggling her into my room—though never, of course, late at night. We took the mattress off the sagging daybed and put it on the floor, in front of the gas fire. Juliette would take her clothes off and tell me about her early years, though I didn't always listen. Sometimes she talked about the life waiting for us in Paris, and the number of children we would have, and the names we would give them. I remember a Thomas and a Claire.

"How many children should we have?" she said. "I'd say about ten. Well, seven. At least five."

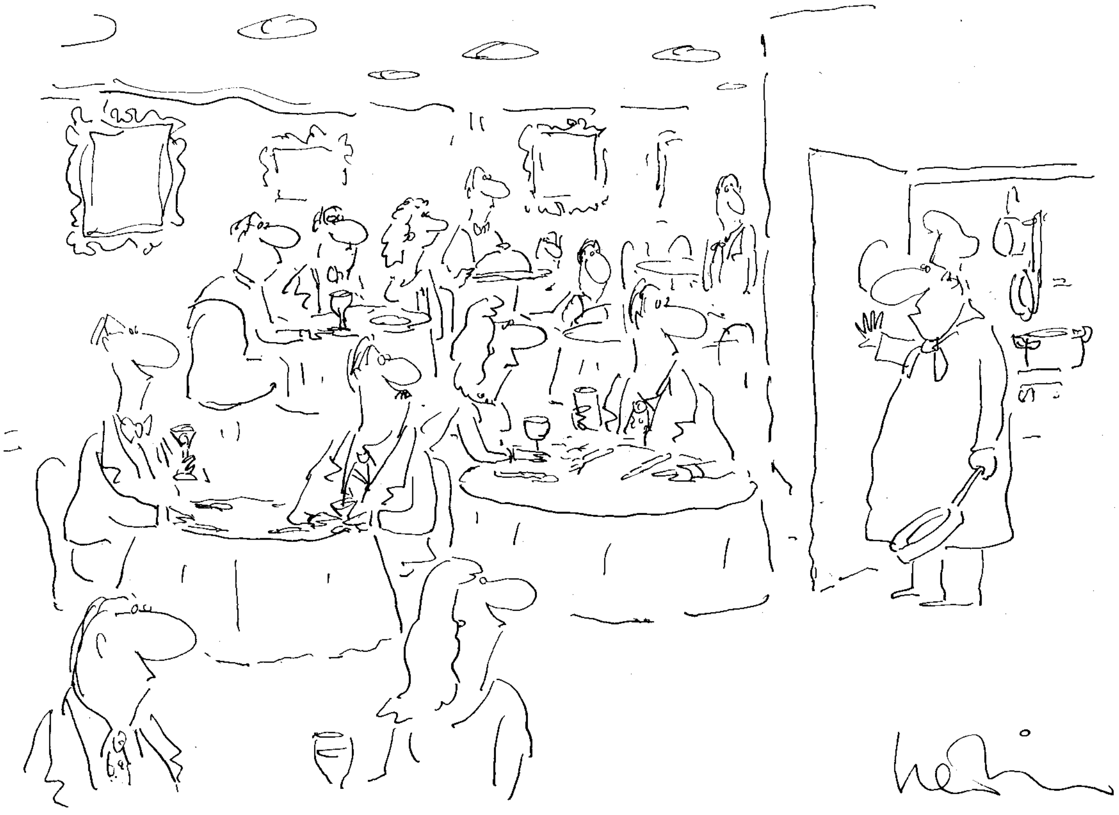
Her clothes were scattered all over the floor, and the room was cold, in spite of the fire, but she didn't seem to feel it. "I hate children," I said. I was amazed that I could say something so definite and so cruel, and that sounded so true. When had I stopped liking them? Perhaps when I adopted the colonel's child, believing she would never grow up. I could have said, "I don't like *other* children," but nothing about this conversation was thought out.

"You will love them," she said happily. "You'll see." She held her spread fingers against the gas flame, counting off their names. Each finger stood for a greedy, willful personality, as tough as a fist. An only child, she invented playmates and named them, and I was supposed to bring them to life.

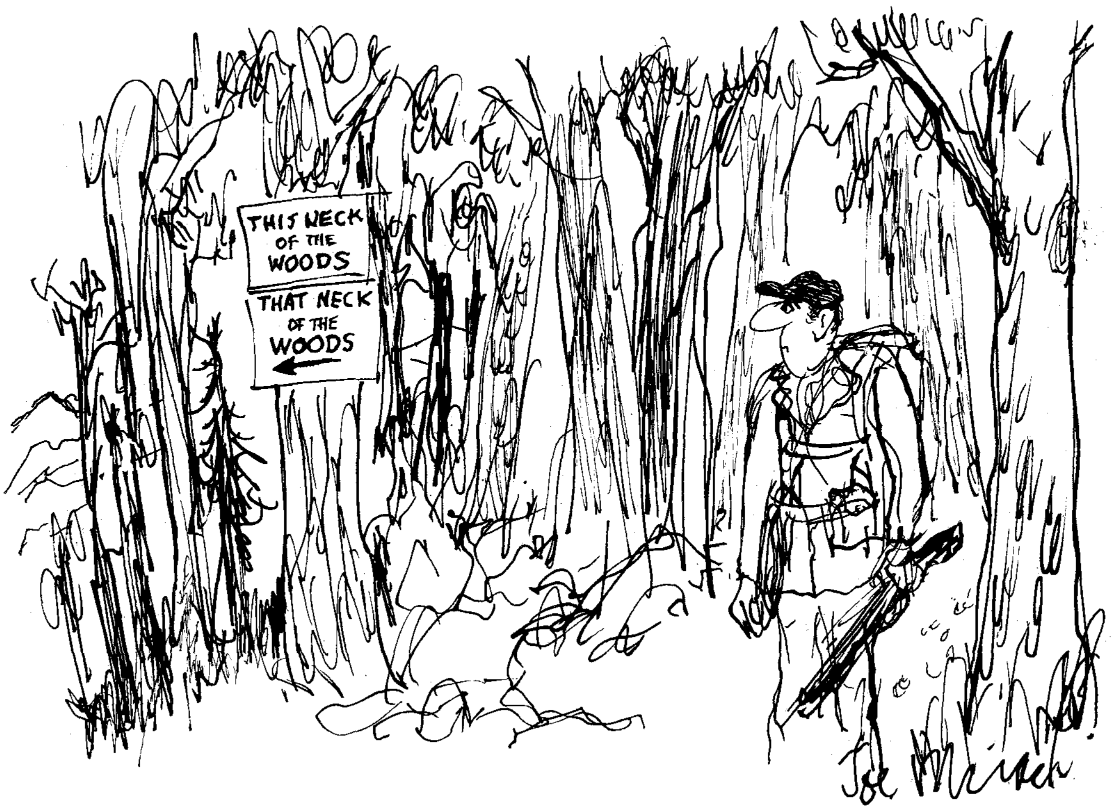
"I know it sounds stupid," she said, "but I kept my dolls until I was fifteen. My mother finally gave them away."

"Brothers and sisters," I said.

"No, just dolls. But they did have names."



"Those of you having the businessman's lunch please signify by saying 'Aye.'"


THIS NECK OF THE WOODS
THAT NECK OF THE WOODS

“Is that one of your secrets?” “Secrets” had become charged with erotic meaning, when we were alone.

“You’ve got a special secret,” she said.

“Yes. I’ve torn up my novel.”

“Oh, how lovely for you! Or is that sad?”

“I’m just giving it up. I’ll never start another.”

“You’ve got another secret,” she said. “You’re married to someone.” As she said this, she seemed to become aware that the room was cold. She shivered and reached for her dress, and drew it around her like a shawl. “A person went to see your mother. She—your mother—said to tell you your wife was all right. Your *wife*,” said Juliette, trying to control her voice, “is in the South of France. She has managed to send your mother a pound of onions. To eat,” said Juliette, as I went on staring. “Onions, to eat.”

“I did get married,” I said. “But she’s not my wife. I did it to save her. I’ve got her yellow star somewhere.”

“I’d like to see it,” said Juliette, politely.

“It is made of cheap, ugly material,” I said, as if that were the only thing wrong.

“I think you should put some clothes on,” said Juliette. “If you’re going to tell about your wife.”

“She isn’t my wife,” I said. “The marriage was just something legal. Apart from being legal, it doesn’t count.”

“She may not be your wife,” said Juliette, “but she is your mother’s daughter-in-law.” She drew up her knees and bent her head on them, as if it were disgraceful to watch me dressing. “You mean,” she said, after a time, “that it doesn’t count as a secret?” I gathered up the rest of her clothes and put them beside her on the mattress. “Does it count as anything?”

“I’ll walk you home,” I said.

“You don’t need to.”

“It’s late. I can’t have you wandering around in the blackout.”

She dressed, slowly, sitting and kneeling. “I am glad she is safe and well,” she said. “It would be too bad if you had done all that for nothing. She must be very grateful to you.”

I had never thought about gratitude. It seemed to me that, yes, she was probably grateful. I suddenly felt impatient for the war to end, so that I could approach her, hand in hand with Juliette, and ask for a divorce and a blessing.

Juliette, kneeling, fastened the buttons of the latest flour sack her mother had chosen. “Why did you tear up your novel?” she said.

Because I can’t wrench life around to make it fit some fantasy. Because I don’t know how to make life sound worse or better, or how to make it sound true. Instead of saying this, I said, “How do you expect me to support ten children?” The colonel’s wife didn’t like me much, but she had said that after the war there were a few people she could introduce me to. She had mentioned something about radio broadcasting, and I liked the idea. Juliette was still kneeling, with only part of the hideous dress buttoned up. I looked down at her bent head. She must have been thinking that she had tied herself to a man with no money, no prospects, and no connections. Who wasn’t entirely single. Who might be put on a charge for making a false declaration. Who had a broken nose and a permanent limp. Who, so far, had never finished anything he’d started. Perhaps she was forgetting one thing: I had got to London.

“I could stay all night,” she said. “If you want me to.”

“Your mother would have the police out,” I said.

“She’d never dare,” said Juliette. “I’ve never called the police because *she* didn’t come home.”

“It would be . . .” I tried to think of what it could be for us. “It would be radical.”

Her hands began to move again, the other way, unbuttoning. She was the colonel’s child, she had already held her breath and jumped, and that was the start and the end of it.

“We may be in big trouble over this,” I said.

“Oh, what a pity,” she said. “We’ll always be together. We will always be happy. How lovely! What a shame!”

I think she still trusted me at that moment; I hope so.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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During these cool fall days, New Holland residents may be tempted to rake fallen leaves into the gutter, then set a match to them. This practice can result in a fire.—*Ephrata (Pa.) Review.*

Check.

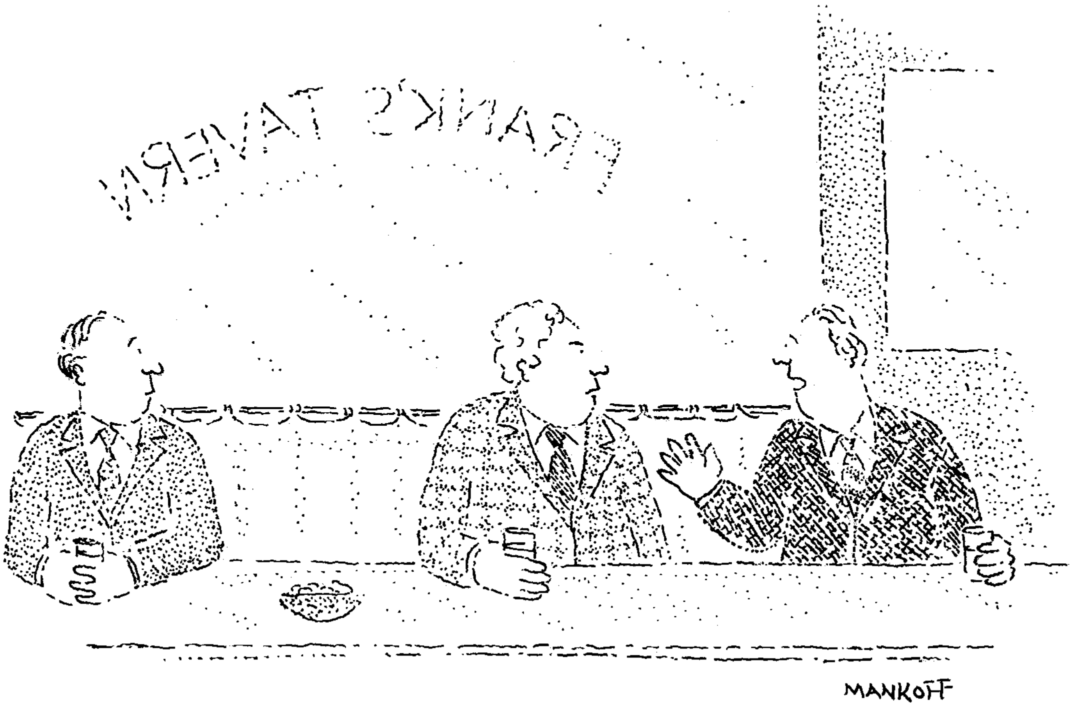
COLUMBUS IN CHAINS

OUTSIDE, as usual, the sun shone, the trade winds blew; on her way to put some starched clothes on the line, my mother shooed some hens out of her garden; Miss Dewberry baked the buns, some of which my mother would buy for my father and me to eat with our afternoon tea; Miss Henry brought the milk, a glass of which I would drink with my lunch, and another glass of which I would drink with the bun from Miss Dewberry; my mother prepared our lunch; my father noted some perfectly idiotic thing his partner in housebuilding, Mr. Oatie, had done, so that over lunch he and my mother could have a good laugh.

The Anglican church bell struck eleven o'clock—one hour to go before lunch. I was then sitting at my desk in my classroom, in Antigua. We were having a history lesson—the last lesson of the morning. For taking first place in the second form, over all the other girls, I had been given a prize, a copy of a book called "Roman Britain," and I was made prefect of my class. What a mistake the prefect part had been, for I was among the worst-behaved in my class. Now I had to sit in the prefect's seat—the first seat in the front row, the seat from which I could stand up and survey quite easily my classmates. From where I sat I could see out the window. Sometimes when I looked out, I could see the sexton going over to the minister's house. The sexton's daughter, Hilarene, a disgusting model of good behavior and keen attention to scholarship, sat next to me, since she took second place. The minister's daughter, Ruth, sat in the last row, the row reserved for all the dunce girls. Hilarene, of course, I could not stand. A girl that good would never do for me. I would probably not have cared so much for first place if I could be sure it would not go to her. Ruth I liked, because she was such a dunce and came from England and had yellow hair. When I first met her, I used to walk her home and sing bad songs to her just to see her turn pink, as if I had just spilled hot water all over her.

Our books, "A History of the West Indies," were open in front of us. Our day had begun with morning prayers, then a geometry lesson, then it was over to the science building for a lesson in "Introductory Physics" (not a subject we cared much for), taught by the most dingy-toothed Mr. Slacks, a teacher from Canada, then precious recess, and now this, our history lesson. Recess had the usual drama: this time, I coaxed Gwen out of her disappointment at not being allowed to join the junior choir. Her father—how many times had I wished he would become a leper and so be banished to a leper colony for the rest of my long and happy life with Gwen—had forbidden it, giving as his reason that she lived too far away from church, where choir rehearsals were conducted, and that it would be dangerous for her, a young girl, to walk home alone at night in the dark. Of course, all the streets had lamplight, but it was useless to point that out to him. Oh, how it would have pleased us to press and rub our knees together as we sat in our pew while pretending to pay close attention to Mr. Simmons, our choirmaster, as he waved his baton up and down and across, and how it would have pleased us even more to walk home together, alone in the "early dusk" (the way Gwen had phrased it, a ready phrase always on her tongue), stopping, if there was a full moon, to lie down in a pasture and expose our bosoms in the moonlight. We had heard that full moonlight would make our breasts grow to a size we would like. Poor Gwen! When I first heard from her that she was one of ten children, right on the spot I told her that I would love only her, since her mother already had so many other people to love.

Our teacher, Miss Edward, paced up and down in front of the class in her usual way. In front of her desk stood a small table, and on it stood the dunce cap. The dunce cap was in the shape of a coronet, with an adjustable opening in the back, so that it could fit any head. It was made of cardboard with a shiny gold paper covering and the word "DUNCE" in shiny red paper on the front. When the sun shone on it, the dunce cap was all aglitter, almost as if you were being tricked into thinking it a desirable thing to wear. As Miss Edward paced up and down, she would pass between us and the dunce cap like an eclipse. Each Friday morning, we were given a small test to see how well we had learned the things taught to us all week. The girl who scored lowest was made to wear the dunce cap all day the following Monday. On



"Look, maybe you're right, but for the sake of argument let's assume you're wrong and drop it."

many Mondays, Ruth wore it—only, with her short yellow hair, when the dunce cap was sitting on her head she looked like a girl attending a birthday party in "The Schoolgirl's Own Annual."

It was Miss Edward's way to ask one of us a question the answer to which she was sure the girl would not know and then put the same question to another girl who she was sure would know the answer. The girl who did not answer correctly would then have to repeat the correct answer in the exact words of the other girl. Many times, I had heard my exact words repeated over and over again, and I liked it especially when the girl doing the repeating was one I didn't care about very much. Pointing a finger at Ruth, Miss Edward asked a question the answer to which was "On the third of November, 1493, a Sunday morning, Christopher Columbus discovered Dominica." Ruth, of course, did not know the answer, as she did not know the answer to many questions about the West Indies. I could hardly blame her. Ruth had come all the way from England. Perhaps she did not want to be in the West Indies at all. Perhaps she wanted to be in England, where no one would remind her constantly of the terrible things her ancestors had done; perhaps she had felt even worse when her father was in charge of a mission in Africa. I could see how Ruth felt from looking at her face. Her ancestors had been the masters, while ours had been the slaves. She had such a lot to be ashamed of, and by being with us every day she was always being reminded. We could look everybody in the eye, for our ancestors had done nothing wrong except just sit somewhere, defenseless. Of course, sometimes, what with our teachers and our books, it was hard for us to tell on which side we really now belonged—with the masters or the slaves—for it was all history, it was all in the past, and everybody behaved differently now, and all of us celebrated Queen Victoria's birthday, even though she had been dead a long time. But we knew quite well what had happened, and I was sure that if the tables had been turned we would have acted differently; I was sure we would have taken a proper interest in the Europeans and said, "How nice," and then gone home to tell our friends about it.

I was sitting at my desk, having these thoughts to myself. I don't know how long it had been since I lost track of what was going on around me. I had not noticed that the girl who was asked the question after Ruth failed—a girl named Hyacinth—had only got a part of the answer correct. I had not noticed that after these two attempts Miss Edward had launched into a harangue about what a worthless bunch we were compared to girls of the past. In fact, I was no longer on the same chapter we were studying. I was way ahead, at the end of the chapter about Columbus's third voyage. In this chapter, there was a picture of Columbus that took up a whole page, and it was in color—one of only five color pictures in the book. In this picture, Columbus was seated in the bottom of a ship. He was wearing the usual three-quarter trousers and a shirt with enormous sleeves, both the trousers and shirt made of maroon-colored velvet. His hat, which was cocked up on one side of his head, had a gold feather in it, and his black shoes had huge gold buckles. His hands and feet were bound up in chains, and he was sitting there staring off into space, looking quite dejected and miserable. The picture had as a title "Columbus in Chains," printed at the bottom of the page. What had happened was that the usually quarrelsome Columbus had got into a disagreement with people who were even more quarrelsome, and a man named Bobadilla, representing King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, had sent him back to Spain fettered in chains attached to the bottom of a ship. What just deserts, I thought, for I did not like Columbus. How I loved this picture! Shortly after I first discovered it in my history book, I heard my mother read out loud to my father a letter she had just received from her sister, who still lived with her mother and father in the very same Dominica, which is where my mother came from. Ma Chess was fine, wrote my aunt, but Pa Chess was not well. Pa Chess was having a bit of trouble with his limbs; he was no longer able to go about as he pleased; often he had to depend on someone else to do one thing or another for him. Since I had long ago managed to convince my parents that I was the most innocent, most virtuous child who ever lived, they often felt free to speak frankly to each other in my presence. Whenever I found myself alone with them—and that was quite often—I would get a faraway look on my face, as if to say, I am not really here and you don't interest me with your big thoughts. If that wasn't too successful, I would start to hum a little childish song to myself, while playing with my collar or my shoelaces. My parents would soon start to speak quite openly to each other about many things. It was in just such an atmosphere that my mother read out loud to my father the letter she had just received from her sister. After she read the part about Pa Chess's stiff limbs, she turned to my father and laughed as she said, "So the great man can no longer just get up and go. How I would love to see his face now!" When I next saw the picture of Columbus sitting there all locked up in his chains, I wrote under it the words "The Great Man Can No Longer Just Get Up and Go." I had written this out with my fountain pen, and in Old English lettering—a script I had just recently mastered. As I sat there looking at the picture, I traced the words with my pen over and over, so that the letters grew big and you could read what I had written from not very far away. I don't know how long it was before I heard that my name, Annie John, was being said by this bellowing dragon in the form of Miss Edward bearing down on me.

THE NEW SEASON

On the third night of autumn
hearing rats in the dry
brush and leaves under the big trees
below the house
I go down with one of the dogs
to frighten them away

where the end of the house
is high off the ground
we look down the dark slope
with a flashlight
listening
what was it
old dog old good heart
old Roland not too bright
only one eye

in the black
blossoms go on falling
from the Christmasberry trees
like the dripping after rain
small unseen colorless
blossoms ticking
but the bees are not there

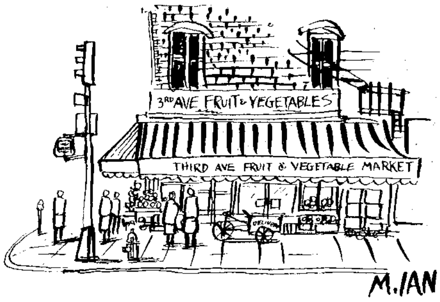
worms are awake under the leaves
beetles are awake eating
upside down in the dark
leaves are awake hearing
in the complete night

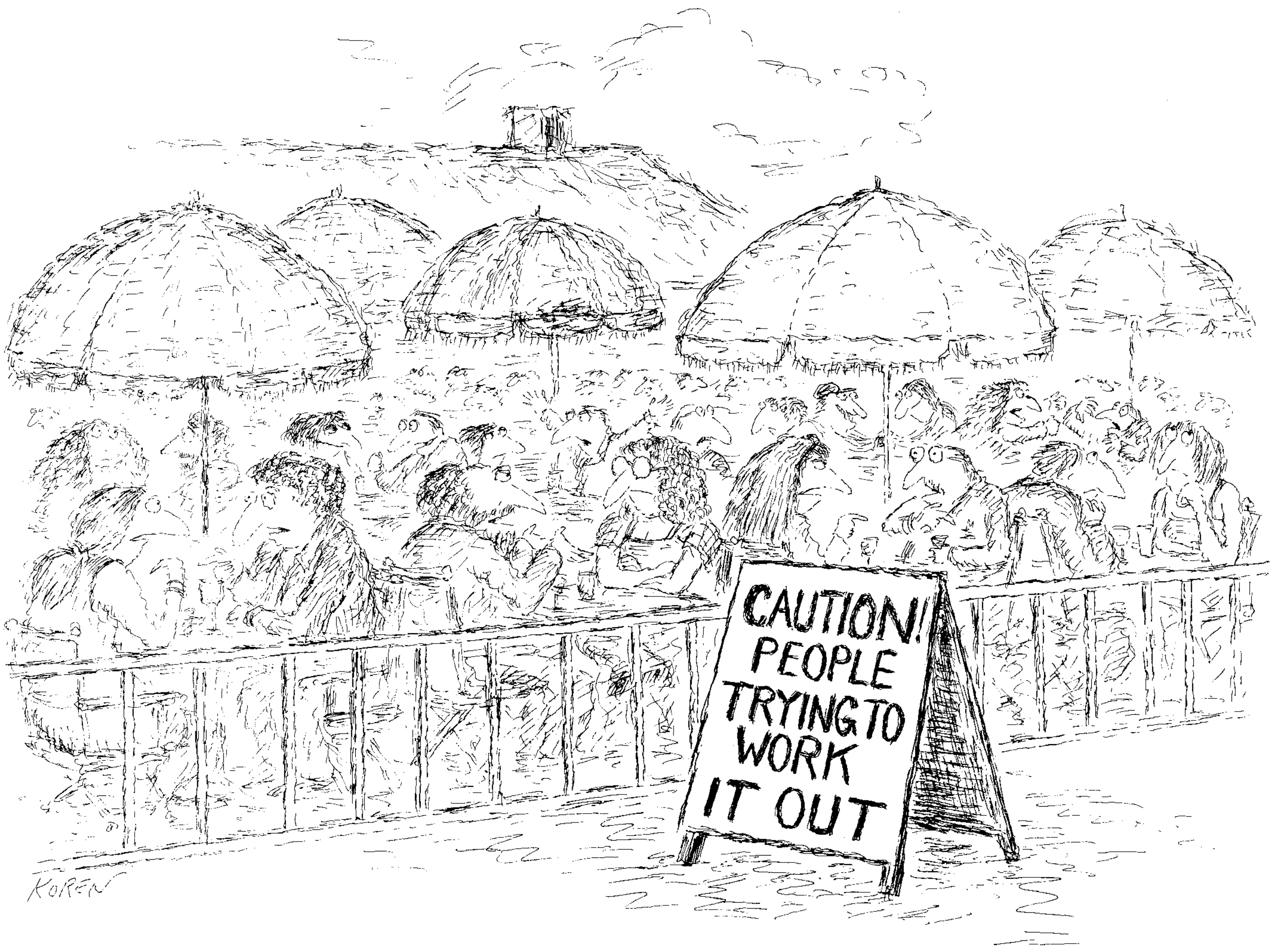
we stand with a flashlight
in a smell of fruit
and we wait

—W. S. Merwin

• •

I had never been a favorite of hers. Her favorite was Hilarene. It must have pained Miss Edward that I so often beat out Hilarene. Not that I liked Miss Edward and wanted her to like me back, but all my other teachers regarded me with much affection, would always tell my mother that I was the most charming student they had ever had, beamed at me when they saw me coming, and were very sorry when they had to write some version of this on my report card: "Annie is an unusually bright girl. She is well behaved in class, at least in the presence of her masters and mistresses, but behind their backs and outside the classroom quite the opposite is true." When my mother read this or something like it, she would burst into tears. She had hoped to display, with a great flourish, my report card to her friends, along with whatever prize I had won. Instead, the report card would have to take a place at the bottom of an old trunk in which she kept any important thing that had to do with me. I became not a favorite of Miss Edward's in the following way: Each Friday afternoon, the girls in the lower forms were given, instead of a last lesson period, an extra-long recess. We were to use this in ladylike recreation—walks, chats about the novels and poems we were reading, showing each other the new embroidery stitches we had learned to master in home class, or something just as seemly. Instead, some of the girls would play a game of cricket or rounders or stones, but most of us would go to the far end of the school grounds and play band. In this game, of which teachers and parents disapproved and which was sometimes absolutely forbidden, we would place our arms around each other's waist or shoulders, forming lines of ten or so girls, and then we would dance from one end of the school grounds to the other. As we danced, we would chant these words: "Tee la la la, come go. Tee la la la, come go." Sometimes one group of girls would sing, "Tee la la la," and the others would answer,


3RD AVE FRUIT & VEGETABLES
THIRD AVE FRUIT & VEGETABLE MARKET
M.IAN



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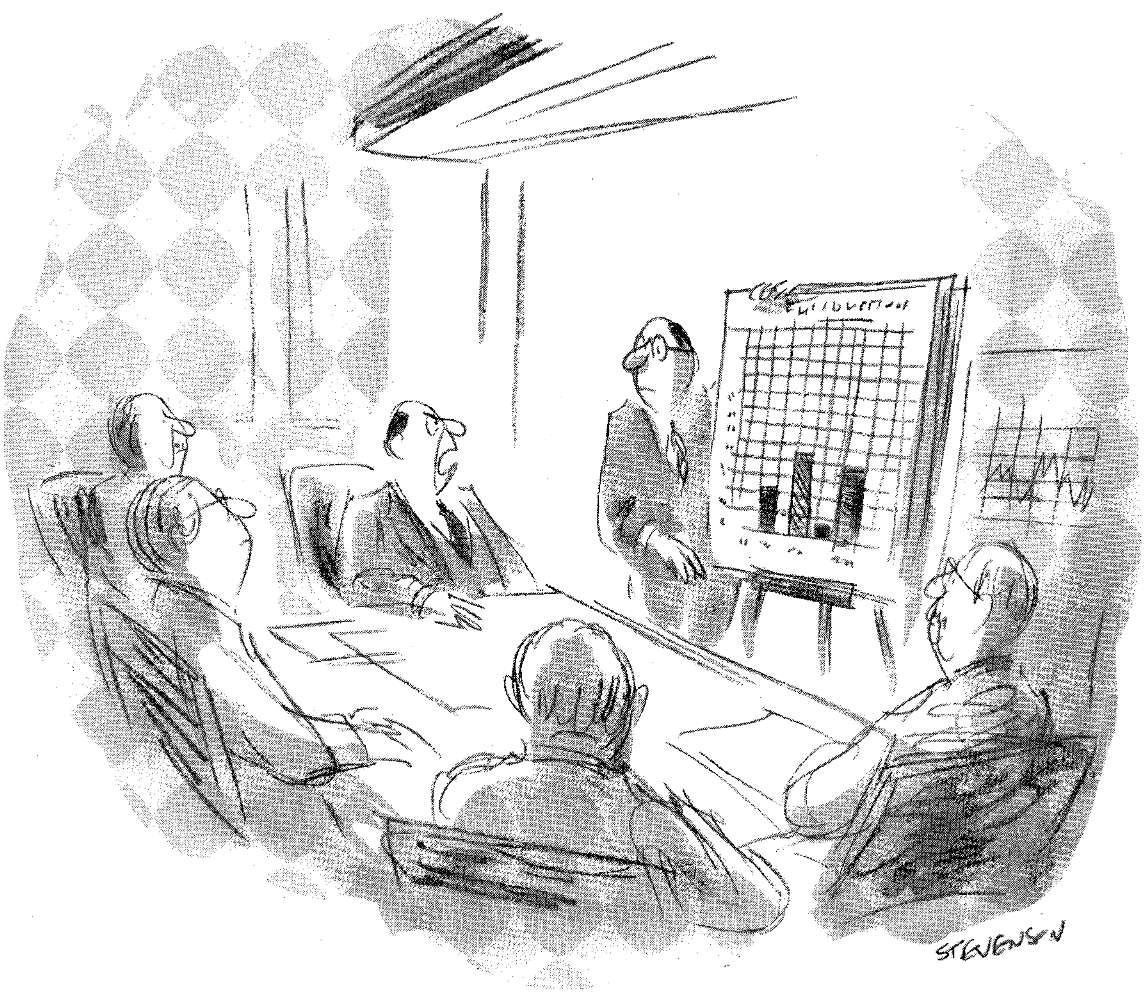
“Come go.” Up and down the schoolyard, away from our teachers, we would dance and sing. At the end of recess—forty-five minutes—we were missing ribbons and other ornaments from our hair, the pleats of our linen tunics were flattened out, the collars of our blouses were pulled out, and we were soaking wet all the way down to our bloomers. When the school bell rang, we would make a whooping sound, as if in a great panic, and then we would throw ourselves on top of each other as we laughed and shrieked. We would then run back to our classes, where we prepared to file into the auditorium for evening prayers. After that, it was home for the weekend. But how could we go straight home after all that excitement? No sooner were we on the street than we would form little groups, depending on the direction we were headed in. I was never keen on joining them on the way home, because I was sure I would run into my mother. Instead, my friends and I would go to a secluded part of the churchyard and sit on the tombstones of people who had been buried there way before slavery was abolished, in 1833. We would sit on these stones and sing bad songs, use forbidden words, and, of course, show each other various parts of our bodies. While some of us watched, the others would walk up and down on the large tombstones showing off their legs. It was immediately a popular idea; everybody soon wanted to do it. It wasn’t long before many girls—the ones whose mothers didn’t pay strict attention to what they were doing—started to come to school on Fridays wearing not bloomers under their uniforms but underpants trimmed with lace and satin frills. It also wasn’t long before an end came to all that. One Friday afternoon, Miss Edward, on her way home from school, took a shortcut through the churchyard. She must have heard the commotion we were making, because there she suddenly was, saying, “What is the meaning of this?”—just the very thing someone like her would say if she came unexpectedly on something like us. It was obvious that I was the ringleader. Oh, how I wished the ground would open up and take her in, but it did not. We all, shamefacedly, slunk home, I with Miss Edward at my side. Tears came to my mother’s eyes when she heard what I had done. It was apparently such a bad thing that my mother couldn’t bring herself to repeat my misdeed to my father in my presence. I got the usual punishment of dinner alone, outside under the tree, but added on to that I was not allowed to go to the library on Saturday, and on Sunday, after Sunday school and dinner, I was not allowed to take a stroll in the botanical gardens, where Gwen was waiting for me in the bamboo grove.

THAT happened when I was in the first form. Now here Miss Edward stood. Her whole face was on fire. Her eyes were bulging out of her head. I was sure that at any min-



“Nonsense!”

ute they would land at my feet and roll away. The small pimples on her face, already looking as if they were constantly irritated, now ballooned into huge, on-the-verge-of-exploding boils. Her head shook from side to side. Her strange bottom, which she carried high in the air, seemed to rise up so high in the air that it almost touched the ceiling. Why did I not pay attention, she said. My impertinence was beyond endurance. She then found a hundred words for the different forms my impertinence took. On she went. I was just getting used to this amazing bellowing when suddenly she was speechless. In fact, everything stopped. Her eyes stopped, her bottom stopped, her pimples stopped. Yes, she had got close enough so that her eyes caught a glimpse of what I had done to my textbook. The glimpse soon led to closer inspection. It was bad enough that I had defaced my schoolbook by writing in it. That I should write under the picture of Columbus “The Great Man . . .” was just too much. I had gone too far this time, defaming one of the great men in history, Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the island that was my home. And now look at me. I was not even hanging my head in remorse. Had my peers ever seen anyone so arrogant, so blasphemous?

I was sent to the headmistress, Miss Blake. As punishment, I was removed from my position as prefect, and my place was taken by the odious Hilarene. As an added punishment, I was ordered to copy Books I and II of “Paradise Lost,” by John Milton, and to have it done a week from that day. I then couldn’t wait to get home to lunch and the comfort of my mother’s kiss and arms. I had nothing to worry about there yet; it would be a while before my mother and father heard of my bad deeds. What a terrible morning! Seeing my mother would be such a tonic—something to pick me up.

When I got home, my mother kissed me absent-mindedly. My father had got home ahead of me, and they were already deep in conversation, my father regaling her with some unusually outlandish thing the oaf Mr. Oatie had done. I washed my hands and took my place at table. My mother brought me my lunch. I took one smell of it, and I could tell that it was the hated breadfruit. My mother said not at all, it was a new kind of rice imported from Belgium, and not breadfruit, mashed and forced through a ricer, as I thought. She went back to talking to my father. My father could hardly get a few words out of his mouth before she was a jellyfish of laughter. I sat there, putting my food in my mouth. I could not believe that she couldn’t see how miserable I was and so reach out a hand to comfort me and caress my cheek, the way she usually did when she sensed that something was amiss with me. I could not believe how she laughed at everything he said, how much she liked him. Until then, I had always thought that she liked him because he was my father; now I could see that she liked him just for himself. I remembered that, the other day, they were sitting outside and when I walked up to them I noticed her hand resting lightly on the nape of his neck. I was taken aback then. Now I ate my meal. The more I ate of it, the more I was sure that it was breadfruit. When I finished, my mother got up to remove my plate. As she started out the door, I said, “Tell me, really, the name of the thing I just ate.”

My mother said, “You just ate some breadfruit. I made it look like rice so that you would eat it. It’s very good for you, filled with lots of vitamins.” As she said this, she laughed. She was standing half inside the door, half outside. Her body was in the shade of our house, but her head was in the sun. When she laughed, her mouth opened to show off big, shiny, sharp white teeth. It was as if my mother had suddenly turned into a crocodile.

—Jamaica Kincaid

ANNALS OF DIPLOMACY

ALLIANCE—I

EARLY in April of 1953, an old man with a craggy face gazed at row upon row of white crosses in Arlington National Cemetery and began sobbing. Nineteen times, the sound of guns boomed across the gentle slope. The United States Army Band struck up the "Deutschlandlied," and the old man—Konrad Adenauer, the first chancellor of the Federal Republic of Germany—stepped forward, tears in his eyes, to lay a wreath on the grave of an unknown American soldier who had died fighting Germany. For any visiting dignitary, the ceremony at Arlington is a special honor, but for Adenauer, who was then seventy-seven years old, it was a rite of passage. "The turning point in history," he called it, and "the greatest moment" of a very long life. Eight years earlier, Adolf Hitler's Thousand-Year Reich had collapsed. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the commander of the Allied forces in Europe and the conqueror of Germany, had become the occupier, and one of his first acts had been to ban the swaggering anthem with the famous Haydn melody; for years thereafter the song that Americans remembered from old war movies as "Deutschland über Alles" was heard only at clandestine neo-Nazi gatherings. Adenauer himself had been publicly rebuked by occupation authorities for his "bad taste" when he once ordered it played as an act of defiance. But now the conqueror of Germany was in the White House, and the Chancellor was his honored guest.

For Adenauer, the long journey to Arlington began in Cologne. He was born more than a dozen years before Hitler but outlived him by more than twenty years. Like Hitler, he was the son of a minor official in a provincial city far from the center of power in Otto von Bismarck's Prussian Reich. The Adenauer family were devout Rhineland Catholics, and the dominant force in Konrad Adenauer's personal and political life was Catholicism. As a young lawyer, he joined the Zentrum, a party dedicated to protecting the rights and privileges of Roman Catholics against the Protestant Prussians. That was no small mission; in Bismarck's time it was not uncommon to imprison bishops. "The [Zentrum] had no parallel in any other European country," A. J. P. Taylor notes in "The Course of German History." "It was prepared to be German or anti-German, liberal or anti-liberal, free trade or protectionist, pacific or bellicose; a party of expediency as unscrupulous as Bismarck himself." Thanks to the support of the Zentrum, Adenauer became Oberbürgermeister, or Lord Mayor, of Cologne in 1917, and he served until the spring of 1933, when Hitler assumed power.

Both the beginning and the end of those sixteen years of service in Cologne were marked by political violence. As the First World War ended, the German fleet, at Kiel, mutinied and sparked an insurrection that spilled into the Rhineland. Revolutionary brigades of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Council took over the Cologne city hall and demanded the ouster of the conservative Oberbürgermeister. The socialists, who had assumed power in the city after the Armistice, feared the revolutionaries more than the right-wing Catholic in the mayor's office, and helped keep Adenauer on for fifteen more years.

On February 17, 1933, Hitler paid his first visit to Cologne as Reichschancellor. Adenauer had ordered swastikas removed from public property, and had sent an underling to meet the Reichschancellor's plane. Furious, Hitler jumped into a waiting car and sped off to Bad Godesberg. Less than a month later, Adenauer learned that Storm Troopers were coming the next morning, and he slipped out of Cologne before dawn. As he fled, Adenauer, who was fifty-seven, took the key to the city hall with him. All through the nightmare years, he was determined to return.

After three years of living as a refugee inside Germany, Adenauer got help from some friends who were bankers; they persuaded the Nazi re-

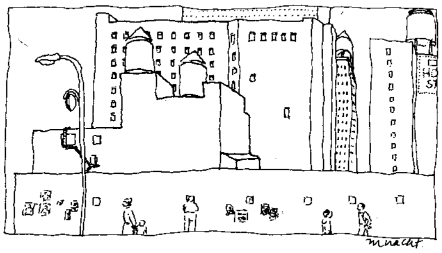
"For an artist of Mr. Bedeny's stature, your offer is wholly unacceptable. However, given a more realistic consideration of subsidiary rights, movie options, and possible tax shelters, we might still be able to assemble a satisfactory package."

gime to give the former Oberbürgermeister a pension. Returning to the Cologne region in 1936, he spent most of the Hitler period in discreet retirement in Rhöndorf, building a villa on the Rhine, tending roses, and collecting clocks. He refused to participate in the July 20th plot against Hitler, but when it failed he was taken to a concentration camp anyway. A few months before the end of the war, Adenauer, then nearing seventy, was released from the last of a series of camps and prisons.

One day in mid-March of 1945, a jeep drew up to Adenauer's villa, and two American officers jumped out. "We wish to know, sir, whether you are willing to take over the administration of Cologne," one of them said. "If so, we should propose to appoint you Oberbürgermeister with the full approval of the Allied Military Command." Adenauer's conspicuous anti-Nazism, his persecution (only by feigning a heart attack while he was in a Cologne concentration camp did he avoid being sent to Buchenwald), and his long experience made him No. 1 on the White List—the select band of untainted Germans urgently needed to carry out the orders of the occupation.

In February, the Allied powers met at Yalta, and by then the long-term American objective for Germany had been agreed upon by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and Premier Joseph Stalin. A "reformed, peaceful, and economically non-aggressive Germany" would eventually be integrated into "a liberal system of world trade." But first Germany, now divided into four zones, would have to be purged, its cartels broken, its Nazis punished, and its young people reëducated for democracy. General Lucius Clay, the deputy American military governor, had five thousand administrators to do the job. (The British had more than five times that number to run the zone they controlled, which was more populous but geographically smaller than the American Zone.)

For General Clay, an Army engineer, rebuilding Germany was the biggest project of his career. A distant relation of Henry Clay and the son of a three-term senator from Georgia, Clay, then forty-seven, was no stranger to politics. He had grown up moving easily in Georgia society, and was hardly the typical peacetime West Pointer. When he was a schoolboy, he had served as a page in the Senate. As a young man, he had steeped himself in Reconstruction lore. Years later, he said that he wanted to bring to Germany the victor's peace without malice —Abraham Lincoln's wish for the South. But the task that Clay had been given was staggering. To be the chief of Military Government for a fragment of what had been Hitler's Reich and at the same time to be a negotiator with three wartime allies, each with its own agenda for the future of all of Germany, would have been a challenge in itself. But, to make the project even more challenging, among Clay's superiors in Washington there was from the first a profound ambivalence about Germany's fate.



Secretary of War Henry Stimson appointed Clay deputy military governor for Germany in April of 1945, and at that time Clay was completely unaware of a secret policy directive for Germany then being prepared by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington. This directive, known as JCS 1067, was a set of broad guidelines for implementing the Mor-

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TULIPS: A SELECTED HISTORY

On your street, whose name means "roundabout" in Dutch,
The mildest weather conditions vibrate the spines of your neighbors,
Who gamble on the tulip market losing fortunes.

One gauges the sun like a bank account.
Another tastes the soils of everyone's front yards
While his dinner grows cold.

But for you the rain has come to sound like
The dead gossiping about the dead, and you warm yourself with
The thought that evening and its underpinnings impales them all

Sooner or later, through the windows of their neat homes,
While they wake or sleep in the same chair, at odd hours,
Mistaking physical pain for desire.

It is the sort of night when the sky seems about to reveal its secrets.
Your wife stirs soup outdoors under the moon,
The not-so-dear orchids of garlic steaming.

She sips from an iron spoon reflecting clouds and pretends
It is a broth of your priceless Tulipa, her dowry all spent
On seedlings and bulbs, drawers of fragrant possibility,

A rich man's drying room, and flower beds. She envisions
The wives of tulipomaniacs in Portugal, their swarthy, faceless
Husbands lugging home large bouquets of glorious colorations,

Unimaginable forms. This would needle you, of course,
But the thing to remember about women and cooking is that they do it,
As they do all things, for love.

When she frowns, as she does now,
When she looks wearily down the path where two cows are lowing
As darkness circles and drops,

It is not the chore that tires her
But the relentless composting between the sweat of the real world
And the ravage of the one she would make for you if she could,

Out of moon, out of water, out of whatever has gone wrong,
Never knowing it was a dream you wanted,
And that you had it all along.

—Vickie Karp

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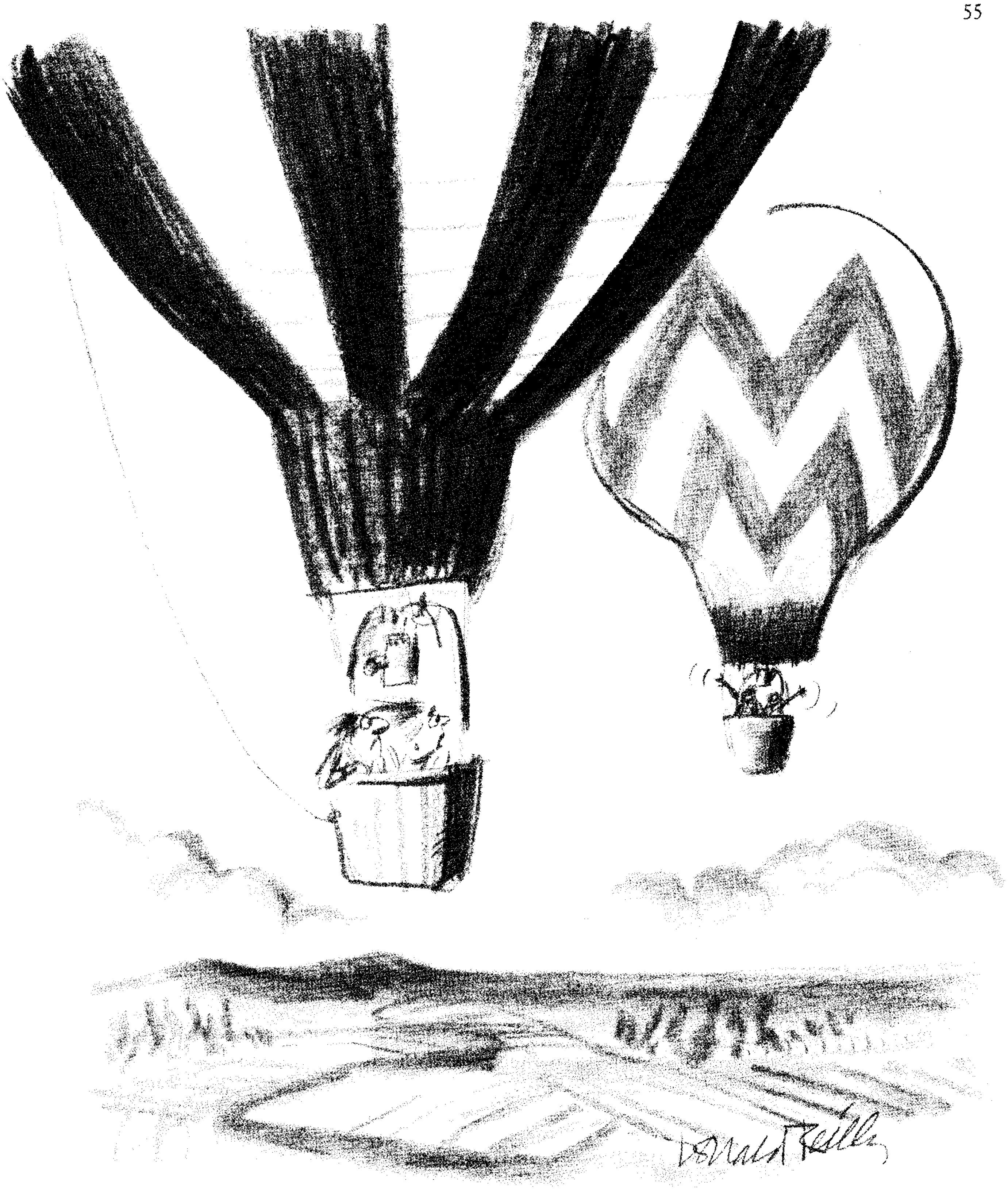
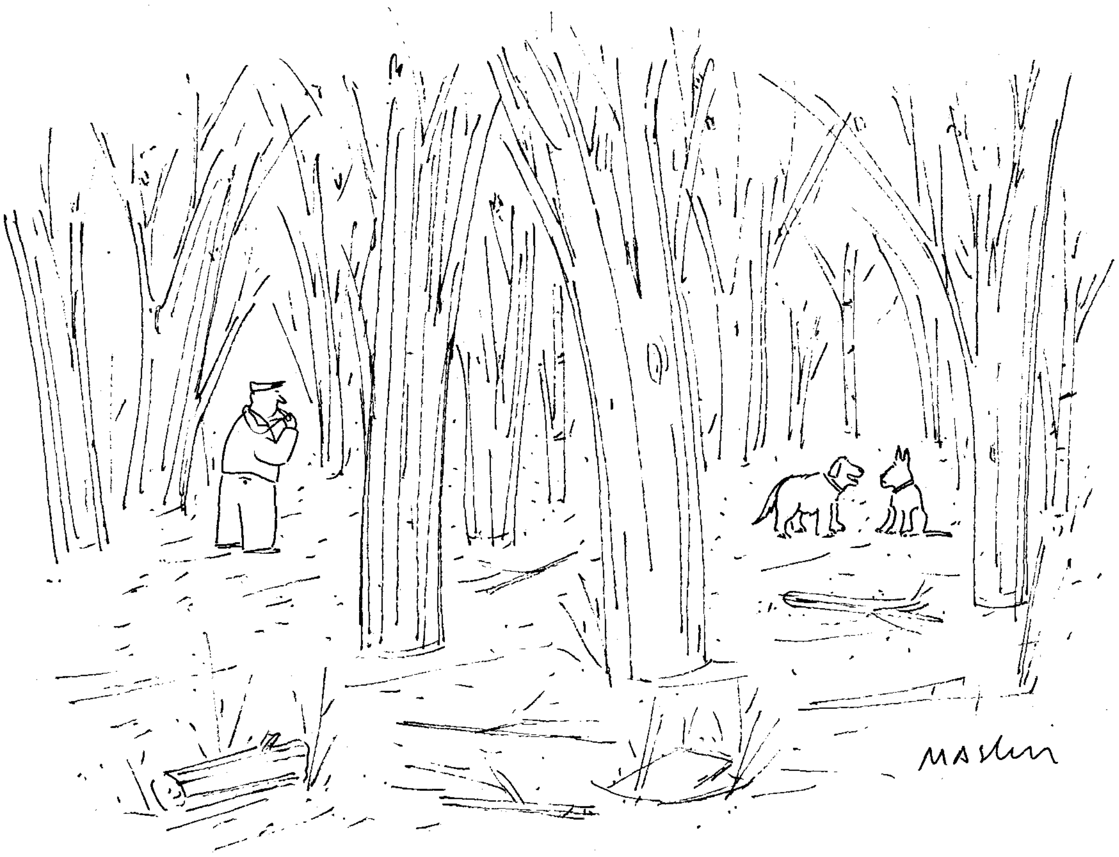


"Oh, God, it's the Vellenbergs. Pretend you don't see them."

• •

genthau Plan—a plan that had been formulated by Roosevelt's Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau, Jr., and initialled by Churchill and Roosevelt at Quebec in 1944; it called for reducing Germany to a "pastoral" state to keep it from making war a third time. JCS 1067 "specifically prohibited us from taking any steps to rehabilitate or maintain the German economy except to maximize agricultural production," Clay wrote in his memoirs. "The German economy was to be controlled only to the extent necessary to meet the needs of the occupation forces or to produce the goods which would prevent disease and unrest, which might endanger the occupying forces."

For four years, Clay's top State Department adviser in running occupied Germany was Robert Murphy, who in 1940 had been plucked from the obscurity of a conventional diplomatic



"It's for you."

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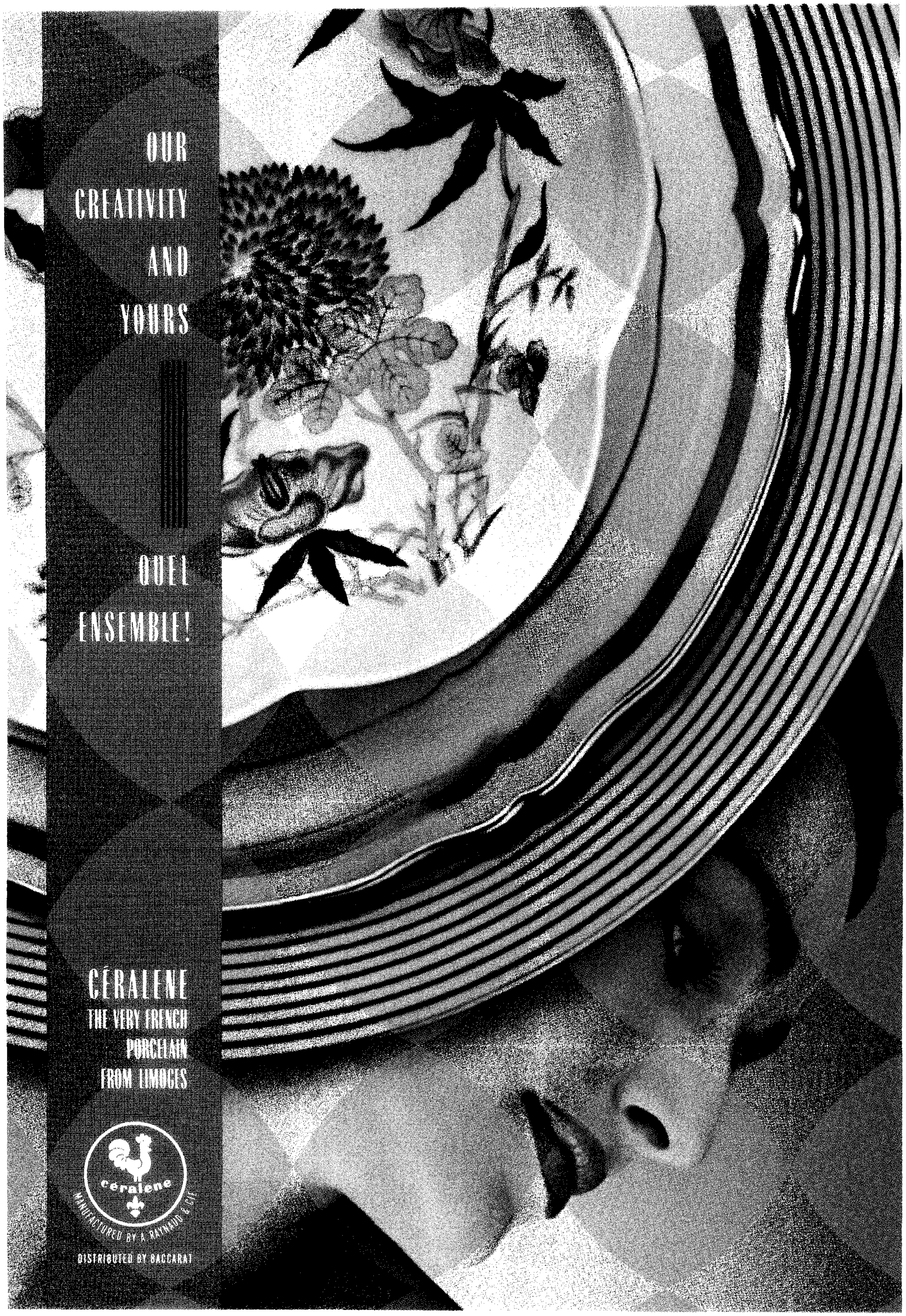
career to become Roosevelt's secret agent in North Africa. For Murphy, who had been named United States political adviser for Germany in 1944, JCS 1067 presented "overwhelming difficulties," because it forbade "any personal relations with the people we had defeated." Dwight Eisenhower had spent his brief time as military governor of Germany—from April to November—successfully avoiding any contact with the natives. When Harry Truman came to the Potsdam Conference, in July of 1945, he showed no interest in meeting any Germans. Separate rest rooms for German employees in the Military Government office buildings were mandatory. Six years later, when the housing compound at the United States Embassy at Bad Godesberg was dedicated, the architect pointed out its most impressive feature: diplomats could shop and do their laundry in the Embassy complex without ever having to come into contact with a single German.

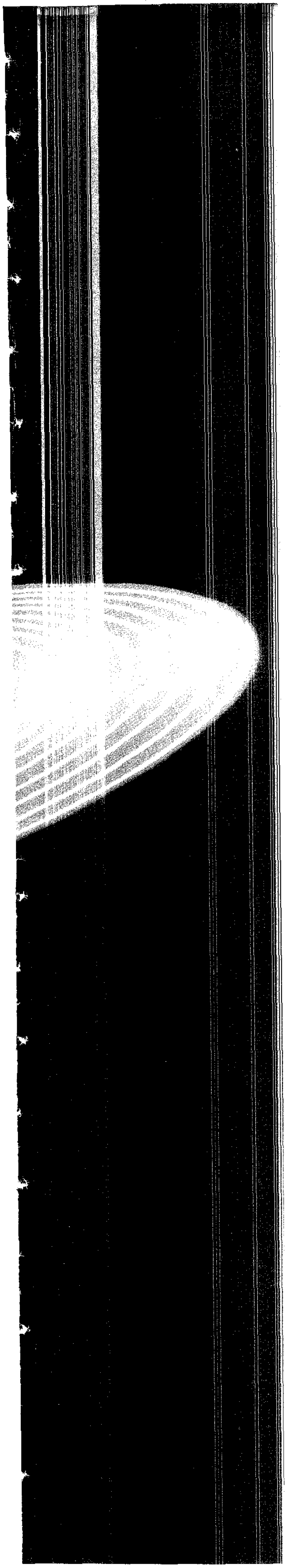
JCS 1067 was a schizophrenic document. It asked the conquering bureaucrats to do irreconcilable things: restore a stable economy to stave off starvation, disease, and social unrest, and dismantle German industry at the same time; get the utilities, the railroads, and the factories working, but hire no one with a Nazi past; stamp out inflation but impose no financial controls. For five months, the existence of the directive was top secret. By October, when it was published by the War Department, people realized that the contradictory policies that Clay had been pursuing since V-E Day were more than the product of random confusion. In JCS 1067, the proponents in Washington of two quite different priorities for dealing with Germany—one favoring punishment and the other favoring recovery—had masked their differences in prose so vague and bland that Clay had had considerable room to improvise.

No one writing directives in Washington could have imagined the hell that was Hitler's legacy. The advancing Allied armies had rounded up seven million displaced persons, most of whom had been brought into Germany in cattle cars from conquered territories to the east to do forced labor. The round-the-clock bombing by American and British planes had destroyed, by most estimates, between thirty and forty per cent of all German factories, and at the end of the war only about ten per cent of the twelve thousand factories in the American Zone were in even limited production. Fifty per cent of the locomotives and thirty per cent of the freight cars had also been destroyed, and so had twenty-three hundred and forty-one railway bridges. (Before extensive Allied bombing during the war's closing stages, the rail system had been transporting seventy-five per cent of all domestic goods.) And what the Allies had inadvertently spared, Hitler himself had sought to destroy. "If the war is lost, the nation will also perish," Hitler told Albert Speer, his Minister of Armaments and Munitions, as the final days approached.

Hitler ordered everything destroyed—"all industrial plants, all important electrical facilities, water works, gas works, all stocks of food and clothing . . ." Speer refused to carry out these orders, but, nevertheless, Hitler prolonged his resistance until his own bunker was within range of Russian mortars. By the time of the surrender, the Allied armies had managed to make Hitler's *Götterdämmerung* fantasies real. In Essen, the site of the Krupp armaments complex, only thirteen per cent of the housing was still standing. In Berlin, rubble was piled so high that the British estimated that even if a thousand tons of debris per day could be removed, it would still take thirty years to clear it away.

The Germans were cold and hungry. So, of course, were the French, the Dutch, and other victims of Nazi aggression. Indeed, the French began to ration bread in December of 1945. But in occupied Germany the food situation was becoming desperate. Accustomed to a prewar diet of three thousand calories a day, the inhabitants of the Western zones were put on a daily ration of fifteen hundred and fifty calories. The next winter, which was the severest in a century, the ration in the Ruhr fell to six to seven hundred calories. For people who had managed to keep a few personal possessions, a trip to the countryside with


OUR
CREATIVITY
AND
YOURS
QUEL
ENSEMBLE!
CÉRALENE
THE VERY FRENCH
PORCELAIN
FROM LIMOGES
céralene
MANUFACTURED BY A. RAYNAUD & CIE.
DISTRIBUTED BY BACCARAT



Who on earth will install enough lightguide fiber to circle the earth 10 times?

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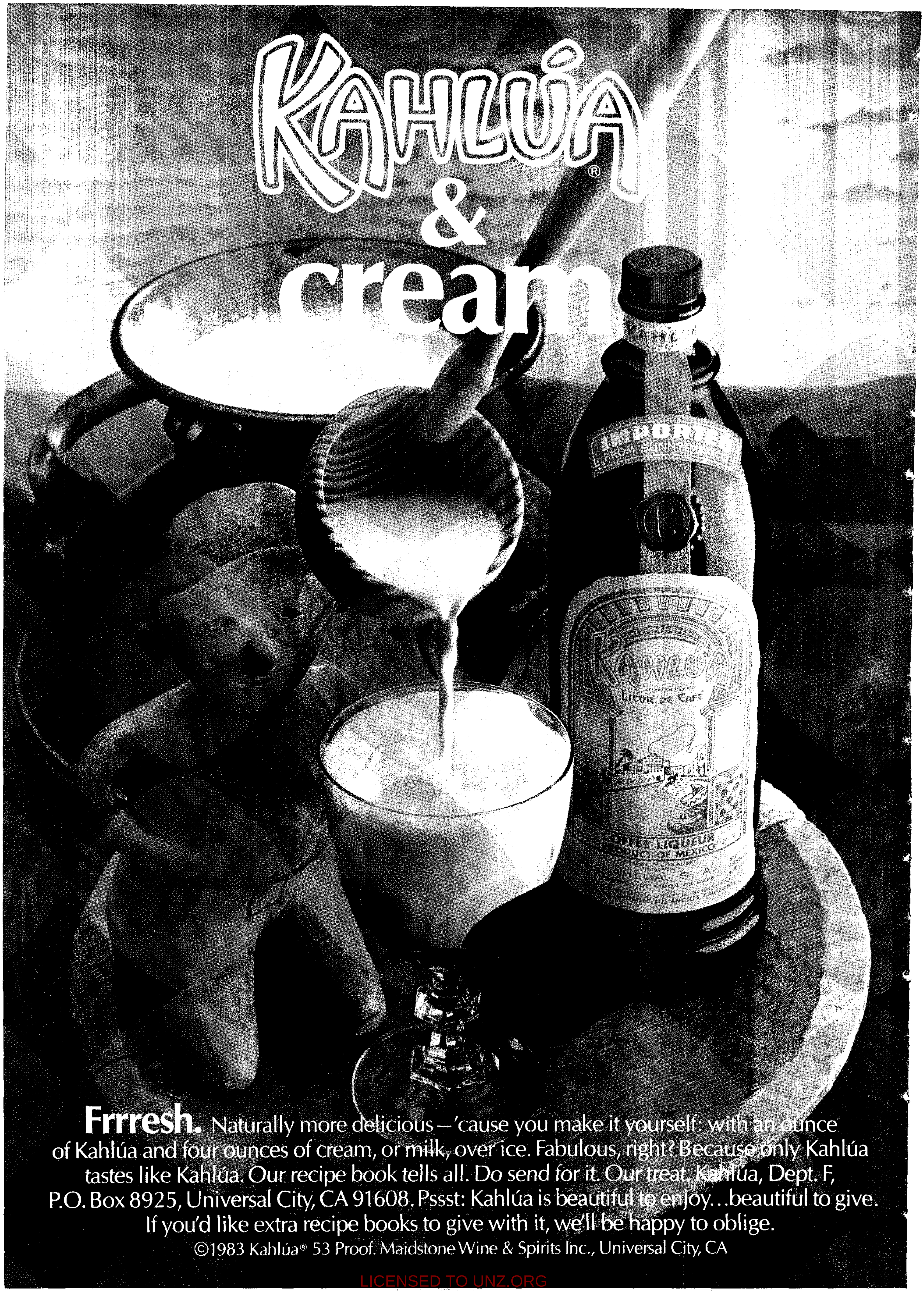
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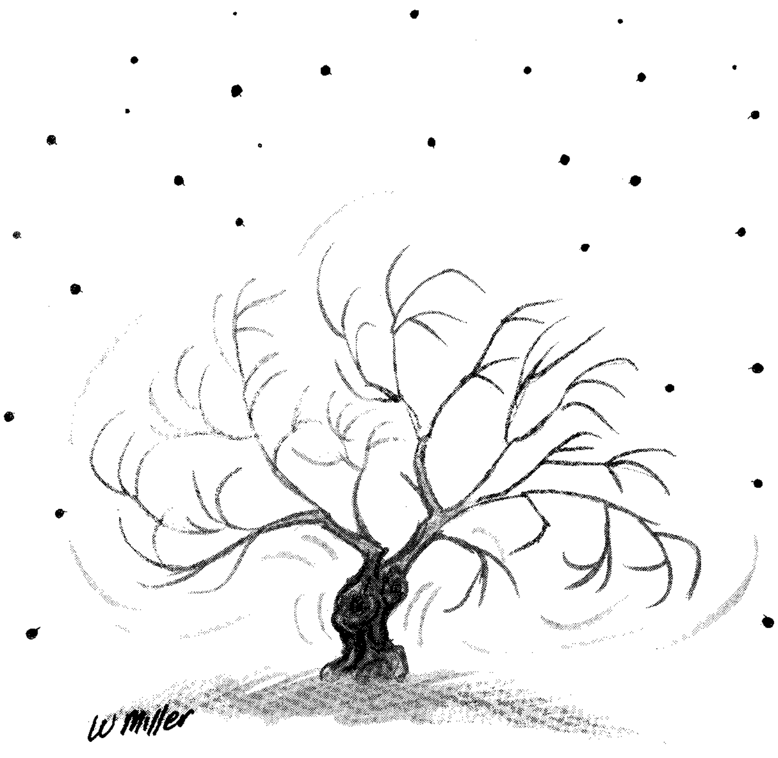
a suitcase filled with china, crystal, or furs might yield some eggs, a kilo or two of potatoes, or even a bit of meat. For those who had nothing to barter, the prospects were grim. In Hamburg alone, there were a hundred thousand cases of edema due to malnutrition in the first postwar year, and in Cologne only twelve per cent of the children were of normal weight. In the British Zone, the death rate rose fifty per cent from the prewar level; two hundred and sixty thousand people contracted tuberculosis. Coal production stood at a fourth of what it was before the war, and a fourth of the coal that was produced was shipped abroad as reparations to Allied countries. Respectable *Bürger* became scavengers; families roamed the rail yards looking for coal cars to steal from. In the winter of 1946-47, Joseph Cardinal Frings, the Archbishop of Cologne, declared that stealing coal was no longer a sin.

A world that had just encountered the living corpses of Auschwitz and Buchenwald, the gas chambers, the mass graves, and the corrupt remnants of Nazism had little sympathy to waste on the Germans. "We come as conquerors," General Eisenhower had declared in his Proclamation No. 1 to the People of Germany. From the first, General Clay would be caught between his business friends, for whom Germany was too strategic to be allowed to stagnate, much less starve, and an angry band of civil libertarians, trustbusters, left-wingers, and grieving Jews, for whom the enormity of Nazi evil blotted out all other considerations.

In the early days of the American occupation, physical resistance was over, but psychological resistance remained strong. "Hitler was right when he promised us a Thousand-Year Reich" went a typical joke of the time. "That's what we have today: twelve years of Nazification under Hitler and nine hundred and eighty-eight years of de-Nazification under the Americans." Dangerous jokes of this sort were elaborately filed and catalogued by the occupation authorities. A few pamphlets issued by a group calling itself the Free Corps of Adolf Hitler threatened women who "go with U.S. soldiers" and officials who collaborated with the occupation authorities. "We're coming again and soon," one such pamphlet said. "The penalty for treason is death." But the only weapon that most Germans had to use against the Americans was contempt. "Germans talk only about food" went a typical bit of Bavarian humor. "Americans talk about music, culture, and art. I guess all people talk about what they don't have."

Yet from the first the bitterness of defeat was mixed with grudging admiration for the victors. Many of these strange conquerors—gigantic black men who sat in *Gasthäuser* guzzling beer and reading "Mickey Mouse," gum-chewing Southern boys with blond crewcuts who would go out of their way to help an old woman across the street and hand her a chocolate bar when she was safely on the sidewalk—seemed untouched by hate. Americans moved into the best houses still standing and played the conqueror's role to the hilt, but they showed little impulse to degrade the conquered—an impulse that was obvious in some of the French troops. It was as if the Americans had wandered in halfway through the play—as, indeed, they had. The official Military Government handbook that American soldiers carried in their knapsacks reflected the supreme confidence of the conquerors in their ability to remake a nation. It was three hundred pages long and listed more than twelve hundred and fifty separate areas of Allied supervision and control of German civilian life. "No steps . . . toward economic rehabilitation" would be taken, it declared. "Germany will always be treated as a defeated country and not as a liberated country."



ODD FRUITS AND VEGETABLES #27
THE TWIRLING MacPHERSON

A member of the apple family, the TWIRLING MacPHERSON does not actually "TWIRL." Every other year it twists violently, the movement taking place in the fall, causing the ripened fruit to be flung some distance from the tree itself.

At Potsdam, the wary Allies had haggled over the spoils of victory and agreed to divide them. President Truman had come armed with State Department briefing books that contained a warning: to turn the remnants of the Reich into separate zones run by countries with different social systems would lead inevitably to the partition of Germany. The new President had chosen to ignore the warnings, because something else worried him more: if the Allies were to agree on a specific figure for reparations, the United States would end up paying the bill. The ghost of the First World War hovered over Potsdam, for the United States had ended up lending the Weimar Republic the money to pay reparations for that war. In October of 1924, numerous private American investors sent more than a hundred million dollars of a planned two-hundred-million-dollar loan to Germany to pay off France. American bondholders, as John Foster Dulles, their principal lawyer, never forgot, recovered little of their money. In 1945, no one knew what sort of reparations Germany could afford. Would it not be better to trade machinery from the West for Soviet Zone food and coal in amounts to be determined by the rate of recovery?

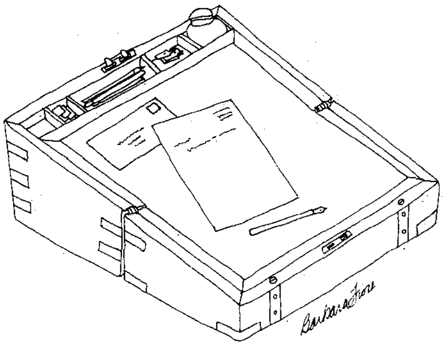
Once the Cold War was under way, everyone in the West held the Soviet Union responsible for the partition of Germany. But that was not Lucius Clay's opinion in 1945. At a State Department meeting late that year, Clay made his views clear:

> The entire record of the [Allied] Control Council showed that the U.S.S.R. was willing to coöperate with the other powers in operating Germany as a single political and economic unit. The U.S.S.R. had blocked no more than one or two papers in the Control Council, which is more than can be said for the other members.

The following year, he wrote to General Joseph T. McNarney, the American military governor in Germany, "French unwillingness to enter into agreements relative to governing Germany as a whole makes it difficult to place blame on Soviets." The French were adamant in their insistence that the industrial Saarland be detached from Germany and subjected to international control. The French government "has done everything it could to sabotage the [Potsdam] agreements," Robert Murphy noted in an exasperated cable to H. Freeman Matthews, director of the State Department's Office of European Affairs, on April 3, 1946. "Clay points out, and rightly so, that apart from an active interest in reparations, restitution, and intelligence matters, the French have thus far not contributed one single solitary constructive idea or effort in the entire quadripartite management of Germany."

The ironies of victory had become apparent almost immediately. On August 21, 1945, President Truman abruptly suspended all lend-lease shipments to Britain—this program had enabled the United States to give the Allies supplies and services without necessarily receiving direct payment in return—and tough negotiations for a United States loan of three billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars to Britain began. These negotiations became a key American instrument for inducing Prime Minister Churchill's successors to do what Churchill himself had grandly forsworn: to preside over the liquidation of His Majesty's Empire. At the same time, an American subsidy of two billion dollars began pouring into the American Zone of Germany. In 1946, production was rising throughout Germany, but in July the British estimated that their zone would cost them more than eighty million pounds during the next year. The only solution was to have the United States bear the burden. This fitted neatly with two emerging American objectives—for the Americans to establish a role in the industrial Ruhr, and for the Germans to take more initiative in becoming self-supporting. In a speech at the Stuttgart Opera House on September 6, 1946, Secretary of State James F. Byrnes announced an end to the purely punitive phase of occupation. A good part of the Ruhr and of industrial northern Germany was now merged with the largely agricultural areas of the American Zone, and the Germans were given a greater role in day-to-day administration and in the development of economic policy. The new bureaucratic creation was given the name of Bizonia.

In June of 1945, Cologne had passed from American administration to British. On October 6th, the British military commander called Konrad Adenauer to his headquarters, dismissed him from office, told him to desist from all political activity, and ordered him out of the city. The official reason for Adenauer's dismissal was that he had been too slow in having streets cleared and buildings repaired. Adenauer's own interpretation was that he was too conservative for the British Labour Party, which preferred to work with Social Democrats. But there were surely stronger reasons for Adenauer's dismissal. On one level, he was a nuisance. The British had begun cutting trees in his beloved green belt—a region around the city—for firewood, and he howled. The British Secret Service was worried about more serious matters. Files from the First World War occupation revealed that Adenauer had separatist tendencies. On December 1, 1923, he had told a Paris newspaper that the Rhineland might have to break away from Prussia in the interests of peace; French and German industry could then work together. In the first volume of his memoirs, he wrote, "I advocated a plan for an organic integration of the French, Belgian, and German economies for the safeguarding of a durable peace."



The day before Adenauer was dismissed by the British, he had told two Western correspondents that the Allies should set up a federal state linking the three Western occupation zones and forget about working with East Germany or the Russians. He repeated his idea of a generation earlier about integrating German, French, and Belgian industry. During the weeks just before his dismissal, according to British-intelligence officers who had been tapping Adenauer's private phone, the Secret Service had received reports that the Oberbürgermeister himself, or possibly an agent, was meeting with Charles de Gaulle's agents at the Abbey of Maria Laachs, inside the French Zone. Whether the report was true or not, the suspicion that the most vocal politician in occupied Germany was secretly acquiescing in de Gaulle's ambition to annex the Saar and "internationalize" the Ruhr and the Rhineland was enough to prompt the British military authorities to get rid of him. In so doing, they made an enemy with a long memory.

In August of 1947, the city council of Essen, in the British Zone, decreed that streetcar conductors could wear shoulder straps similar in style to those lately worn by German Army officers. "A touch of military insignia might help to restore good order and public discipline," the Frankfurt *Rundschau* reported. So far had the pendulum swung against *Militarismus* that the reintroduction of military symbols for any purpose was news. Hitler himself, by holding out until Germany was devastated, had achieved the first of the occupation objectives for his conquerors. By V-E Day, Germany was already effectively demilitarized. Two and a half million German soldiers were prisoners of

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3. *How deep is* mark twain?
4. *What's the strongest muscle in the human body?*
5. *What movie star died at the age of 14 but left a son who also made movies?*

(Answers at the bottom of the page.)

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ANSWERS:
1. Hawaii. 2. One.
3. Two fathoms or 12 feet.
4. The tongue.
5. Rin Tin Tin.

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war, two million one hundred thousand were dead, and two million nine hundred thousand were missing in action. The dive-bombers, the tanks, and the mammoth artillery pieces that had scourged all of Europe were either in Allied hands or sitting by the roadsides in twisted ruins as grotesque memorials to the derailed Nazi war machine.

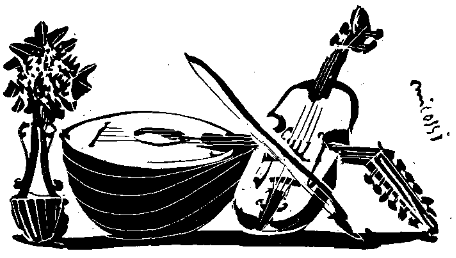
In the French and Soviet Zones, German prisoners of war were put to work as slave laborers without a trace of apology. At the end of the war, four hundred and seventy thousand German soldiers were working at French factories, construction sites, and farms. This repayment for years of Nazi coerced labor in Occupied France and the conquered provinces of Russia was regarded in Paris and Moscow as a form of reparations. In England, one official reporting to the House of Lords indicated that the government sought a "middle course between the requirements of the Geneva Convention and the demands of the British economy." To send the German P.O.W.s home too quickly "would imperil the harvesting" of the 1946 crop.

The United States had no need for battalions of bean pickers, but to General George S. Patton it seemed a terrible waste not to rearm one or two crack Waffen-S.S. divisions and incorporate them into the Third Army, which he commanded. "What do you care what those goddam Bolshies think?" he demanded of General McNarney in mid-1945, after McNarney had passed on a complaint from Marshal Georgi Zhukov, the commander of the Soviet occupation forces, that Patton was a bit slow in disbanding German units in Bavaria, where he was military governor. "We're going to have to fight them sooner or later. Why not now while our army is intact and we can kick the Red Army back into Russia? We can do it with my Germans . . . They hate those Red bastards."

In 1945, Patton's views on the Russians were as unconventional among the American military as his views on the Germans. Shortly after his conversation with McNarney, he was dismissed for suggesting, as Robert Murphy recalled, that Germans had joined Hitler's party "about the same way that Americans become Republicans or Democrats." At that time, the views of General Walter Bedell Smith, the man who called Patton to tell him he was fired, were more acceptable. Smith, Eisenhower's chief of staff, had flared up at the British-intelligence chief not long after the British government removed its intelligence operations from American command. Britain was "through," he had said; the Soviet Union was "the country of the future" and America's natural ally.

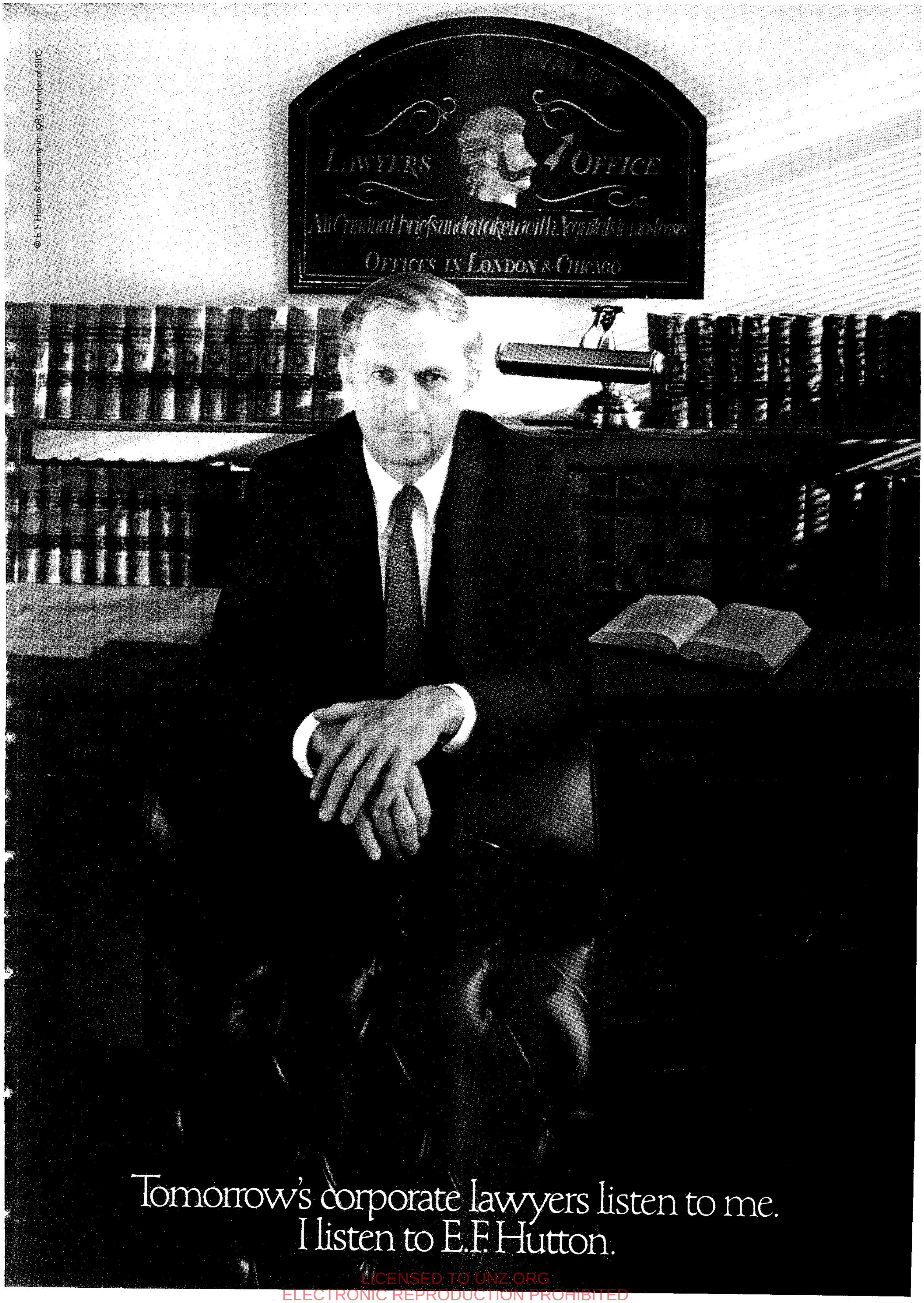
It was to be almost ten years before West Germany would rearm and join an anti-Soviet alliance. But some forms of military coöperation began even as Hitler's divisions were being rounded up in American Army compounds. Soon after the war's end, a number of German generals were brought to a secret installation at Oberursel, not far from Frankfurt. In relatively luxurious surroundings, considering the ruin all around them, high officers of Hitler's army were interrogated on matters of particular interest to the Americans—rocketry, advanced-weapons development, and, especially, intelligence concerning the Russians. The more coöperative the generals, the smoother their path to reunion with their families and an honorable retirement.

As the war was coming to an end, Reinhard Gehlen, Hitler's intelligence chief, who had specialized in behind-the-lines espionage operations in Russia, was determined to make a deal with the Americans. With resistance collapsing all around him, he wanted to surrender to someone who would understand what a catch he was. It was Gehlen who had managed General Andrei Vlasov's Liberation Army. Vlasov, who had been a leading Soviet general, defected to the German side after being captured, and, with the aid of the Nazis, fought Stalin's armies. (At war's end, Vlasov and many of his men were turned over to Soviet forces by the Americans, and he was executed for espionage and treason in 1946.) Although a number of rival intelligence agents were competing with the master spy to sell their services to the Allies, Gehlen knew more about Soviet military operations and intelligence than anyone else in the West. On August 22, 1945, disguised as an American general, he was put aboard an Army Air Forces transport and brought to America. After months of interrogation and shrewd negotiation with American intelligence officials, who were then organizing what became the Central Intelligence Agency, Hitler's former Russian expert returned to Germany to become head of a secret, largely autonomous organization for conducting espionage operations against the Soviet Union on behalf of the Americans. In 1947, the Gehlen organization was set up with American funds in a former S.S. housing development near Pullach and was integrated into the new C.I.A. His secret organization did the initial planning for a new German Army, and he himself became head of West German intelligence once the occupation was over. Thus, even as the mandate for demilitarization was being carried out, military assets of the Hitler era were being used to lay the foundations of German rearmament.



In 1947, Frank Wisner—a wartime operative for the Office of Strategic Services, who, according to his former collaborator and secret adversary Kim Philby, the Soviet spy, was now "balding and running self-importantly to fat"—returned to intelligence work on Germany under cover of an assignment as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Occupied Territories. A primary task was to re-create the network of White Russian anti-Soviet activists who had collaborated with the Nazi S.S. in the wake of Hitler's invasion in setting up puppet regimes in parts of the Soviet Union. These White Russians had intimate knowledge of Soviet vulnerabilities, but they themselves were also particularly barbarous war criminals. Some of these intelligence "assets" had been members of S.S. *Einsatzgruppen* that had slaughtered Jews at the rate of five thousand a day. To keep them out of Soviet hands, hundreds of Nazi collaborators were smuggled into the United States without the knowledge of the White House. Radislaw Ostrowsky, the president of the puppet regime; Franz Kushel, a police commander who assisted the Germans in executing forty thousand Jews in Minsk; and others were secretly given American citizenship.

DE-NAZIFICATION was a much harder task than demilitarization; dismantling weapons is easier than exorcising ideas. The commitment to "eradicate Nazism" was embodied in Law 38 of the Allied Control Council—the body that governed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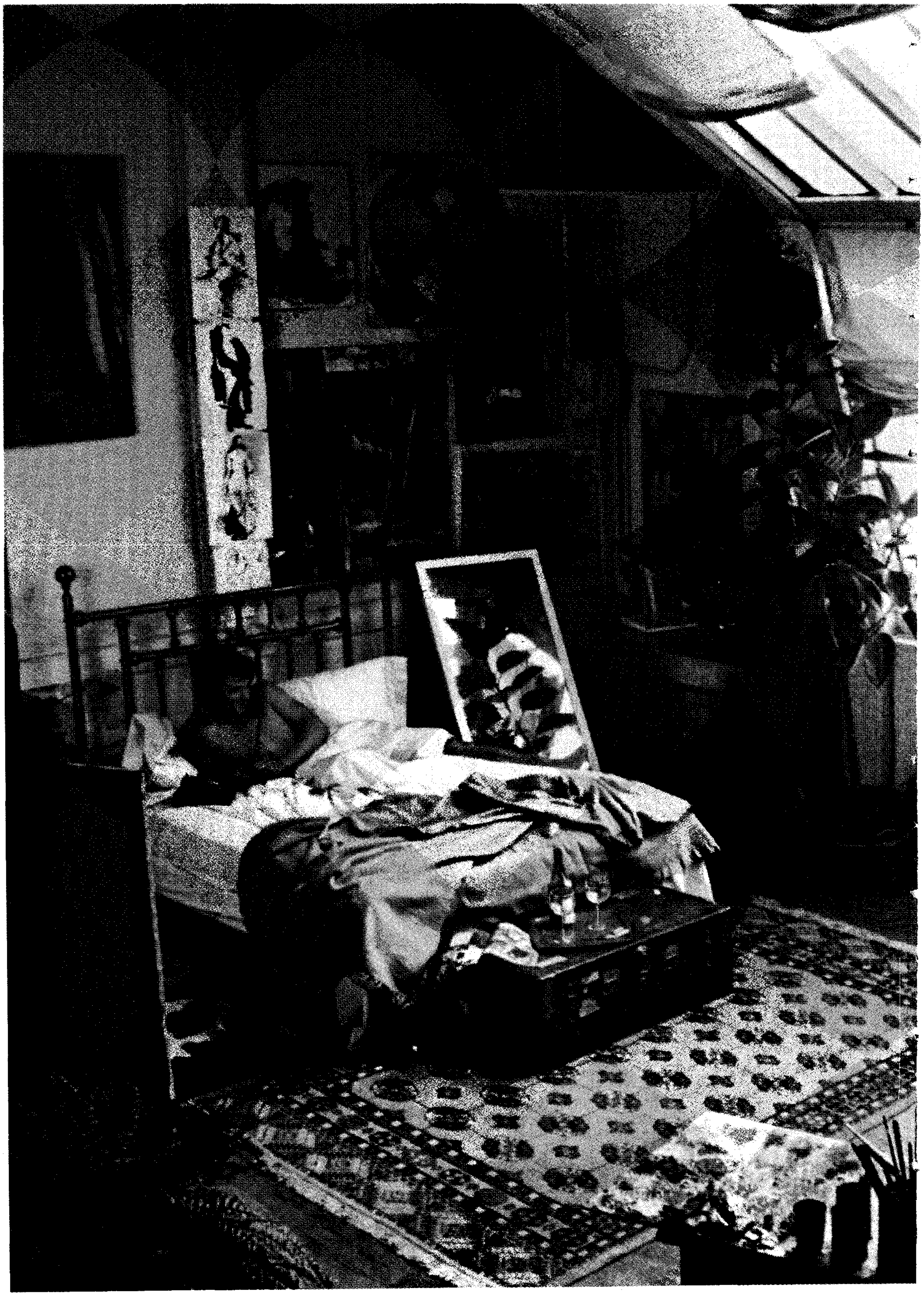

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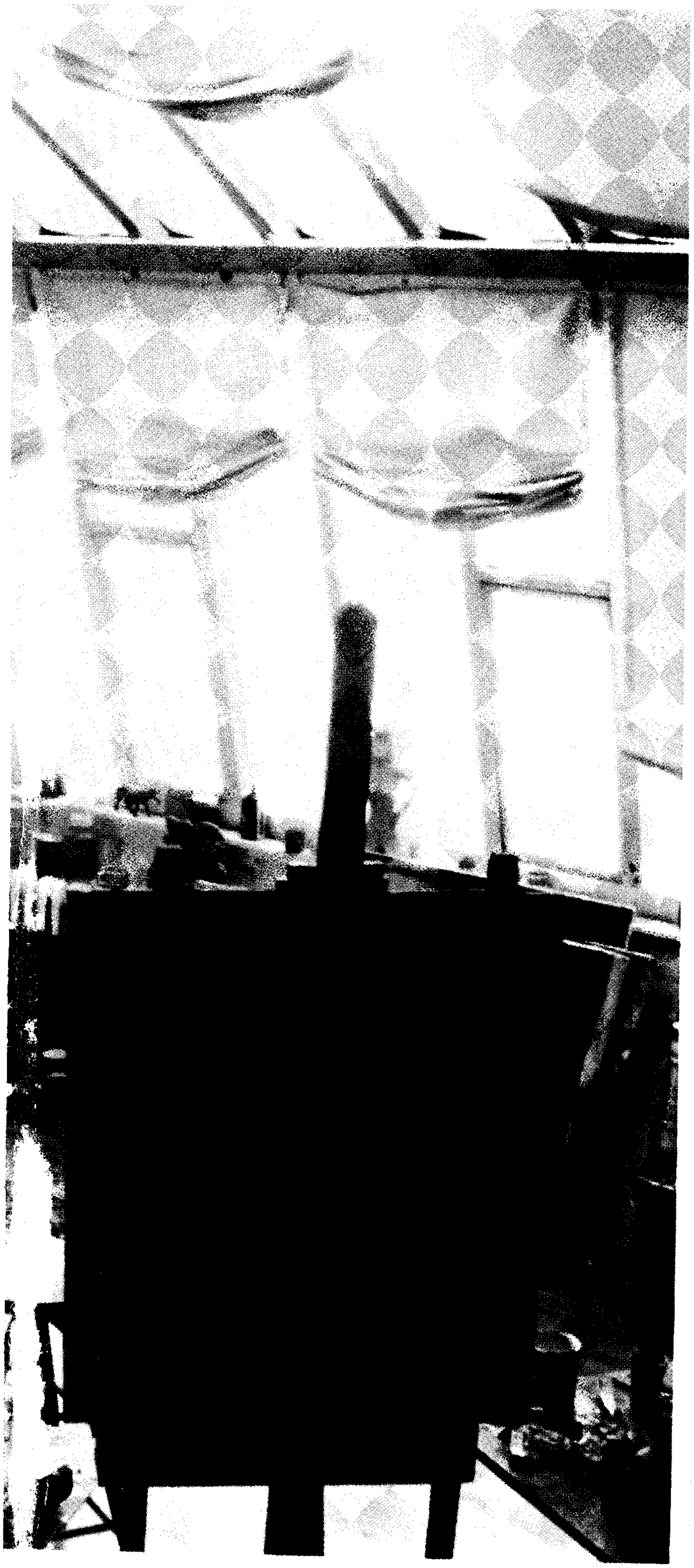

Hello?

You snore.

And you steal all the covers. What time did you leave?

Six-thirty. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had swiped your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne cologne.

What on earth are you going to do with it...give it to a secret lover you've got stashed away in San Francisco?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you...and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

My Paco Rabanne. And a fig leaf.

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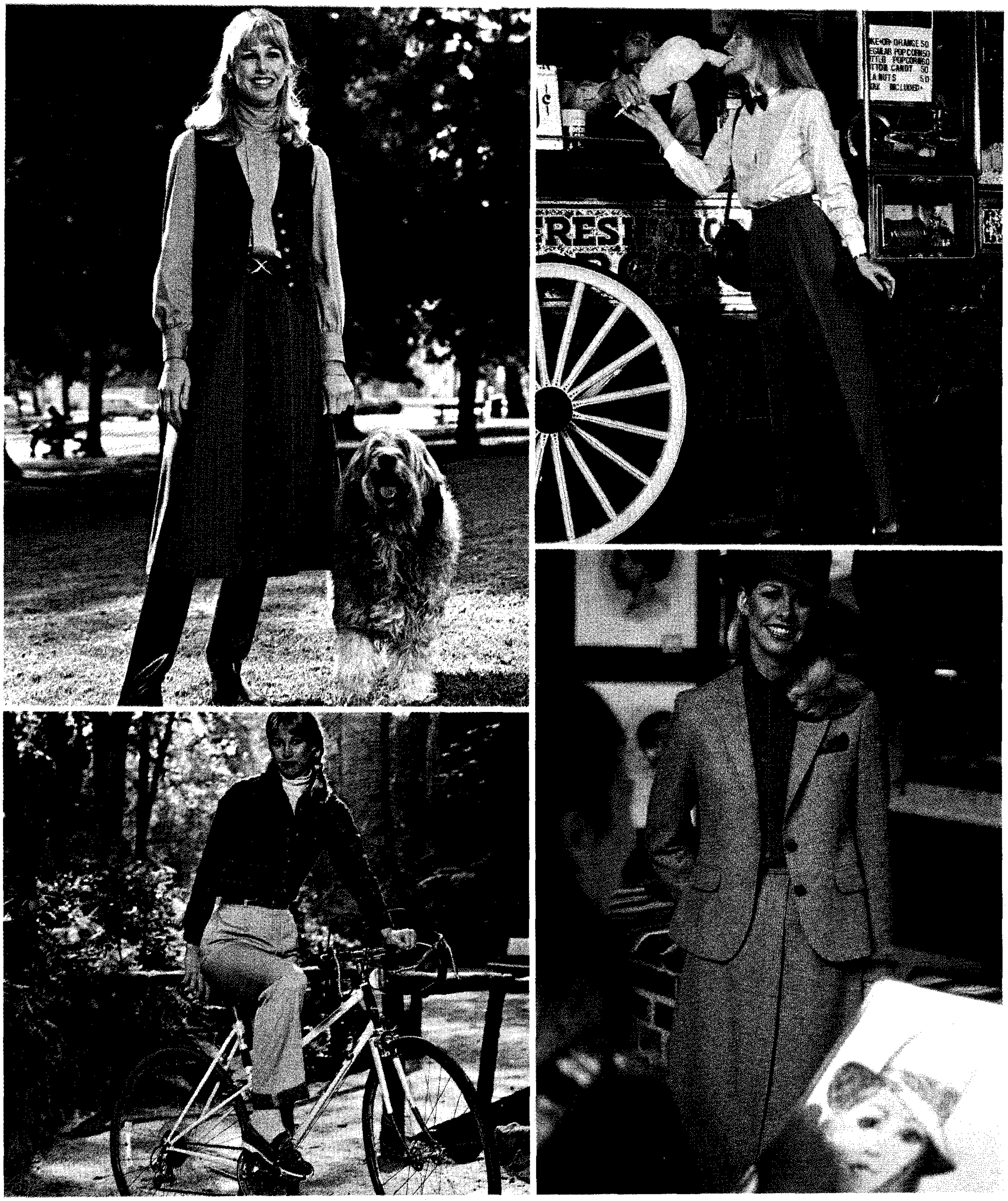

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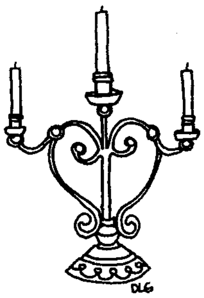
Thomson Company, Division of Salant Corporation occupied Germany—but each ally was free to approach the problem in its own way. "We French take the point of view that every German was or still is a Nazi, and if you don't want to kill off all the Germans then you have to work with these Nazis," the deputy French military governor told a press conference in 1946. "In the Saar, we did not make the idiotic mistake of de-Nazification." There were over seventeen thousand de-Nazification proceedings in the French Zone—trials of those Germans suspected of Nazi crimes and offenses—but the former Nazi managers of the Saar steel mills and coal mines were kept on the job to produce the fuel and materials that France needed. While it is true that French troops enjoyed the opportunity to repay Germans in kind for the long humiliation of their countrymen, French national policy always put reparations ahead of vengeance.

For the British, punishment was important, but they were quite skeptical about using de-Nazification for reform. Judicial proceedings were for criminals, and their attention was concentrated on the criminal organizations of the Reich as these were defined by the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg. With a larger population under their control than under the Americans', they conducted only a fraction of the trials that took place in the American Zone (22,296 compared with 169,282). Only about ten per cent of the British Zone's population was involved in any way; in the American Zone the percentage was three times as great.

The Russians used de-Nazification to liquidate class enemies. "Particular emphasis was placed on the owners of businesses, public officials, and persons in important private positions," an early postwar American Military Government report noted. Nazis who joined the Soviet-sponsored Socialist Unity Party were eligible for immediate rehabilitation. Scientists, engineers, and, especially, talented managers were exempt. "As we Russians are unlikely to be affected politically, we use the brains of the Nazis as much as possible," a Soviet officer said. The Russians may have taken as much as twenty-five billion dollars in reparations from East Germany; they were more interested in helping themselves than in punishing wickedness. Brigadier General Frank Howley, the American commandant in Berlin, noted in his diary soon after the war ended, "The Russians . . . from the start freely recognized the Germans as liberated, whereas we have considered them a conquered people." Once an East German government was in place, any former Nazi official or Army officer not guilty of a war crime was restored to full citizenship; indeed, many such officials and officers became part of the new Communist élite.

The Americans had more radical ambitions. The official objective of the American program was to eradicate the sources of Nazism in the German character, education, economy, and political structures. According to the De-Nazification Policy Board, which was charged with removing the traces of Nazism in the American Zone, the American mission in Germany was to change "basic German attitudes." Political and economic power had to be shifted "from the ruling groups in German society during the Nazi regime to other groups in whom we may justifiably have greater confidence." In short, the military bureaucrats had as their assignment the making of "a political and social revolution." Orlando Wilson, a professor of criminology at the University of California, was put in charge of de-Nazification, as head of the Military Government's Public Safety Branch. Occasionally, the Americans went at their task overzealously. One intelligence officer, Robert Murphy recalls, operated a former "Nazi torture camp, equipped with devices to extort confessions." The officer was impressed by "how effectively Nazi devices persuaded Nazis to confess their own misdeeds." The usual technique, however, was to invite self-incrimination. In the American and British Zones, every German was ordered to complete a *Fragebogen*—a detailed questionnaire outlining his Nazi past. Since Nazi Party documents were in American hands—they had been rescued from a Munich paper mill just as they were about to be pulped—it was risky to lie. Under American occupation law, anyone making a false statement or refusing to give information to the Allied authorities could face a lengthy sentence. Almost thirteen million completed questionnaires came back to American authorities, and three million six hundred thousand Germans were indicted. Fewer than eight thousand were convicted of major offenses and sentenced to terms in labor camps. Before the Americans turned over the de-Nazification program to the Germans, on June 1, 1946, eighty per cent of the schoolteachers and fifty per cent of the doctors in the American Zone had lost their jobs because of their party membership.



When the administration of the program was turned over to the Germans, they moved slowly in carrying out the process of self-purgation that had been laid upon them—so slowly, in fact, that in November of 1946, in a speech to the Länderrat (the Council of States), General Clay complained, "We are sorely disappointed with the results, and we have yet to find the political will and determination to punish those who deserve to be punished. . . . I do not see how you can demonstrate your ability for self-government or your will for democracy if you are going to evade or shirk the first unpleasant and difficult task that falls upon you."

The injunction placed upon the Germans to punish themselves for what had not long before been a period of glory inevitably produced bizarre results. Erich Teich, a cowherd who was drafted into the police force and transferred to an Army unit that was later incorporated into the Waffen-S.S., received a three-year prison term, had ten per cent of his personal assets confiscated, was barred for five years from any but menial employment, and was forbidden to drive an automobile. Franz Halder, Hitler's army chief of staff, was acquitted by an American tribunal in Munich, while a Munich de-Nazification court declared the S.S. General Karol Baron von Eberstein, former Munich chief of police, to be a "minor offender." In late 1947, forty per cent of the higher civil-service positions and thirty per cent of the ownership of West German private industry were still in the hands of former Nazis. By 1950, sixty-five per cent of the top jobs in the Bremen judicial system were held by former Nazis, and two-thirds of the teachers throughout West Germany had more than trivial Nazi pasts. According to Joseph F. Napoli, the chief of the De-Nazification Division in Bremen, the United States had acquiesced in the "spectacular re-Nazification" of Germany. Writing in 1950, Napoli declared, "De-Nazification is a failure. . . . The program was an impossibility from the very start." Expediency—the need to make Germany selfsufficient and to convert the conquered provinces into an ally—had caused both Americans and Germans to become conveniently forgetful.

Almost forty years after the end of the war, Germans continue to have trouble coming to terms with what is decorously called "the weight of the past." The de-Nazification program clearly failed in its explicit purpose. Many Nazi criminals escaped. As late as 1978, the Minister-President of Baden-Württemberg was forced to resign after it was discovered that as a military judge near the war's end he had condemned a sailor to death for a trivial theft. Nonetheless, some Germans will agree that the American effort did implant a healthy consciousness of guilt, which otherwise might not have developed. No "stab in the back" legend, like the one that arose after the First World War, was invented to help Germans evade responsibility for the war. But many young Germans believe that the American program helped their parents to avoid confronting their own complicity. It was so easy to dismiss the well-meaning, overambitious American experiment in judicial retribution as just another humiliation of defeat.

The occupation authorities were under orders not only to get rid of bad ideas but also to instill good ones. American soldiers were to be missionaries of democracy. This was especially difficult because for the first few months fraternization of any kind was forbidden, and the missionaries set themselves up in compounds surrounded by ten-foot-high barbed-wire fences. The principal compound was the old headquarters building of I. G. Farbenindustrie, in Frankfurt. There, planning for German democracy went on in closed meetings.

The only spontaneous democratic movements in Germany in 1945 were the workers' councils that sprang up in factories where Social Democrats or Communists were in control. For General Clay, they were much too radical, and he banned them until April of 1946, by which time the workers' movement had lost most of its steam. The liberals in the Military Government argued that a strong labor movement was crucial for building democracy. Clay and his conservative economic advisers were not enthusiastic—particularly since the stronger the labor movement grew, the stronger Konrad Adenauer's political opponents would be. But Clay's choices were limited: either a rebirth of a national labor movement under the old Social Democratic leaders who had survived or a risky experiment with a new movement of some sort. Consequently, the Military Government decided to help build German unionism.

Radical, homegrown expressions of democracy were forbidden, but American models of democracy were vigorously promoted. Late in 1948, the Military Government detachment in Baden-Württemberg staged a New England-style town meeting—one of many such meetings held throughout the American Zone. Germans were encouraged to speak out against the local authorities. But when someone did he was fined by the local German government for abusing public officials, and that finished off the program. Newspapers were licensed and were required to stay within the main lines of American policy, but there was no real effort to affect mass culture. Instead, a mass athletic program was chosen as the vehicle for ideological purification. The program was "the best thing we ever did," Brigadier General Howley observed, "to sell young Germany on American ideas of democracy and fair play."

DEINDUSTRIALIZATION was the core of the Carthaginian peace envisioned in JCS 1067. To carry out the promises made at Potsdam—"the elimination or control of all German industry that could be used for military production"—required vast industrial dismantling, for almost any factory could be converted to war production. But in order to pay reparations—another principle agreed upon at Potsdam—Germany had to produce enough surplus goods to compensate its victims, and this was not easy for a country that at the end of the war was bankrupt. Besides these two inherently contradictory objectives, the deindustrialization effort had a third objective: it would regulate the "level of industry" to permit the German people a standard of living of roughly only half what they had enjoyed in 1938. (For example, a limit on steel-production capacity of seven and a half million tons was imposed in 1946. Germany had produced as much as twenty-two million tons before the war.) Finally, the "dangerous concentrations of economic power" would be broken up. Under Hitler, two-thirds of Germany's industrial production had been in the hands of seventy cartels and six banks; fewer than a hundred men had controlled two-thirds of German industry.

By October of 1947, the dismantling program was for the most part finished, although some dismantling continued even after the Federal Republic was established, in 1949. But now workers whose jobs were threatened by the plant closings were engaging in wildcat strikes. Riots broke out in March of 1950 at the former Hermann Göring Steel Works, in the British Zone, and the British High Commissioner had to send in troops to disperse the workers so that their machines could be blown up. Of the original list of fifteen hundred and forty-six industrial plants slated for destruction, only six hundred and eighty-three were actually destroyed, and of these some three hundred and thirty-six were war plants. As everyone eventually came to realize, one consequence of the dismantling program and the wartime bombardment that preceded it was to improve the competitive position of German industry. On the ashes of old factories, the postwar industrialists built modern, efficient plants that put to shame the obsolescent steel mills and run-down factories of their conquerors.

A variety of interests joined forces to derail the watered-down Morgenthau Plan embodied in JCS 1067. Some Americans had warned against a peace of vengeance. According to General Clay, Henry Stimson, the retiring Secretary of War, remarked in July of 1945 that he "could see no purpose in the deliberate destruction of the German economy, because he was convinced that its reconstruction was essential to create an atmosphere in which it might be possible to develop a true spirit of democracy." Others had less ideological reasons for wanting to preserve German industry. In the view of the French, who intended to annex the Saar, there was hardly any reason to cripple Germany's economy; as a French Military Government report for 1947 put it, "The German population has been put to work in the principal centers of production, especially those which are necessary for the recovery of the French economy." The British, who ran the Ruhr, had similar interests. The Morgenthau Plan's original notion of closing down the coal mines seemed absurd when the victors were freezing. Critics reiter-

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Harry Bright (remember, he's our New Zealand Advertising Manager in Wellington) is off again, chasing the Rainbows in the Thames Valley and entering the sheep-shearing competition over in Masterton.

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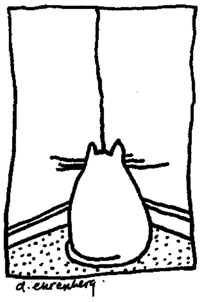
ated what had by then become the classic argument for the abandonment of de-Nazification and decartelization and the promotion of reindustrialization: German industry was being destroyed in the name of reform, and the result was chaos that affected the victors as much as the vanquished. "To keep the German people permanently in chains," Hector McNeil, Under-Secretary in the British Foreign Office, said, "means to keep ourselves permanently in rags." It soon became clear to the Americans that the taxpayer was paying heavily for the wrecking of the German economy. It was costing the United States government about seven hundred million dollars a year to prevent mass starvation, so keeping the Germans from growing their own food or earning the money to buy it made no sense. The architects of the Morgenthau Plan had failed to recognize the dependence of other West European economies—particularly that of the Low Countries—on the German economy. To raise Germany's victims and at the same time to keep Germany down was an impossible task.



Then, too, it had become clear by May of 1946 that the French would not permit Germany to be run as a single economic unit, and influential Americans were having second thoughts about it. George Kennan, who was then the State Department's Soviet specialist, noted early in March of 1946 that the Russians "see in central agencies a possibly indispensable device for entering at an appropriate moment into [the] other three zones and facilitating there accomplishment of Soviet political program." The Russians had pared their demand for reparations from the Western zones to about two and a half billion dollars, but negotiations had stalled on the details. To give the Russians as reparations German assets that the United States would end up having to replace was a beneficence unsuited to the times. In the gathering state of tension with the Russians, the economy of West Germany was an invaluable asset. "If economic unity proves impossible, only those plants in the U.S. Zone which were designed solely for the production of war munitions should be removed," Clay said in a cable to the Pentagon on May 25, 1946. A little over a year later, JCS 1067 was quietly replaced with a directive known as JCS 1779, which was based on the proposition that "an orderly and prosperous Europe requires the economic contribution of a stable and productive Germany."

With the election of the Republican-dominated Eightieth Congress, in 1946, American business interests began to exert increasing influence on American economic policy toward Germany. Leading American companies owned plants in Germany and did not want them dismantled. As the occupation went on, James Stewart Martin, the chief of the Decartelization Branch of the Military Government, charged, in his book "All Honorable Men":

> We saw more than a scattering of plants revived and put into full production, not because their product proved necessary to the orderly development of the economy and the best use of the scarce materials, but because the plants happened to belong to the Singer Sewing Machine Company, the International Harvester Company, the Chicago Pneumatic Tool Company, or General Motors; or because Swedish SKF, or Dutch AKU, or British Unilever, or American Bosch, claimed an interest in the German company; or because an American, Belgian, or British company had had a pre-war arrangement that made it desirable to get military government to reopen a particular line of German production.

Nor did influential business leaders in the United States wish to see decartelization carried very far.

For a variety of New Dealers, left-wingers, reformers, a few isolationist Republicans, and civil libertarians, however, the resurgence of Fascism in Germany was a greater threat to the United States than was Soviet influence over Germany. These people believed that the war had had its origins in the shameful marriage of business and Hitlerism. Keeping peace in Europe, in this view, required extirpating the roots of Fascism, and these were as much economic as they were political. A few of Germany's leading industrialists had made early contributions to Hitler, among them Fritz Thyssen, Germany's largest steel producer; Gustav Krupp, a member of the famous arms cartel and the chairman of the National Association of German Industries; and Carl Bechstein, the piano manufacturer. However, most of Hitler's early support had come from lesser industrialists, and, indeed, some of the most powerful industrialists had tried to stop him on the eve of his accession to power, but they had not been successful. Others reluctantly contributed to the Nazis for fear that Hitler would expose their own corrupt political dealings during the Weimar Republic. Cartel arrangements between American and German companies effectively restricted the American output of critical matériel. Du Pont, I. G. Farbenindustrie, Rohm & Haas of Philadelphia, and Rohm & Haas of Darmstadt had an agreement to restrict the production of plastic sheets essential for the production of bomber noses. Bendix, British Zenith, and Siemens had a patent agreement that made it impossible for the British to expand their production of aircraft carburetors.

At the Nuremberg war-crimes trials, documentation of the complicity of German big business in Nazi atrocities rekindled the zeal of the decartelizers. Joseph Borkin, a lawyer, had been an investigator for the 1934 hearings headed by Senator Gerald P. Nye on the role of munitions-makers such as Sir Basil Zaharoff, the mysterious arms dealer who worked both sides of the fence during the First World War, the Krupps, and other "merchants of death" in promoting the war. Borkin had later served as head of the Patent and Cartel Section of the Justice Department under the trustbuster Thurman Arnold, who was Assistant Attorney General in charge of anti-trust under Roosevelt. While the war against Hitler was on, Borkin developed the strategy for fighting I. G. Farbenindustrie, and he kept at the fight for forty-four years. I. G. Farben, he wrote shortly before his death, in 1979, was his Moby Dick. During the war, I. G. Farben ran a rubber installation and a synthetic-oil plant at Auschwitz. DEGESCH (the German Corporation for Pest Control), which owned the patent for making the gas Zyklon B, was a subsidiary. It was reasonably clear that the managing director of DEGESCH knew what the gas was being used for, since Kurt Gerstein, "chief disinfection officer" of the S.S., had filled him in on the details of "the Final Solution." The DEGESCH profits for 1942, 1943, and 1944 were double those of the preceding years, and were attributable in large measure to the huge orders of Zyklon B.

For James Stewart Martin, "international finance" was a reality, and the primary task of postwar reconstruction was to shrink the octopus and cut off its tentacles. Martin, who, like Borkin, was an anti-trust lawyer and a New Dealer, believed that decartelization required a frontal attack. He and his associates proposed that any German corporation employing more than three thousand people and turning out twenty-five per cent or more of the total production in its industrial sector should be presumed to be an "excessive concentration of economic power" and a prime candidate for being broken up.

The reformers in the Military Government's Decartelization Branch had more in mind than punishment of the German industrialists who helped Hitler. The system of interlocking directorates, control over patents, and secret market agreements, they believed, had produced two wars. The legal structure that had allowed the Krupps to collect more than six million pounds, or about twenty-five million dollars, from the British firm of Vickers—a sum representing royalties for every fuse in every Vickers hand grenade used by the victorious British Army in the First World War—and had allowed American companies to put their German connections ahead of the American national interest had to be changed. The "centrally controlled and planned industrial economy," as Martin called it, needed to be transformed if Fascism and militarism were to be expunged from the German political scene. The reformers saw decartelization as one essential part of the "political and social revolution" called for by the De-Nazification Policy Board—a revolution that included "land reforms, intensive agriculture, the rebalancing of heavy and light industry, political decentralization . . ."

General Clay felt that "the decartelization group was composed of extremists, sincere but determined to break up German industry into small units regardless of their economic sufficiency." As far as Clay was concerned, Martin was a "very liberal" supporter of former Vice-President Henry A. Wallace, the Progressive Party Presidential candidate in 1948. In 1950, when Clay's memoirs were published, giving someone that label was a bit like calling him a Communist. Not long afterward, Elizabeth Bentley, a former United States Communist Party official, agreed with Senator James O. Eastland when she appeared before his Internal Security Subcommittee that the Morgenthau Plan was "a Communist plot to destroy Germany and weaken her to where she could not help us." The

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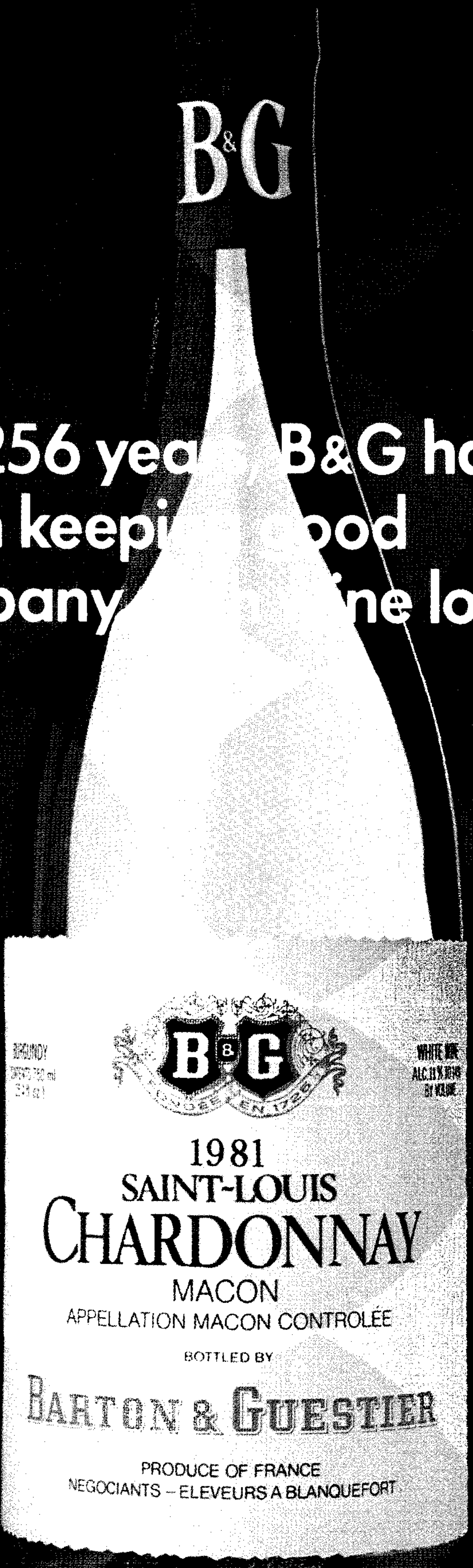

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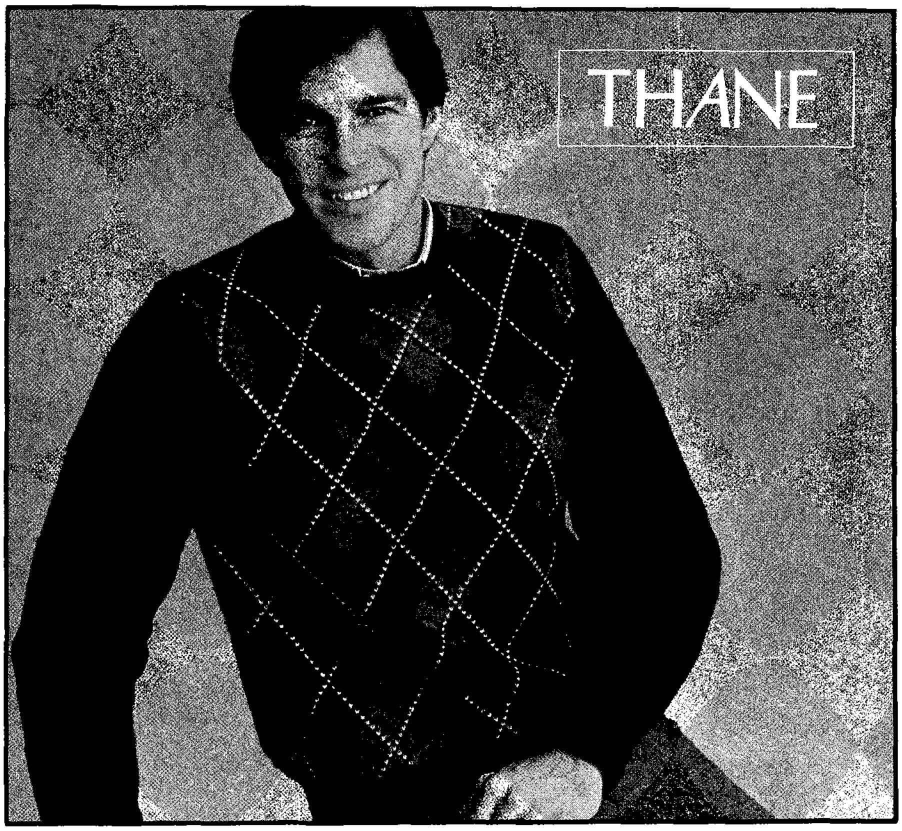

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liberal reformers in Germany had become casualties of McCarthyism.

Clay's principal economic adviser was Brigadier General William H. Draper, Jr., on loan from the prominent investment firm Dillon, Read. To no small extent, some of the German giants were creations of the great New York banking house, which in the mid-twenties had floated a huge bond issue in behalf of Vereinigte Stahlwerke. ("The largest industrial unit in Europe," the Dillon, Read bond prospectus had proclaimed.) Within eighteen months of the collapse of Nazism, Draper was arguing vigorously that de-Nazification and decartelization were hindering German recovery. In the campaign against the trustbusters, Draper had powerful allies. Not the least important was James V. Forrestal, the former president of Dillon, Read, who was then serving as Secretary of the Navy and was soon to become the nation's first Secretary of Defense.

THE most remarkable journey that the Germans of the West made in the early postwar period was the six-year passage from what became known as the Lucky Strike economy to the *Wirtschaftswunder*. A considerable mythology has grown up around this extraordinary phenomenon, and considerable energy has been expended in analyzing what Henry Wallich, a member of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors, who served as an economic adviser in the occupation, has called the "mainsprings of the German revival." Conservatives have celebrated the miraculous German recovery as the triumph of Adam Smith over statism, bureaucracy, and muddleheaded liberalism. German nationalists have attributed it all to a Teutonic addiction to hard work. "We got back on our feet because we worked hard," a chemical manufacturer told a *U.S. News & World Report* interviewer in 1959. And a Ruhr steel industrialist commented, "This was a German miracle." American officials watching the colossal German export machine develop in the nineteen-seventies emphasized the four billion dollars in Marshall Plan aid that had been pumped into the industrial heartland of Europe twenty years before.

At crucial stages, the Americans made moves that resulted in the emergence of the new German economy. For five years, occupation authorities set the framework within which German politicians, industrialists, and consumers were forced to act. Eisenhower's armies had brought with them millions of occupation Reichsmarks printed in the United States. The Russians had, by agreement, been given a set of plates. In the American Zone, the occupation Reichsmark could be redeemed for ten cents, but the Russians in their zone could use theirs only to buy goods; therefore, Russian soldiers would willingly pay their American counterparts five thousand marks printed in Russia for a fifteen-dollar wristwatch from the PX. These G.I.s could, in turn, redeem the Russian Zone marks for American currency. Using the worthless occupation currency, the Russians managed by the summer of 1945 to have the United States Treasury finance Soviet purchases totalling five hundred million dollars; British losses ran to three hundred million dollars. In July of 1945, the Americans and the British announced without warning that Soviet marks—identifiable by a little dash in front of the serial numbers—would no longer be redeemed in the West. This was the beginning of a currency dispute with the Russians—one of the principal issues that in three years led to the Berlin blockade and the irrevocable sundering of Germany.

But the black market in Germany continued to flourish. The Americans stopped paying the troops in marks, substituting scrip that was redeemable only on military posts. The cigarette quickly became the reserve currency. An American soldier could buy a carton of Lucky Strikes for a dollar—Luckies were the favorite brand in war-ravaged Germany—and sell it for a thousand Reichsmarks' worth of merchandise. (The average weekly take-home pay of a semiskilled German worker was then about eighty Reichsmarks.) Cartons of cigarettes became the accepted unit of capital. The publication *Europa-Archiv* was started with ten cartons of cigarettes supplied by the Frankfurt bureau of the *Herald Tribune*. The American Army set up Barter Marts in Frankfurt and Berlin to regulate the black-market activities of the occupation personnel, hiring appraisers to establish a value for the silver, jewels, rugs, and porcelain that German civilians eagerly sought to trade for American cigarettes, tins of coffee, and Christmas delicacies. On June 19, 1948, Lucky Strikes reached an all-time high—twenty-three hundred dollars a carton at the official exchange rate. General Clay was asked by a German

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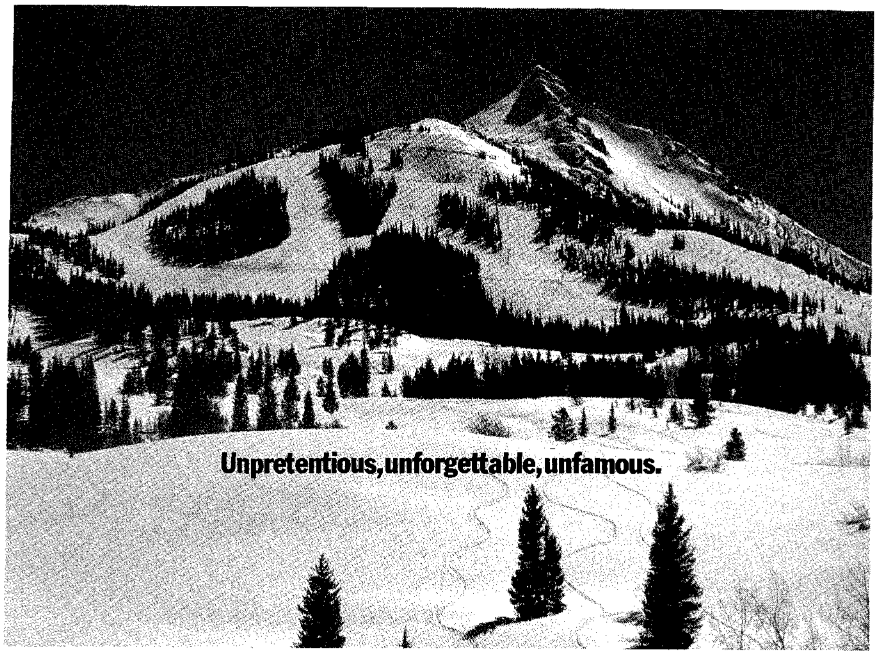

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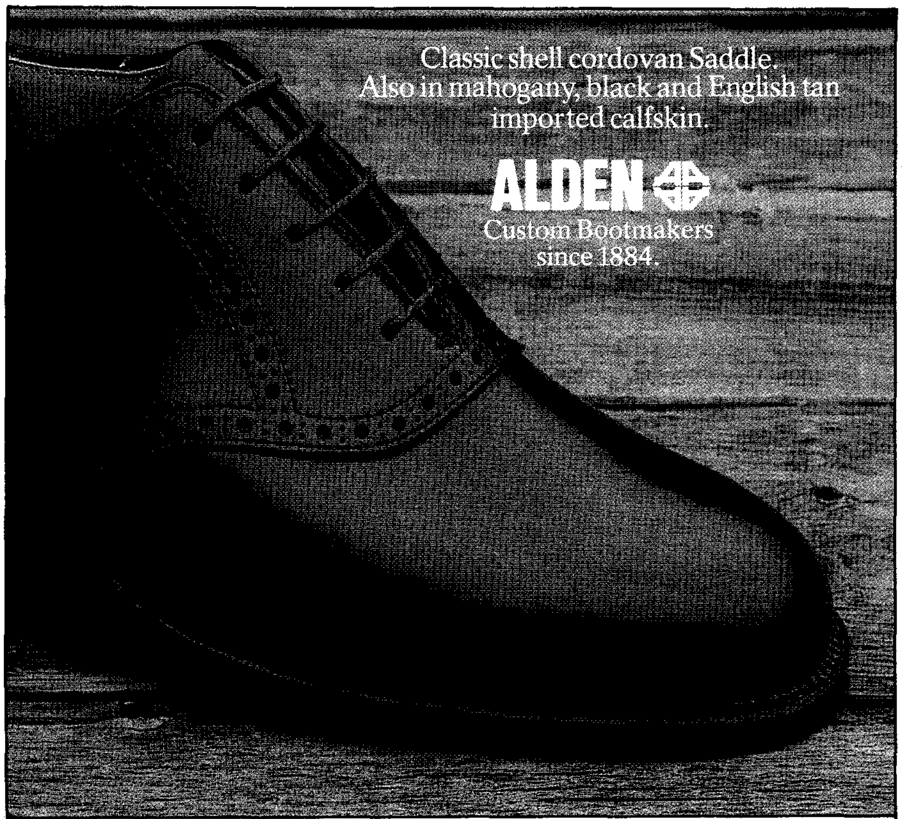
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reporter whether there was any substance to the rumor that the United States was about to stabilize the German economy with a loan of fifty million cartons of Lucky Strikes.

Although in the first two and a half years of the occupation the inflation rate in postwar Germany was half that in the United States, the German economy was plainly stalled, and misery was growing. The stores had so few goods to sell that ration cards for food, clothing, shoes, and household necessities were often not honored. Clay's answer to the deteriorating economy was the introduction of a monetary reform that two Treasury economists and a Detroit banker, Joseph Dodge, had secretly been preparing for two years. It was clear to the authors of the reform that it would mean the permanent partition of Germany, for it consisted of the outlawing of the old Reichsmark and its replacement with an initial shipment of five hundred tons of Deutsche marks printed in Washington—a step that would seal off the Western occupation zones of Germany in a watertight economic compartment. By June 20, 1948, the date on which this maneuver, called Operation Bird Dog, was carried out, four-power talks with the Russians had broken down anyway. As early as May of 1946, the Americans had warned the Russians that unless they modified their demands for reparations and for a share in the control of the industrial Ruhr the United States would choose "the inevitable alternative of treating Western Germany as [an] economic unit and integrating this unit closely with [the] Western European economy." The Russians had made a number of proposals in 1946 and 1947 for renegotiating reparations and instituting four-power political machinery, but in the first two years after the war the United States was much too suspicious of Soviet intentions and too conscious of the political vulnerability to the rising tide of leftism in Europe of the German provinces under its control to even consider serious negotiations with the Russians on the future of Germany. The last meeting of the Allied Control Council took place on March 20, 1948. "I see no sense in continuing this meeting," Marshal Vassily Sokolovsky, the head of the Soviet occupation, said, stalking out of the room. Eleven days later, he issued the first of a series of orders curtailing access to Berlin, which culminated in a total blockade four days after

Operation Bird Dog went into effect.

The British Member of Parliament Aidan Crawley called the currency reform "one of the harshest acts of confiscation imposed on a people by their conquerors." With the stroke of a pen, General Clay had abolished about ninety-three per cent of the paper wealth of the German people. Ten near-worthless Reichsmarks could be exchanged for one Deutsche mark, but there was a limit of forty Deutsche marks per person. Then, two months later, twenty more Deutsche marks could be acquired. In a few weeks, six billion one hundred million Deutsche marks were exchanged, and in the process what had been hundreds of billions of Reichsmarks' worth of stocks, bonds, mortgages, and bank accounts were wiped out.

The reform hit those with small savings the hardest; they were left with virtually nothing. Hoarders of goods, black-marketeers, and holders of real estate did well. (Some entrepreneurs had such an uncanny sense of timing that many Germans suspect that Operation Bird Dog was not a universal secret. A German builder who was in the midst of putting up a Methodist church was paid in dollars one day before the currency reform went into effect.) In the second half of 1948, hoarding was clearly the most profitable enterprise in occupied Germany, netting billions of new Deutsche marks in a few months. For the majority of Germans, and particularly workers, however, the reform amounted to an extravagant dose of austerity—a foretaste of the sort of medicine that would be administered a generation later to Third World governments struggling to make ends meet. The reform was designed to encourage the accumulation of investment capital and to get goods back in the stores. And in these respects it succeeded brilliantly. Henry Wallich, of the Federal Reserve, who helped administer the currency reform, says in "Mainsprings of the German Revival":

> It transformed the German scene from one day to the next. On June 21, 1948, goods reappeared in the stores, money resumed its normal function, black and gray markets reverted to a minor role. . . . The spirit of the country changed overnight. The gray, hungry and dead-looking figures wandering about the streets in their everlasting search for food came to life as, pocketing their 40 D-Mark, they went on a first spending spree.

The currency reform provided the indispensable framework for the re-

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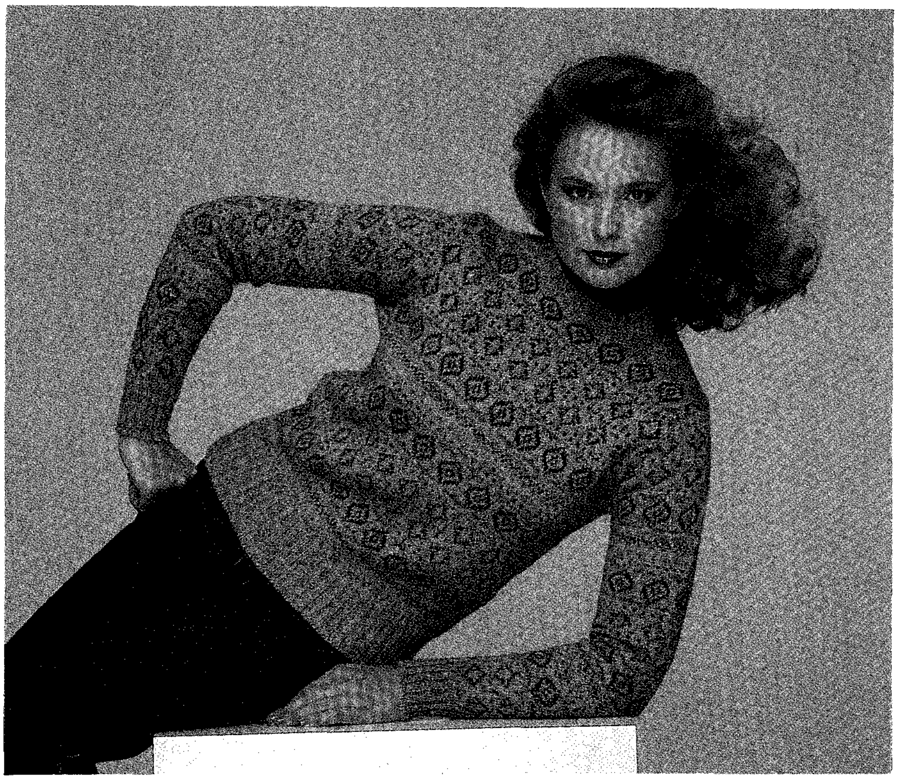
covery of Germany. Confidence in the mark rose; black-market traders on the day of the reform exacted forty-five Deutsche marks for a dollar, but within eight months the exchange rate was stabilized at six to the dollar. Yet the most important function of the American reform was that it built a hospitable climate to test the economic policies of Ludwig Erhard.

A fat and comfortable man, Erhard had a religious faith in the iron laws of the market and a strong inclination to help nature along. At the end of the war, he found himself Economics Minister of Bavaria, for much the same reason that Konrad Adenauer found himself Lord Mayor of Cologne. Having been barred from teaching economics at the University of Frankfurt because he had refused to join a Nazi professional association, Erhard spent the Nazi period doing market research in Nuremberg. His ideological opposition to the Nazis, which commended him to his captors, went beyond conventional distaste for the brutalities of Hitlerism. He was convinced that the bureaucratic regimentation, the centrally administered economy, and the inefficient and burdensome planning associated with the Nazi behemoth led inevitably to totalitarianism. A disciple of the Freiburg school, which was Germany's version of Chicago economics, he was determined to put into practice the free-market theories of the economists Walter Eucken and Wilhelm Röpke. (After Erhard became Economics Minister in Adenauer's government, in 1949, he was known to check his ideas with Röpke, who was the inspiration for most of them. Röpke had emigrated from Germany to Geneva in 1933, and now qualified as a renowned foreign authority.) Erhard had great faith in the 1948 currency reform imposed by the conquerors, because it stimulated the free market. In a speech on the reform, he said:

> Various liberalizing measures have recently been announced in the field of capital and consumer goods. The welcome given to these measures shows that our people are tired of administrative tutelage and set much store by their right of free choice as consumers. If we had taken a single step further in the wrong direction it would have meant a death blow to democracy, the negation of our people's democratic rights. Only when every German can freely choose what work he will do and where, and can freely decide what goods he will consume will our people be able to play an active part in the political life of their country.

All through 1946 and 1947, Erhard



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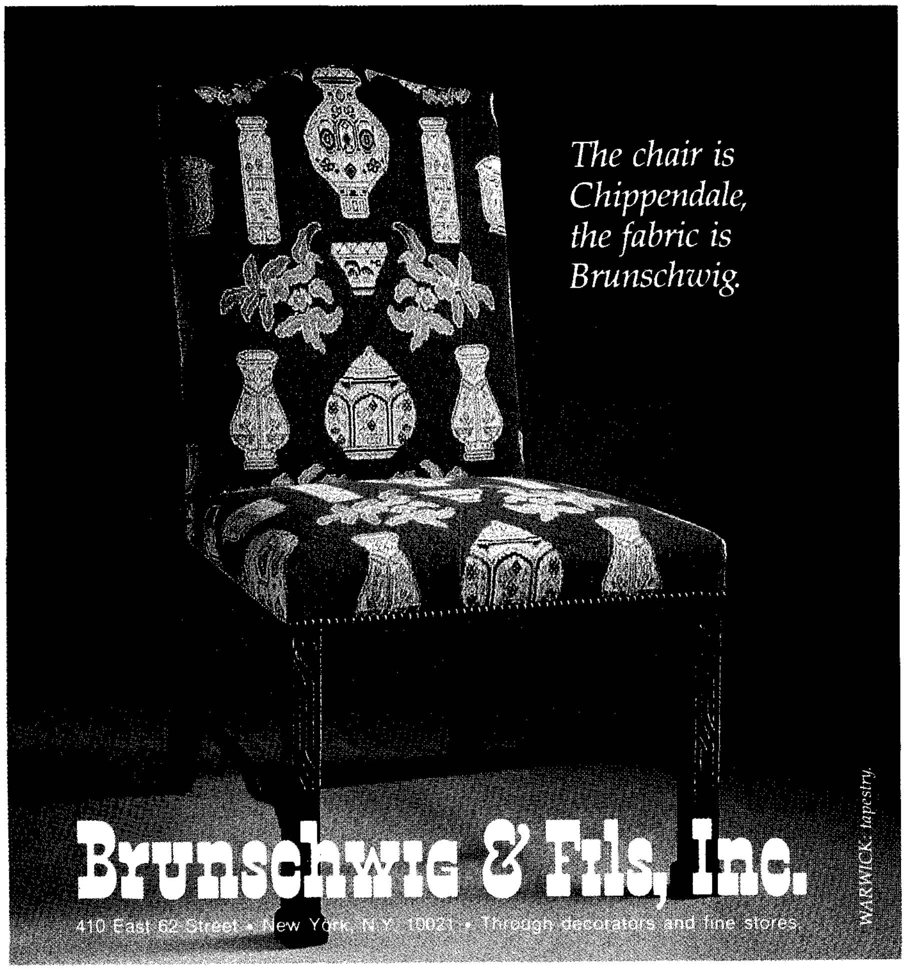
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had pushed his heresies: the answer to the food shortage was to abolish rationing; the cure for inflation was to end wage-and-price controls. The American authorities resisted. Strong free-enterprisers though they were, Clay's advisers from Dillon, Read and Sears, Roebuck and the Detroit Bank were sensitive to the political realities of postwar Europe.

The right-wing parties of prewar Europe had been discredited. From Norway to Italy, the resistance movements had stood for more than the expulsion of the foreign enemy. They had demanded an end to social injustice and the cynical use of the nation by the old rich, who under the Nazi yoke had so often sold out workers and shopkeepers to save a few of their own comforts. Alfred Grosser, professor at the Institut d'études politiques, in Paris, has written:

> Everywhere, in France, Denmark, Italy, Germany, and Belgium, a push toward the Left was taking place. To be "Left" meant to demand social change which would be brought about by having the national community take charge of the economy. To the extent socialism can be defined, the Europe of 1945-46 was certainly right to call itself socialist.

In France, Italy, and Britain, extensive social-security programs were passed. The British Labour Government favored the nationalization of the coal mines of the Ruhr, which General Clay strongly opposed. He called upon his superiors in Washington for a policy statement on socialism. "It seems to me that we must either accept or reject socialization now," Clay cabled Washington, and his own recommendation was not in doubt. The official position in Washington was that if the Germans voted for socialism they could have it. But Clay kept pressing for a commitment to free enterprise, which he saw as a necessary weapon in the growing propaganda war with the Russians and as a sound principle for getting the German economy working again. At the end of the war, even some members of Adenauer's Christian Democratic Party favored the socialization of monopolies and mines, but Clay used his authority to the limit in the fight against leftist tendencies in Germany. In 1946, the voters in the state of Hesse had approved, by a majority of seventy-one per cent, a constitutional provision calling for the socialization of industry. Clay declared this provision inoperative. He opposed a law passed by the Berlin city council which authorized socialism in Berlin. Early

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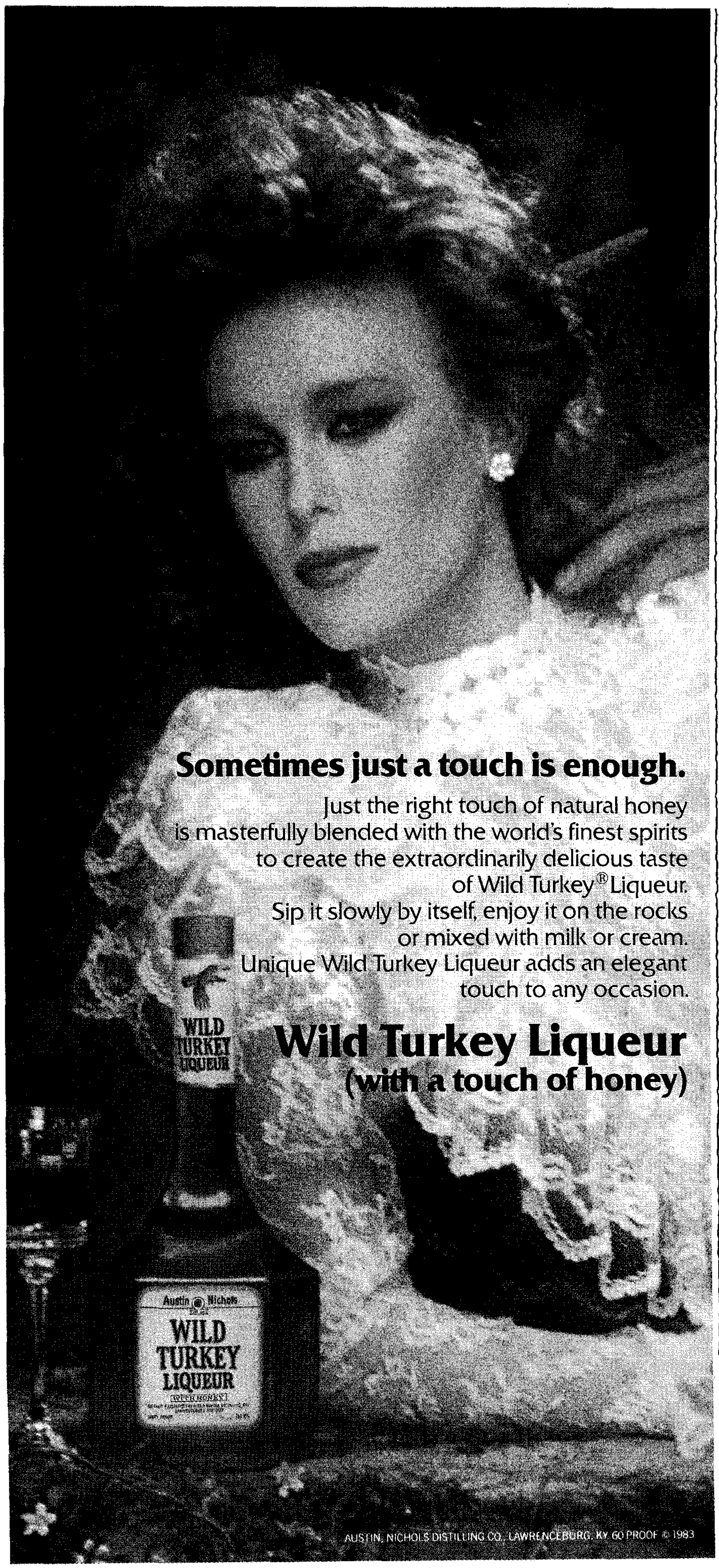

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in 1947, he drastically cut the authority of the Executive Committee for Economics—the German agency charged with the task of bizonal rehabilitation—when a Socialist, Victor Agartz, was elected to head it, and he restored its authority, some months later, when Erhard became its head. The fear of socialism was the principal reason for proceeding with the decartelization program, Clay told his staff in 1946.

In the spring of 1948, more immediate challenges to the American occupation were building. Johannes Semler, a Christian Democrat, who was the Bizonal Executive Director of Economics, openly attacked the Americans and the British at a Party meeting in Bavaria for robbing Germany of foreign exchange by setting the export price of coal and scrap iron lower than the world-market price and by outlawing shipbuilding and other industries on which the German economy was absolutely dependent. He charged the Americans with sending only "chicken feed" when the Germans were starving. If the American taxpayer expected thanks, Semler declared, he should be set straight. Semler was dismissed by General Clay and Sir Brian Robertson, the British military governor.

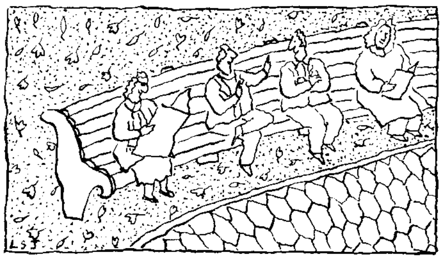
Anger in Germany was mounting. The winter of 1946-47 had been the severest in more than a century. Herbert Hoover, who, at General Clay's request, had gone on an investigative mission for President Truman to dramatize Germany's plight, called on the United States to supplement the hundreds of millions of dollars pouring in from the Treasury. Subsisting on fifteen hundred calories a day if they were lucky, Germans could summon up little gratitude for American generosity.

IN the wake of the terrible winter of 1946-47, there was a noticeable shift of mood in Germany. Eisenhower's troops had rolled into German towns in 1945 expecting to be shot at from behind every house, only to find a puzzlingly submissive population. Now, after billions of dollars spent, thousands of hours of effort devoted to reconstruction, widespread "fraternization" among G.I.s and *Fräuleins*, and even a few friendships, the typical German attitude toward the conqueror seemed to be a curled lip, an outstretched palm, or a reproachful look. For two years, the Americans, having their first postwar experience of trying to figure out a nation for which they had accepted "responsibility," had been baffled by the strange, contradictory psychological crosscurrents flowing through the Rhineland and Bavaria. William Harlan Hale, after serving for five months with the occupation forces, had written for *Harper's* in the issue of January, 1946, that Germany had a "deformed conscience," and he had provided a collection of contradictory and mystifying vignettes: in the last days of the war, a famous panzer general surrenders and asks to broadcast an appeal to the troops to tear "the badge of dishonor" from their tunics, only to replace the swastika with the Iron Cross, "the symbol of the last five wars of Prussian militarism;" the rector of the University of Marburg tells his interrogators that "the rule of an authoritarian regime, which assumed all responsibility, relieved the German people of all blame for whatever took place;" a young man in Erfurt blurts out that he is so ashamed of all the crimes his country committed that he hopes "there will never be a Germany again;" others echo the statement of Joseph Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda expert, saying that "important is not what is right but what wins;" Robert Ley, a high Nazi official, commits suicide and leaves an anguished plea to his countrymen to make restitution to the Jews. The parade of articles dissecting "the German mind," whether written by visiting professors of sociology or newspaper correspondents, all came to the same general conclusion: the Nazi legacy was a generation of shameless, self-pitying, rather mystical people quite capable of making a lot more trouble in the future.

Thus, Erhard's economic policies carried grave risks. At a time when the German people were asking for more, he proposed to give them less. The danger was all the greater because for two years Europe had appeared to be "slithering to the left," in Winston Churchill's phrase. (In 1946 and 1947, the Communist Party had received almost eleven per cent of the vote in local elections in Hesse and fourteen per cent in North Rhine–Westphalia.) Nonetheless, in July of 1948 Erhard was allowed by Clay and Robertson to enact an emergency law that abolished most of the economic controls of the occupation. "Into the wastebasket in one fell swoop," Erhard said, "went hundreds of decrees for regulating economic behavior." The politicians in power in most of Europe were committed to a "full employment" economy at home, and the United States made a milder commitment in the same direction in its own Employment Act of 1946, but, as Sir Andrew Shonfield, the late British economist, pointed out in his study "Modern Capitalism," the idea of government policies to promote employment "hardly figured at all in Germany."

By February of 1950, there were two million two hundred thousand people unemployed in Germany—up from four hundred and fifty thousand at the time of the currency reform. Prices of basic consumer items, such as eggs, shot up in the wake of the reform. On November 12, 1948, there was a one-day general strike in the Ruhr. But the new Economics Minister pressed relentlessly ahead. Erhard reduced tariffs in order to force manufacturers to confront international competition. He persuaded a reluctant General Clay to approve a thoroughly regressive income tax, with large exemptions for industrial investment and specially favored industries such as shipbuilding. Clay asked how he could justify such tax breaks for Germans to the American taxpayer when the profits were being made on Marshall Plan millions, but Erhard's argument that the incentives would raise production carried the day. The tax burden on workers rose, and real wages fell.

By 1950, Erhard's tight-money policy had led to what Clay estimated was an annual flight of capital from Germany of between one and two hundred million dollars. Meanwhile, the Americans outmaneuvered the British, who had planned to nationalize the heavy industry of the Ruhr; over French opposition, the British issued Law 75, which vested authority in twelve German businessmen as trustees under the leadership of Heinrich Dinkelbach, a prominent businessman of the Nazi era. The trustees could become owners if the German people opted for capitalism over socialism. By the onset of the Berlin blockade and the Marshall Plan, that looked like a good prospect.



Despite the inequities involved, Erhard's economic policies succeeded in raising productivity dramatically. The production index in 1946 was thirty-three per cent of the 1936 figure. By 1949, it was ninety per cent. Between 1949 and 1959, industrial production rose one hundred and twenty-six per cent, and in 1951 it exceeded the production for the last few prewar years. By 1952, the new Bundesrepublik, which had come into being in 1949, had a favorable balance of trade, and the legislature of North Rhine–Westphalia was ordering new seats to accommodate the ampler bottoms of its newly well-fed deputies. Payrolls were trimmed. Productivity rose. Absenteeism declined. Germans began to work hard again, in part because overtime pay was largely tax-free. German industrialists were required to turn over three and a half per cent of their profits to a special development bank, and by 1953 the steel industry was financing most of its own development with reinvested profits. Tax-exempt savings deposited in the *Bausparkassen*, which were special banks for home construction, helped finance more than fifty-five per cent of a huge construction program that got under way in 1949. Unemployment began to fall, and by the end of the nineteen-fifties virtually full employment had been achieved. Erhard's *Wirtschaftswunder* became a conservative fable. In 1953, the *Wall Street Journal* said that West Germany's recovery had been made possible by "ignoring the prescriptions of the 'new economics' and by following some very old and quaintly orthodox economic principles," and it went on to explain:

> Instead of trying to manage its inflation it stopped inflation—the country was given a hard currency even though at first this hardness hurt. It eliminated wage and price controls. It progressively returned more and more industry to private management and relaxed its foreign trade and exchange controls. The government got a tight grasp on its budget. . . . It's all rather baffling to the prophets of managed economy. But at least the West Germans don't find it a matter of embarrassment.

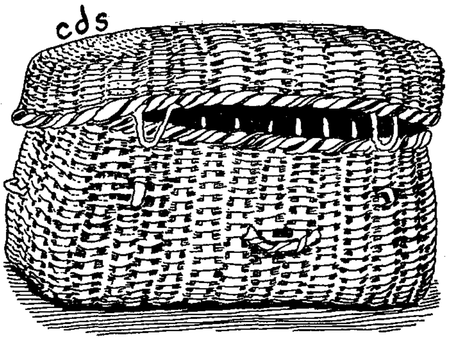
The German economic experience was so extraordinary that economists and politicians of different persuasions drew different lessons from it. Contradicting the conservative fable celebrating hard work and healthy greed as the keys to success, liberals and socialists cited the billions in American aid; the German freedom from the enormous defense expenditures that still weighed down the recovery efforts of the victors; and the Korean War. (Initially, the war scare over Korea, just two years after Erhard's reform got under way, caused a sharp rise in the price of raw materials and a financial crisis, from which Germany was rescued by the European Payments Union—an organization that provided countries with credits for international trade—but thereafter the tremendous market for merchant shipping, steel, and heavy machinery produced a boom.)

Some German economists argued that in a curious way Nazism and the war deserved considerable credit for the *Wirtschaftswunder*. At the most, the Allied bombing destroyed little more than a third of Germany's industrial plant and equipment, and some estimates put the figure at less than fifteen per cent. In important sectors of heavy industry, capacity was actually rising as the war ended. By crushing the labor movement, the Nazis kept wages artificially low for twelve years. This left a legacy of labor discipline and demoralization that carried over into the immediate postwar years. The cheapness of labor, aided in no small degree by the flood of refugees from the East looking for jobs in the industrial cities of the West, helped to account for the spectacular profits on which the rebuilding of the West German economy was based. Luck was also a factor, of course. A mild winter in 1948-49 made it possible to divert hundreds of thousands of tons of coal from home heating to industry. But Erhard's economic moves, contrary to later myth, intervened directly in the economy to help the miracle along. The government took strong interventionist measures to encourage capital formation and to steer investment into specific enterprises, such as the railroads, that were considered critical to the growth of the economy as a whole.

At 6 A.M. on June 24, 1948, the day the new Deutsche marks were to become legal tender in the Western sectors of Berlin, Marshal Sokolovsky, acting on a directive from Stalin, cut off rail traffic to the West, leaving the two and a half million people living in those sectors with enough food to last only thirty-six days. Sokolovsky made it clear to General Clay that "technical difficulties" would continue until plans for a West German government were dropped.

The Berlin blockade was one of those symbolic events that change the world. Stalin's brutal act gave definition to a new nation. The machinery to produce a separate German state had already begun to grind, but now that process seemed irreversible. Overnight, the conquerors became saviors, and a bond was formed. "From then on, no foreign policy was acceptable to the West Germans except on the basis of meriting the Americans' confidence so that they would continue to extend their protection over Berlin and West Germany," Alfred Grosser has written. Within twenty-four hours after the blockade was imposed, a hundred C-47 transport planes had delivered two hundred and fifty tons of supplies to the three airports operated by the Americans, the French, and the British. Before it was lifted, almost a year later, American planes were bringing in up to thirteen thousand tons a day. Although the blockade had its *opéra-bouffe* aspects, to use Clay's description (two days after the blockade began, Marshal Sokolovsky's car was caught speeding in the American sector, and overzealous G.I.s put a gun to his stomach), the United States had shown itself willing to face down the Russians to preserve its position in Germany and, in the process, rescue the conquered population in its charge.

The two dominant political figures in postwar Germany—Konrad Adenauer and Kurt Schumacher—emerged from the war in almost perfect counterpoint to each other. Schumacher, the son of a prosperous businessman in a small Prussian town on the Vistula, some twenty miles from the western border of czarist Russia, was a Protestant by family tradition, an atheist by conviction. A remote figure without a discernible personal life, he was a political gladiator with a gift for the withering insult. To him, Joseph Goebbels was "a dwarf too big for his breeches;" Nazism was an appeal to the "*Schweinehund*" in the ordinary man; and Communism was nothing but Nazism "varnished with red." His forensic style, his energy, and his dedication guaranteed him an impressive array of enemies to the end of his life. By August of 1933, he was in a concentration camp at Heuberg. His personal courage—he would go out of his way to give a forbidden word of encouragement to Jewish prisoners, and he stood up defiantly to old Nazi enemies who came to the camp to taunt him—became a legend in postwar Germany. In Dachau, where he spent eight years, he had time to reflect on the beliefs that had landed him a short train ride from the gas chambers. He was convinced that the big bankers and industrialists had sold out the German workers to Hitler. These "pseudo patriots," who for the sake of profits were willing to confuse Hitler's imperialist dreams with the destiny of the nation, would have to be fought after the collapse. There could be no German labor movement that was not based on the class struggle, but Marxism offered little prescriptive help in formulating a political strategy. Certainly, the Soviet experience was instructive only of what to avoid.



Within months of the war's end in 1945, Schumacher had noted that "the world is very well able to survive without a unified Germany." Both the Western allies and the Soviet Union (for which he reserved his bitterest invective) were actively uninterested in the reunification of Germany, he pointed out. "We cannot regard as a friend of the German people anyone whose political actions deny or hinder German unity," Schumacher declared in one of the first sessions of the Bundestag, in September of 1949. After taunting Adenauer as "the Chancellor of the Allies," he was expelled from the chamber for twenty days.

In the election for the first German parliament, which was held on August 14, 1949, the Christian Democratic Union and the Christian Socialist Union, contrary to general expectations, polled about four hundred thousand more votes combined than the Social Democrats, giving Adenauer's party eight more seats in the Bundestag than the socialists, but not a majority. The balance of power, as has been the case almost ever since, was in the hands of the Free Democratic Party, which was originally a party of small businessmen and professionals of a nineteenth-century liberal stripe. Adenauer, at seventy-three, became the first Bundeskanzler, heading a coalition that was committed to creating a "social market economy." His personal physician, he informed his

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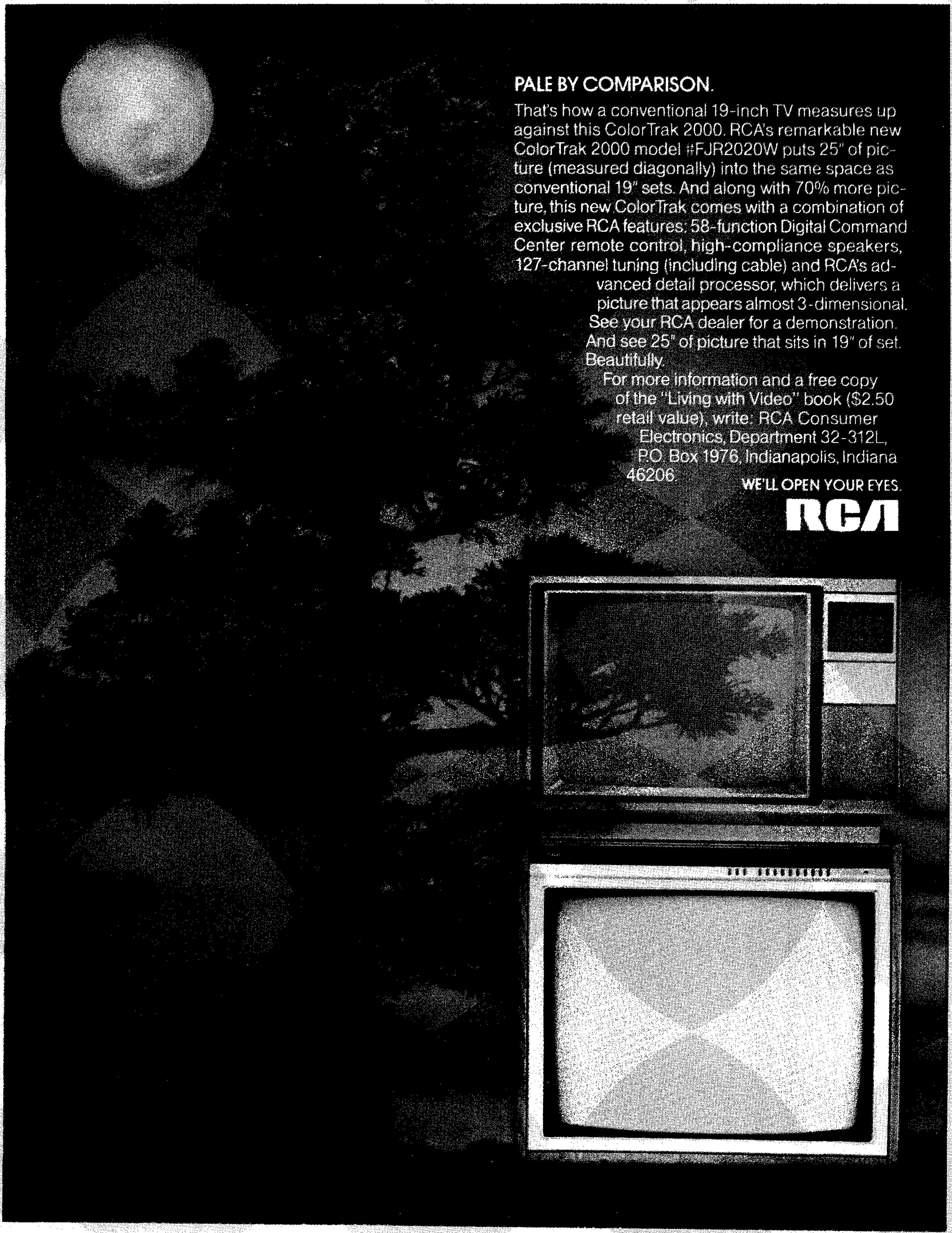

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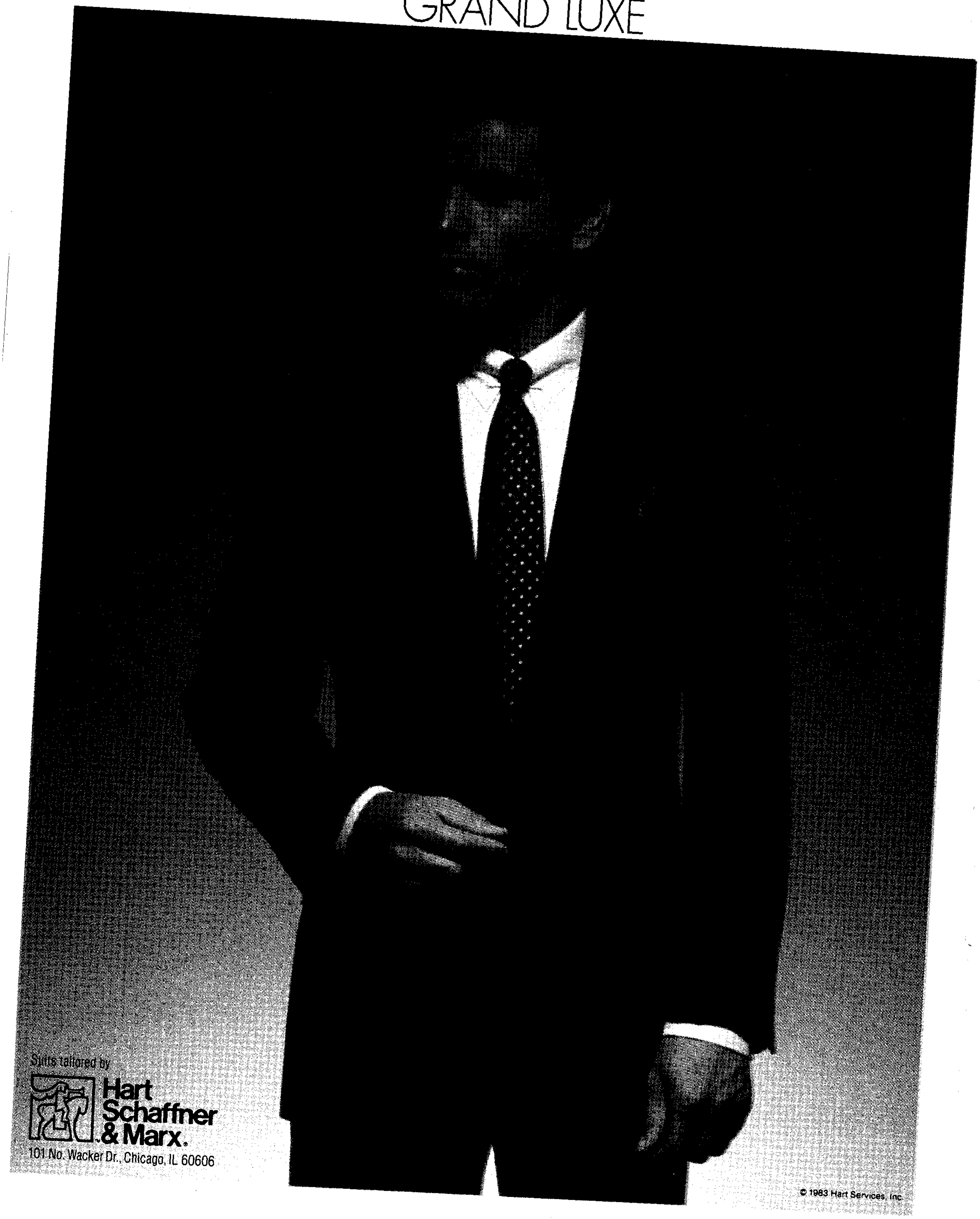

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party's leaders, had told him that he could remain in office for two years. He ended up staying fourteen.

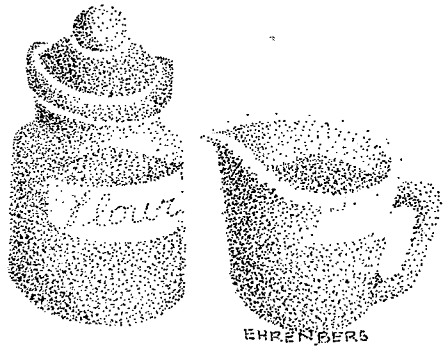
The two founding leaders of the major postwar German parties were both domineering, powerful men, each with enormous energy despite the age of one and the frail health of the other, each determined to have his way because he had earned it. For Adenauer, the paterfamilias of the rose garden, with his high-pitched drone, his piety and hidebound morality, his banker friends, his clerical connections, and his classical economic conservatism, Schumacher, the atheistic Prussian socialist, the loner, the shrieker, the agitator, the strident nationalist, represented the dark side of the German soul. Adenauer read the Nazi era in a completely different way from his antagonist. The essence of Hitlerism was government, he believed. Big business was not in control. The machinery of the state had been captured by men without principles. The solution was to keep the role of the state small and to put men of principle into positions of authority. "Only a great party with its roots in Christian Western thinking and ethics could educate the German people for their resurgence, and build a strong dike against the atheistic dictatorship of communism," Adenauer wrote in his memoirs. That party would be Catholic but, unlike its spiritual ancestor, the Zentrum, not exclusively so.

Nazi planning and socialist planning, according to Adenauer, were indistinguishable. The activist state threatened the liberty of the individual. According to Adenauer, "National Socialism was simply the last logical development—pushed to criminal lengths—of that worship of power and that scorn for the individual which naturally arise from a materialist ideology." The "pernicious growth of materialism" that had infected the German spirit had its roots in Marxism, and the only way to dispel it was to restore the rule of the marketplace. While many members of the Christian Democratic Union in 1945, the year the party was founded, saw no alternative to broad nationalization of heavy industry and mining, Adenauer strongly opposed the managerial state, and he kept postponing a party decision on nationalization. By the nineteen-fifties, in the changed political and economic climate of the Cold War, and in the booming German economy, no one within Adenauer's party was prepared to challenge his orthodoxy.

From the day Adenauer returned to Cologne when the war ended, he was engaged in a two-front war: a battle with the socialists for the allegiance of the German people, and an equally portentous struggle with the conquerors over the identity of the new Germany. With great skill, he parlayed his successes on one front into victories on the other.

Adenauer and Schumacher tried in their political duels to paint each other as a jackal of the conqueror, but Adenauer, who by 1947 had in fact attracted the favorable attention of influential Americans, including John Foster Dulles, the Republican Party's leading foreign-policy spokesman, and was receiving direct support from Clay, used the tactic more successfully. Once the Western allies had agreed to set up a separate German state, Adenauer's political fortunes rose dramatically. If a united Germany, embracing the traditional Protestant Social Democratic strongholds of the East, had emerged in the late nineteen-forties, it would have almost certainly been socialist. An aging conservative Catholic Rhinelander could have hoped for little more than a parliamentary platform from which to attack the evils of collectivism.

The close election of 1949 was probably won on economic issues. The inevitability of the class struggle, the dangers of clericalism, and the advantages of public ownership, which were the essence of Social Democratic ideology in 1949, were no match for Adenauer's *Magenpolitik*—his promise to fill German stomachs once Erhard's bitter pills had done their job. Moreover, Adenauer was increasingly viewed as the American candidate and Schumacher as the British candidate. One German reader of the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune* observed in a letter to the paper, "If a man has to have a master, it is better to have a rich one than a poor one." But politics, not economics, was Adenauer's passion, and the task of transforming the Americans and the British from conquerors into benefactors and allies now absorbed him. A few months after the Basic Law and the new Occupation Statute, which outlined the powers that were to be reserved by the Western occupying authorities, went into effect, the military governors were replaced by civilian high commissioners. Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, a professional diplomat and a Catholic, appreciated Adenauer's mordant style. Not a jolly man, Adenauer became deft at inflicting the gentlemanly jabs of boardroom wit. "He relished his brushes with the High Commission," Kirkpatrick recalls, "and he told me more than once that he had enjoyed our long and dreary sessions over the Bonn treaties." Impassive for the most part but given to flashes of calculated anger ("That is what keeps me young," he told the British diplomat), he was "a redoubtable but charming adversary," Kirkpatrick wrote in "The Inner Circle." Still, Kirkpatrick's superiors in the Foreign Ministry were hardly pleased with Adenauer's Election Eve remark that "it is no longer France which is the enemy, it is Britain which is the real enemy now."



With John J. McCloy, the American High Commissioner, the battle of wits took on a different character. McCloy was strongly sympathetic to Adenauer's pleas to end the dismantling program, which he considered contrary to American interests, and by late 1949 even the anti-German British Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin was convinced that the exigencies of the Cold War required an end to the conflicting policy of building Germany up and tearing it down at the same time. For three weeks, the high commissioners bargained with the new chancellor over an agreement to end the dismantling program, relax restrictions on German industry in general, permit the reëstablishment of the shipbuilding industry, and authorize commercial and consular relations, offering all these concessions in return for two commitments that Adenauer was most eager to make: Germany had to join the Council of Europe and certain other international bodies, and, as Adenauer put it to the Bundestag, was required to maintain the demilitarization of federal territory and to "endeavor to prevent the re-creation of armed forces of any kind." Adenauer had excellent American contacts—principally with well-connected Republicans who followed German policy closely, but also with

Reinhard Gehlen's intelligence organization, which was already at work designing the new *Bundeswehr*, and he knew pretty much what the Western allies' terms were. As Charles Wighton, a British official in Germany at the time, has put it, Adenauer resorted to "inverse blackmail." He was a "weak chancellor" who needed something easy to sell the Bundestag, Adenauer told the high commissioners. Then, in the newspapers of the Christian Democratic Union, he launched a strident campaign demanding, in the words of Wighton, "precisely those Allied concessions which, he was tolerably certain from the hints of his American friends, were to be granted within the next few weeks." With the agreement in hand, he announced in triumph that his persistence had netted "ninety per cent of his demands." The French High Commissioner André François-Poncet mused, "It's always a difficult business making gifts to the Germans, and a thankless task at that."

The Chancellor understood that one commitment in the 1949 Petersberg Agreement—the pledge not to rearm—gave him enormous leverage with the Western allies. Already, in 1949, high officials in the Pentagon were of the view that European defense required a major German contribution. Over the next five years, Adenauer skillfully traded German soldiers, who after the outbreak of the Korean War were at a premium, for the restoration of sovereignty and the creation of a powerful new national identity for West Germany. About three weeks after a visit by Dean Acheson, Truman's Secretary of State, in November of 1949, during which the Secretary hinted gently that a future defense contribution from Germany might be expected, the Chancellor told the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* that there would be no "German mercenaries" serving in foreign armies but that he would consider recruiting German units for service in a European integrated army. In the aftermath of the Berlin blockade and the Czechoslovak coup, Europe had fallen into what Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick described as a "state of near-panic," with a French minister predicting that the Russians would be in Paris by the summer; and Adenauer was well aware that under these circumstances German troops—"bloodthirsty sheep," the chief of the British Imperial General Staff had called them—could serve as impressive bargaining chips in the negotiations to decide Germany's future.

In the closing weeks of 1949 and on into the spring of 1950, the Bundeskanzler let slip one tantalizing remark after another. In his own mind, the troop question had been resolved. He recalled in his memoirs, "Rearmament might be the way to gaining full sovereignty for the Federal Republic. This made it the essential question of our political future." A German Army was the key to equality with the victors, and the glue with which to attach half of the old Reich to Western Europe—a unity more to be prized than *Wiedervereinigung*, or reunion with the East, and certainly one that came with a lower price tag. Not least important, German troops in place would insure a permanent American force in Europe as protection against the Russians.

But there was considerable domestic opposition to German rearmament. Barely four years after the collapse, the widows, the legless veterans, the prospective conscripts, the Evangelical churches that shared with the Social Democrats the fear that rearmament would doom reunification, and intellectuals with an eye for the madness of the old *Militarismus* and the skill to parody it unmercifully together constituted a formidable antimilitary bloc.

By early 1950, the Americans knew what they wanted—a European Army that included additional American divisions and a German contribution and that would be under the command of General Eisenhower. The British resisted, but the Korean War accelerated the rearmament process. If Stalin could authorize Communist forces to cross a clear demarcation line in a divided nation of the East, why not in a divided nation of the West? Even though American intelligence agencies quickly concluded that there would be no attack from East Germany, as soon as North Korean troops poured across the Thirty-eighth Parallel in the dawn of June 25, 1950, the mood shifted dramatically on the other side of the world. Adenauer ordered Hans Speidel, a former general who had been General Erwin Rommel's deputy in the Afrika Korps, to produce a memorandum on what it would take to provide security for the new German state. The answer, delivered in mid-August, was fifteen German divisions, with a tactical air force and a small navy. Three days later, Adenauer told the high commissioners that he wanted a volunteer army of a hundred and fifty thousand men. By the end of August, he was proposing a major German military contribution to a European Army in return for the restoration of sovereignty, an end to the occupation, and the establishment of normal diplomatic relations with the conquerors. Even to be discussing such matters as a future alliance on this unequal footing was "grotesque," according to Adenauer. By October, the Pleven Plan (which took its name from René Pleven, the French Premier) was ready. A European army would be created, somewhat on the model of the Foreign Legion. Company-strength contingents of German troops would be scattered through a polyglot army, rubbing shoulders with French, Greeks, Americans, Turks, Belgians, or whatever nationalities could be induced to join.

The Pleven Plan, which became the basis of future proposals for the European Defense Community, was an appealing political metaphor for leaders who wanted German troops but feared Germany. Yet it was a nightmare for the generals who would be asked to put it into effect. To make matters worse both for the generals and for the political leaders, there was now increasingly widespread pacifist and neutralist sentiment among the Germans. "*Ohne mich*"—"Without me"—was the slogan of the gathering movement, presaging the anti-Vietnam War rhetoric of the nineteen-sixties. Moral passion against war, the effects of which were still all around, was reinforced by the instinct for personal survival in a world gone mad. To prepare for another war while you were still cleaning up from the last one! One of Adenauer's ministers, Gustav Heinemann, who later became President of the Federal Republic, suddenly resigned. God had "twice dashed the weapons from the hands of the Germans," he said, and his people would do well to get the point. Heinemann immediately formed the All German People's Party, dedicated to neutralism and to continued German disarmament.

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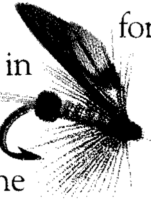

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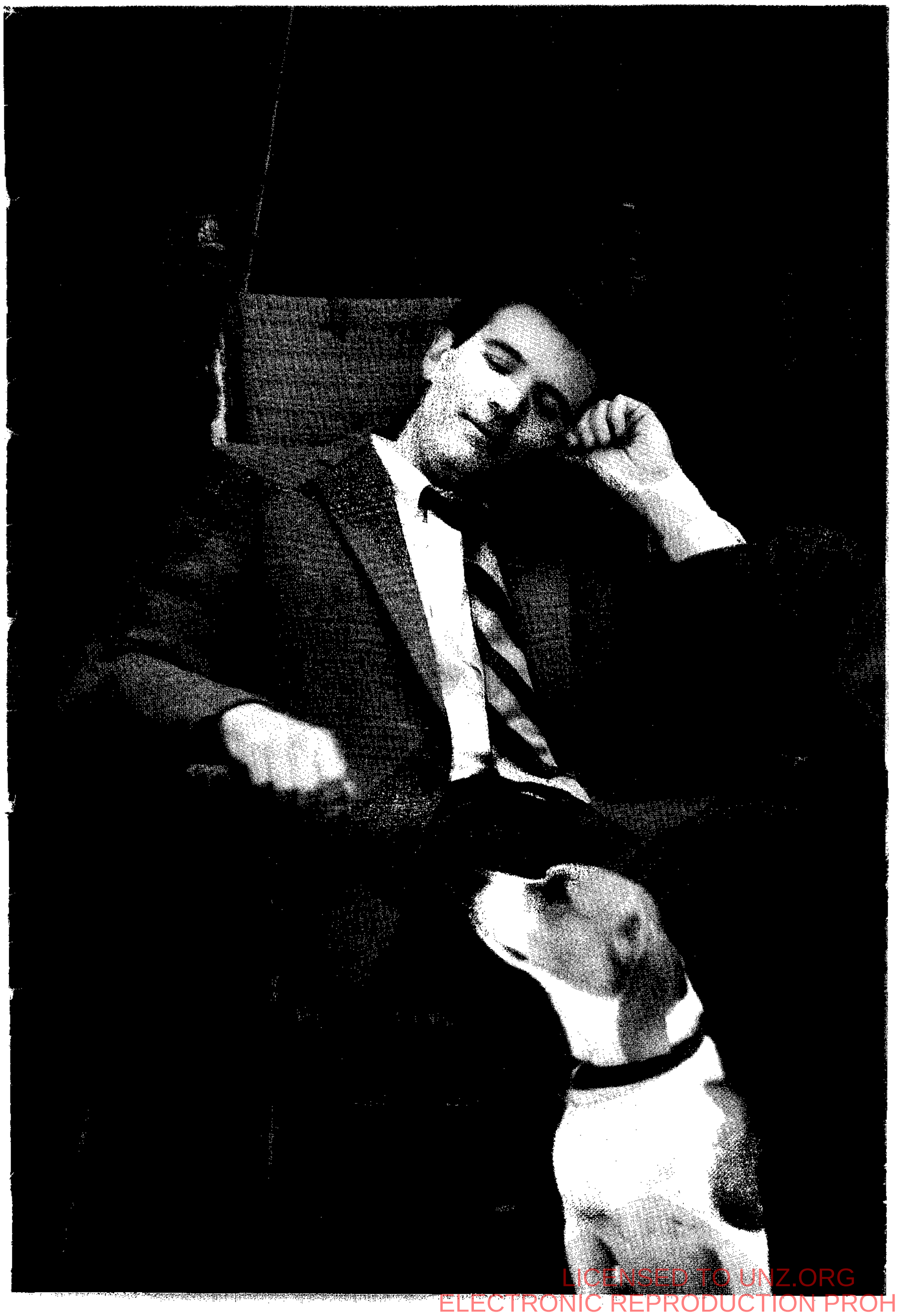

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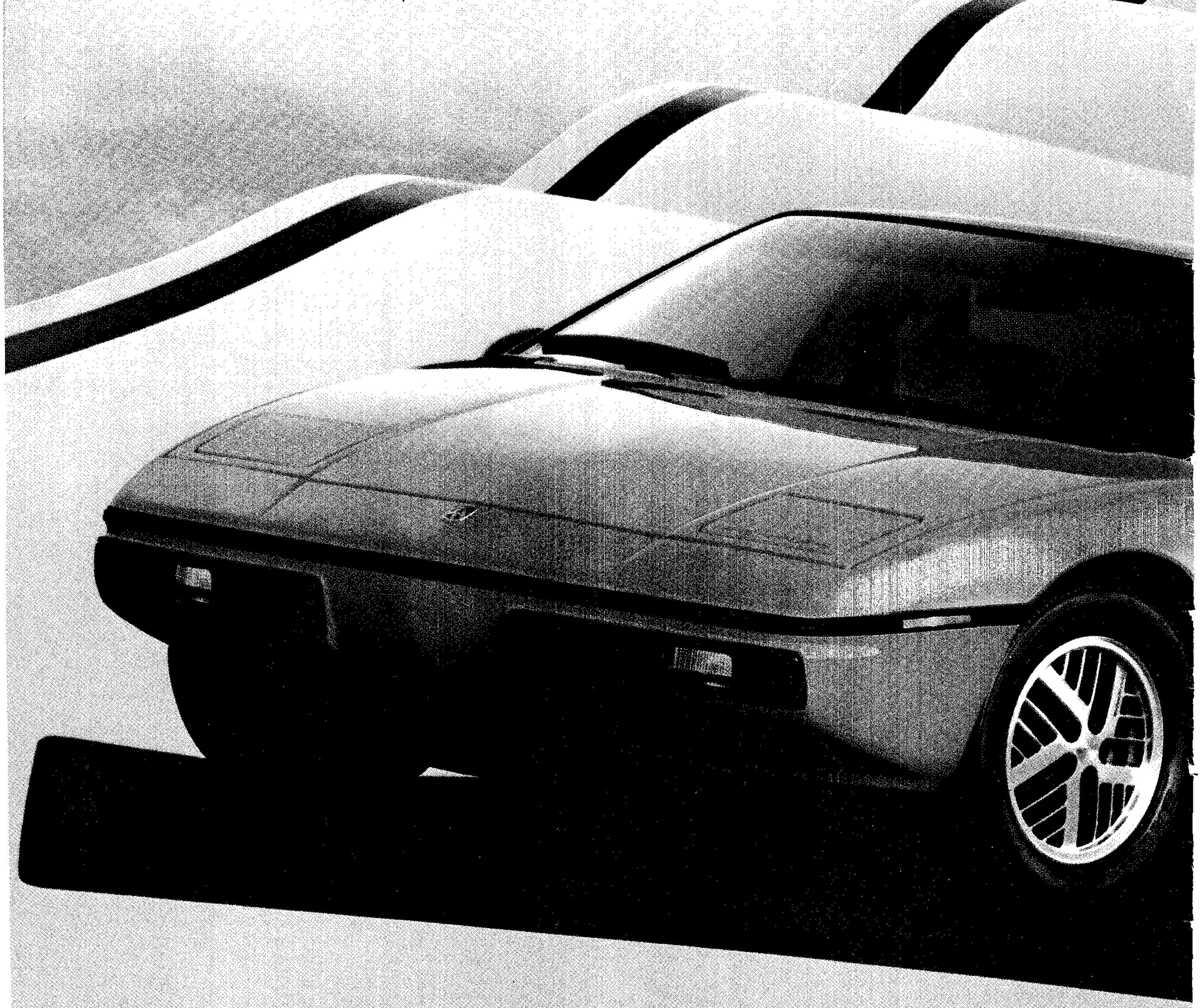

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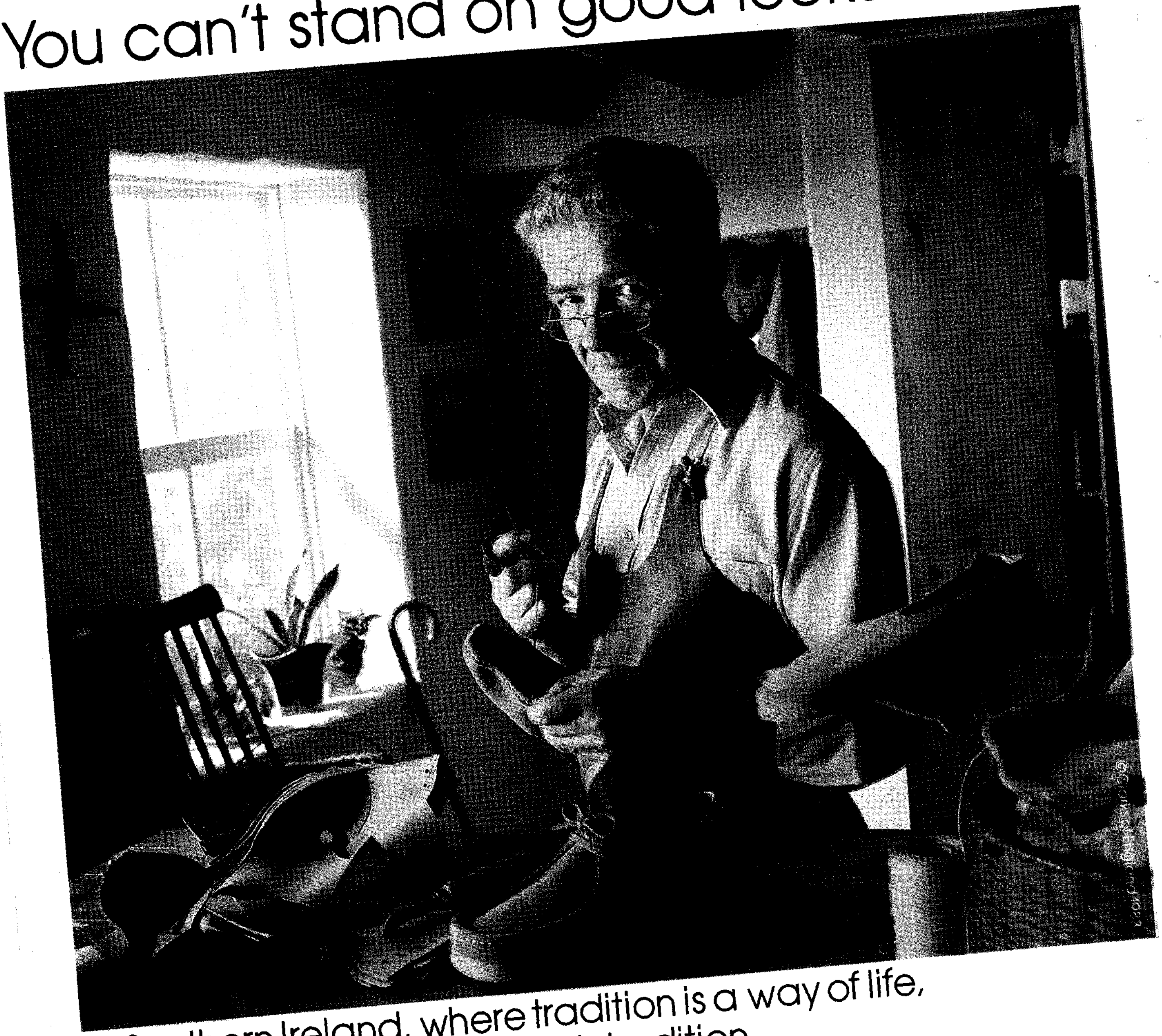

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mer of 1951 that a European army was the only context in which the French would accept German troops. John McCloy sold the plan at the Pentagon and the State Department and went back to Germany to see Adenauer. The Chancellor, aware of how much Washington now wanted the troops, raised his price: twelve divisions, a conscript army of two hundred and fifty thousand men, a coastal navy, an air force of two thousand aircraft, and a revived German general staff under a civilian minister—himself. The French, as was to be expected, were horrified. Adenauer counted on American power and commitment to make his plan for German revival work. Earlier, he had given McCloy a memo—sending a copy to his friend Allen Dulles, who was the brother of John Foster Dulles and was about to leave his law practice to go to work for the Central Intelligence Agency—in which he played on the Soviet threat and the American fear of Communism. Germany, unlike France or Italy, "is today still free from Communist infection," and is thus the most reliable long-term ally for the United States in Europe, Adenauer said.

In negotiating the complex set of agreements to end the occupation, to put West Germany on an equal footing with the other nations of Western Europe, and to rearm it, Adenauer was usually pushing against an open door. In just one of the two agreements concluded between West Germany and the Allied powers—the Bonn Contractual Agreement—McCloy made the last of a hundred and twenty-two major Allied concessions to Konrad Adenauer. A pun began to circulate: "Adenauer is the real McCloy." No doubt McCloy's personal respect, and even affection, for Adenauer had grown. (Years later, when McCloy was President John F. Kennedy's disarmament adviser, a word from "the Chancellor" was enough to kill any new idea on arms control.) But the rearmament of Germany and its reintegration into Western Europe now constituted a cornerstone of American global strategy—a grand design that squared neatly with ideas Adenauer had been thinking about since the nineteen-twenties. McCloy himself had been deeply ambivalent about German rearmament. On June 28, 1950, three days after the Korean attack, he wrote a letter to Henry Stimson, his old boss at the War Department, expressing nagging doubts about whether German democracy was strong enough to contain a resurgent German military, particularly since there was much neutralist sentiment in the country and an amoral business community eager to trade with the Communist bloc. The same contradictory fears of a Germany at once too belligerent and too accommodating to the Russians surfaced again and again in the next thirty years, along with their counterpart—a German view of an America that was provocative yet indecisive, belligerent yet unreliable.

On May 26, 1952, the Bonn Contractual Agreement was signed. The following day, in Paris, the European Defense Community Treaty was also signed. The occupation would end when Germany joined the European army. That never happened, because in the end the French rejected the European Defense Community. But by the spring of 1952, in any event, the momentum of German revival was unstoppable.

ONCE Stalin had decided to build up East Germany as a permanent part of the Communist bloc, the natural alliance for keeping Germany weak fell apart. The splitting of Europe at the Elbe with the onset of the Cold War doomed the idea of Europe's becoming "a third force," yet as late as 1947 that idea was very much alive, embraced by many European conservatives as well as leftists. (Indeed, as late as 1950 the great scholastic philosopher Etienne Gilson wrote a series of passionate articles in *Le Monde* advocating neutralism. To underscore his point, he resigned his chair at the Collège de France and left for Canada, determined, as he put it, not to face another war and another occupation.) Even many of those who believed that being a good European meant being tied to the United States preferred to tie the Continental states to one another before forging transatlantic bonds. Weak nations by themselves were destined to be American satellites; only Europe could be a partner.

Yet it was extremely difficult for the European countries to follow such a strategy, so dependent was each on the United States. The daily bread ration in France in 1947 was two hundred grams per person, and the United States was the key to providing even that. The bread-and-dough ration for Italy was cut, and James Clement Dunn, the American Ambassador in Rome, was instructed in late 1947 to discuss with Prime Minister Alcide de

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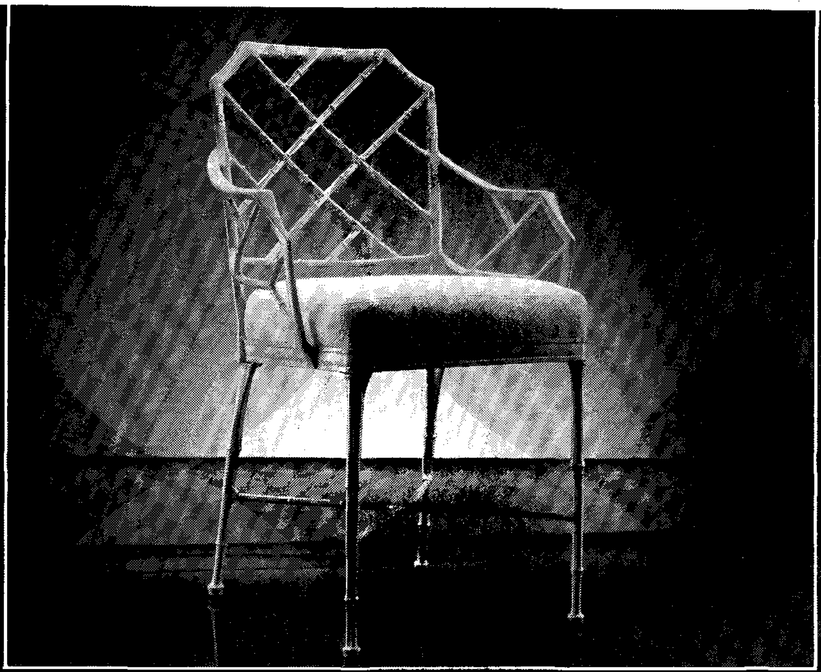
Gasperi ways to "minimize repercussions and avoid if possible furnishing issue of high propaganda and political value for extreme left" as a result of the increasing suffering. On January 20, 1947, the government of Prime Minister Clement Attlee issued a startling white paper on the state of Britain; an American loan of three billion seven hundred and fifty million dollars was running out; the economic situation was "extremely serious;" the coal shortage was "calamitous." Following the brutal blizzards of February, more than half of British industry came to a complete standstill. "The biggest crash since the fall of Constantinople—the collapse of the heart of the Empire—impends," the New York *Times* intoned. "It has projected before our imagination the picture of a world without Britain."

The new relationship between America and Europe that evolved in the postwar years grew out of a compromise between the liberal vision of a world economic order and what one senior American military officer in 1945 called "the gospel of national security." The traditional isolationism and complacency of American foreign policy had been stood on its head. In the past, as Walter Lippmann had pointed out in the midst of the war, the "unearned security" that accrued from having two huge oceans between the new world and the quarrelling nations of the old had "diverted our attention from the idea of national security." But now it was not only those foreign threats which constituted a present danger that could imperil American security; the ambitions, even the capacities, of unfriendly countries were enough to demand a response. It could not be assumed, therefore, that the war against Hitler would be the last war, any more than the war that preceded it had proved to be. Another dictator could arise to challenge civilization, and now only the United States had the power to organize the response. If the United Nations did not work, Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal warned in early 1946, "we face a world in which we must maintain such overwhelming military power as to make it abundantly clear that future aggressors will eventually suffer the ruinous fate of Germany."

By the end of the war, a new consensus on national security embraced a broad spectrum of American leadership. In January of 1945, Senator Arthur Vandenberg, who had been an arch-isolationist in prewar days, deliv-



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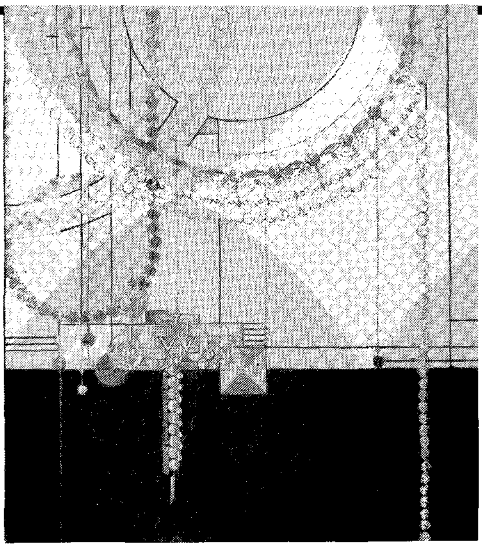

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(Pictured) Frank Lloyd Wright, February, The Jeweler's Window, signed with initials and inscribed as titled-multi-colored pencils, 24 x 14¼ in. (sheet), 11¾ x 13 in. (image). To be sold on October 19, 1983.

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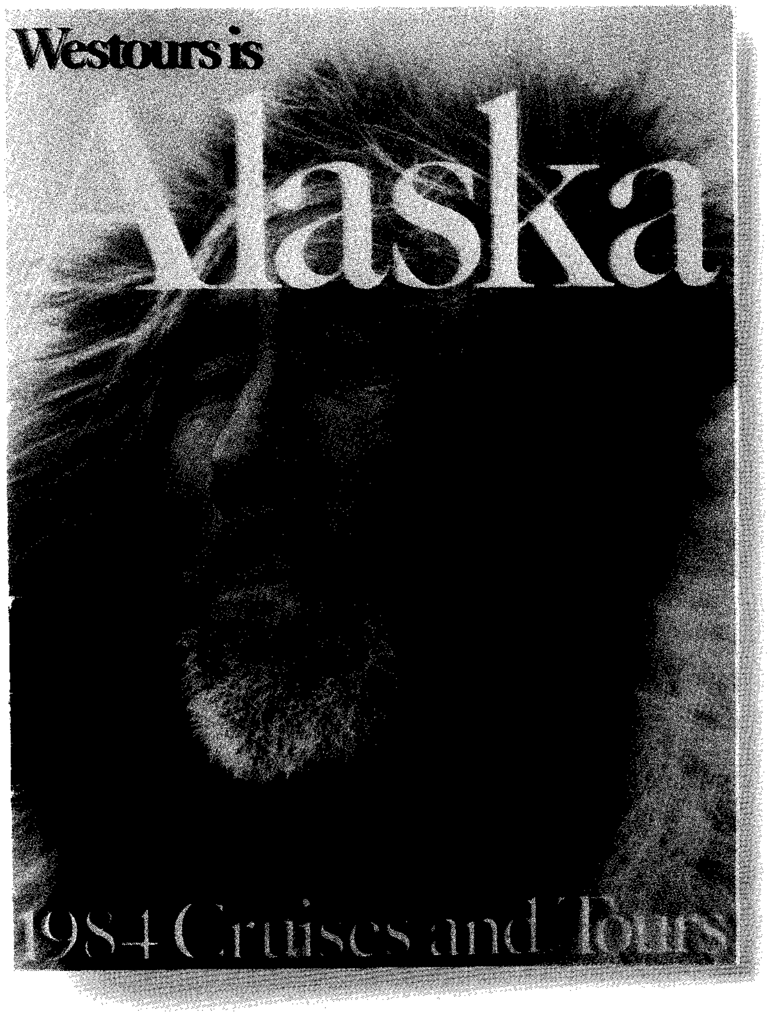

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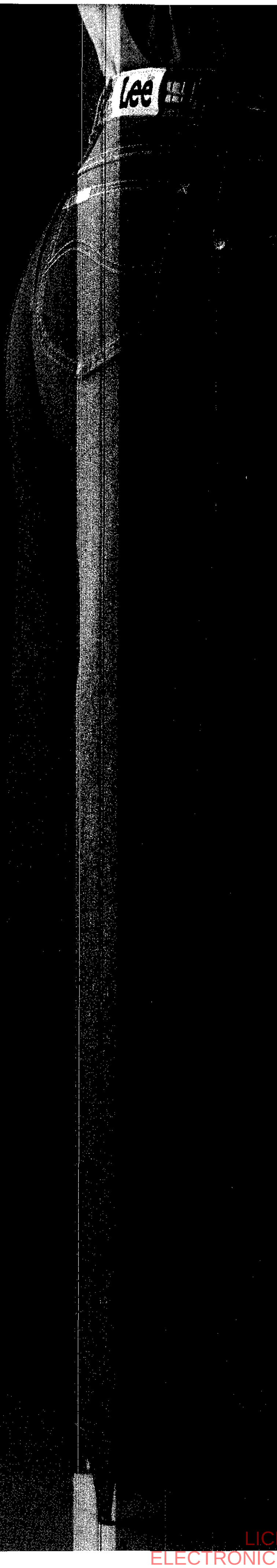

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ered a speech on the floor of the Senate calling for an end to isolationism. The speech had been drafted by James Reston and Walter Lippmann, who persuaded the Senator that no one could look Presidential in 1948—the "vain and pompous" Senator, Lippmann knew, was already feeling Presidential in 1945—who failed to embrace the new internationalism. Reston hailed the speech as "wise" and "statesmanlike." Lippmann, not surprisingly, had good things to say about it, too. The Senator, suddenly a celebrity, looked "just like a pouter pigeon all blown up with delight at his new role in the world," Lippmann wrote.

So by the end of the war one thing was clear: the United States would be involved in one sort of entangling alliance or another. For Lippmann, logic demanded that it be an alliance of the victors—the United States, Britain, and Russia. "The failure to form an alliance of the victors will mean the formation of alliances between the vanquished and some of the victors," he wrote, with considerable prescience, in 1943. The story of the Cold War—itself a Lippmann phrase—is the tale of the substitution of one alliance for another.

It was exhilarating for planners in Washington to believe that they were "present at the creation"—as Secretary of State Dean Acheson later put it—of a new Atlantic Community, but the dreams had to be translated into policy country by country. The American planners, working in secret, had agreed that American aid would be sent to the Continent only if there was, as William Clayton, Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, put it, "a European plan which the principal European nations . . . should work out." There were at least three large ideas behind the Marshall Plan. The most immediate was to provide relief. Without some major stimulus, the capitalist economies of Europe would continue to stagnate, and the threat of Communist insurrection would grow. There was a remote possibility that such unrest might attract an army of "liberation." The American General Lyman Lemnitzer observed, "The Russians need only a good pair of shoes to reach Brest." The second idea was to solve the problem of the "dollar gap." Even before the war ended, economic planners in Washington had warned that postwar prosperity depended upon a major increase in exports; huge sales of Ameri-

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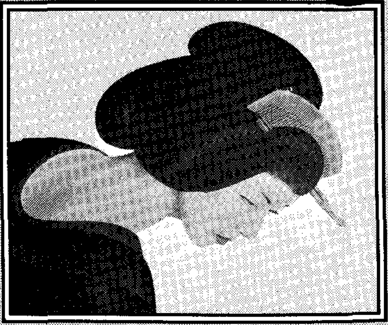

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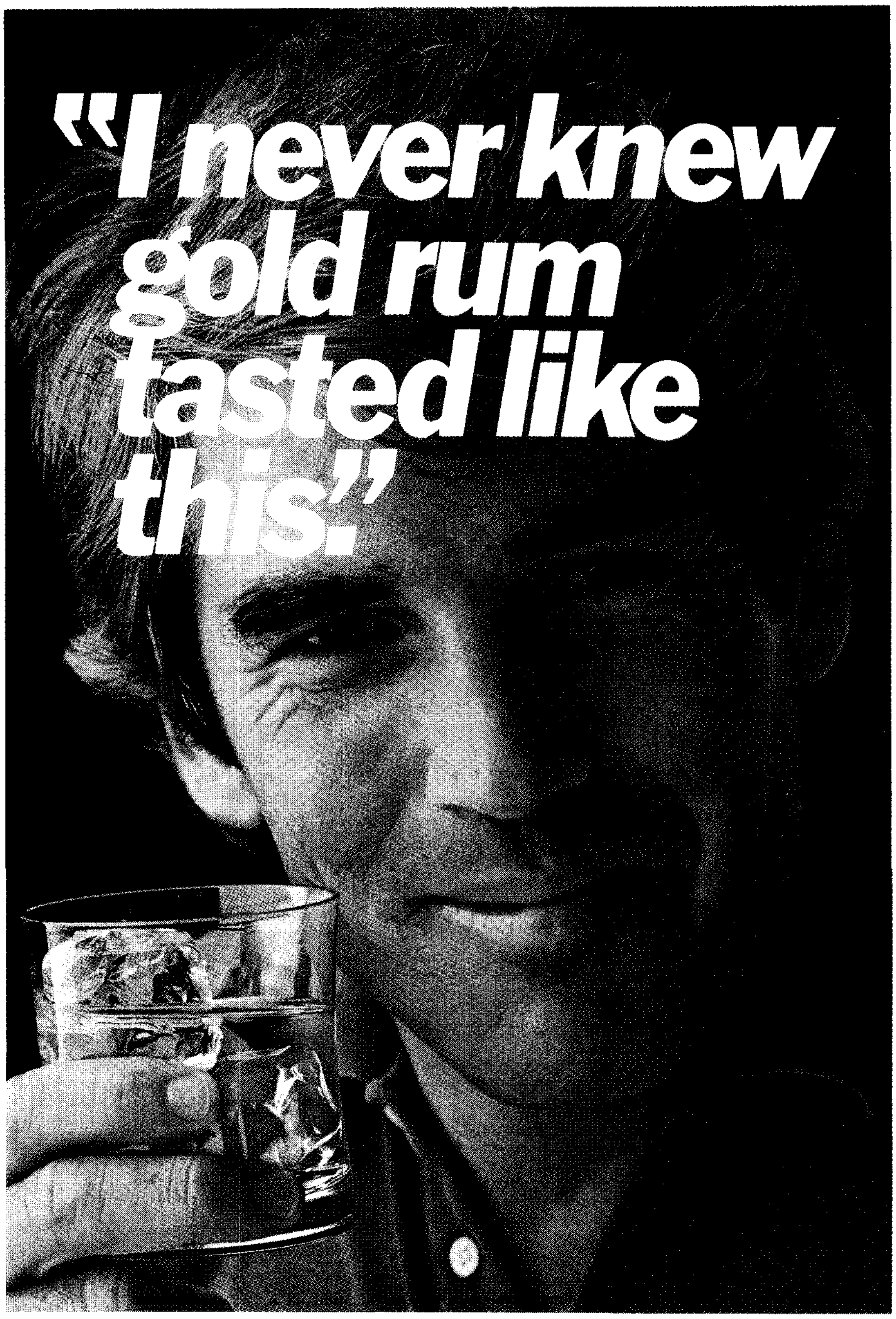
can goods abroad were believed to be the key to avoiding another bout of crippling unemployment. Europe was the obvious market, but it could not buy from the United States unless it could also make goods and sell them to Americans. In 1948, American production was up seventy per cent over 1929, but imports from a war-ravaged world were up only five per cent. Large grants to Europe would finance American exports in the short run and, over the long run, would revive production in Europe. The third idea was as ideological as the others were practical: money from America could be the instrument for producing European unity.

Why should Americans be interested in promoting the unity of Europe? For Charles Kindleberger, writing memos for the State Department's Committee on Foreign Aid in 1947, the point was clear. "The symbols of nationalism in France and Italy and in Germany are essentially bankrupt and in danger of being captured by reactionary and neo-Fascist political elements," he and his colleagues said in one memo. A Europe united for recovery was a powerful idea to put up against Stalinist internationalism and pan-European Fascism. "There is a possibility of developing tremendous emotional drive in Western Europe behind the supranational ideal of European unity," the memo continued, recommending that "in our propaganda and our diplomacy it will be necessary to stress (even exaggerate) the immediate economic benefits which will flow from the joint making of national economic policies and decisions."

The Marshall Plan had a price, which the Americans exacted slowly and in stages. The French eventually had to agree to the establishment of a new German state in the Western occupation zones, to give up the dream of controlling the Saar and the Rhineland, and to accept German rearmament. "France is the gainer in every way—economically, militarily, and in the furthering of European unity," said Jean Monnet, the leading intellectual force behind the European integration movement, rejoicing as the French position on Germany softened. "We are merely being dragged along by the Americans," the new Premier, Robert Schuman, sighed.

The moment seemed propitious for transcending the nationalist antagonisms of the past. In France, Italy, Belgium, and Germany, politicians with a strong commitment to the idea of Europe were in charge. Robert Schuman, Alcide de Gasperi, and Paul-Henri Spaak, the Belgian Premier, shared with Konrad Adenauer a vision of Europe that was Catholic, conservative, and reformist. Old values could be preserved only by uniting against the barbarian East and by overcoming the decadence of the past. In their efforts to make Christian democracy a supranational ideology, the good Europeans had two powerful allies: the Vatican, which declared 1950 a Holy Year and stepped up its support for Christian Democrats everywhere, and the United States. By sheer coincidence, the statesmen of Europe in 1950 shared a religious world view, and each in his way was a political mongrel. Schuman was as German as he was French. Adenauer, always more at home in Alsace than in Prussia, also reflected the attitudes of a border politician. De Gasperi, who hailed from Trentino, then ruled by Austria, was elected to the Austrian parliament, and spent the war years as a librarian in the Vatican. Spaak already presided over a nation of two languages.

ORIGINALLY, the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was conceived as a set of promises that an attack on one of the members would be considered an attack on all of them—in short, a guarantee pact and not a military organization in a permanent state of mobilization. But even this modestly conceived military alliance could not have been brought into being without a war scare. On February 19, 1948, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin arrived in Prague. The Soviet Union was widely regarded as the liberator of the country. The Communist Party was more popular in Czechoslovakia than anywhere else in Eastern Europe, and had won thirty-seven per cent of the vote in a free election in 1946. But the day after Zorin arrived twelve non-Communist ministers suddenly resigned. Communist ministers were in charge of the police, and they moved quickly to harass and intimidate political opponents. Panicked reports that divisions of the Red Army were about to roll into Prague circulated across the country. President Eduard Beneš, with very recent memories of personal intimidation by Hitler and abandonment by the West, was too ill, too tired, and too demoralized to resist. On February 25th, he authorized Klement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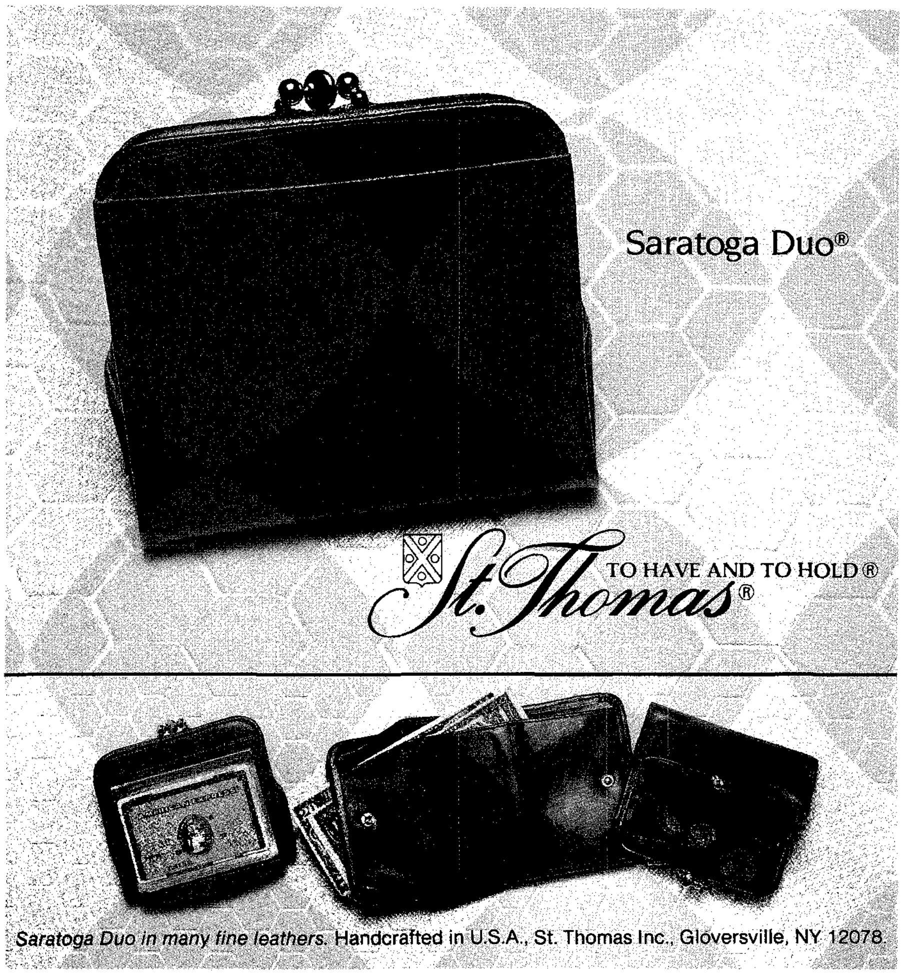

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Gottwald, Stalin's man in Prague, to oust the pro-Western members of the government. Within a month, Jan Masaryk, the Foreign Minister and the son of the nation's founding president, was dead. He had jumped—or, more likely, been pushed—from a window.

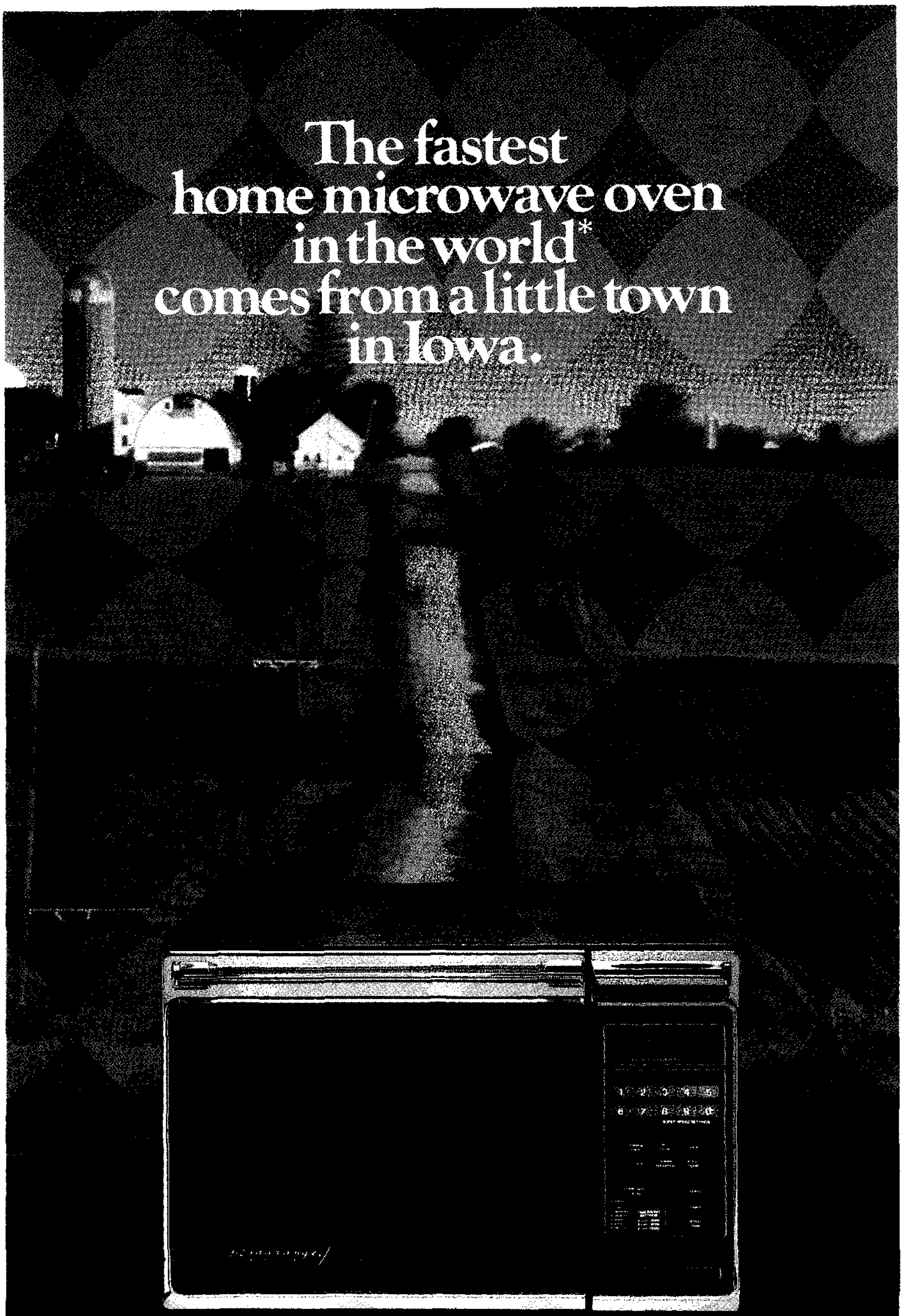
Even if some in the State Department had already written Czechoslovakia off, the events in Prague were shocking enough to raise new fears. For the Americans and for politicians of the center in Europe, the Czech coup raised the spectre of 1848—a wave of insurrections across Europe. Headlines with the word "Czechoslovakia" touched raw nerves and guilty consciences. "We are faced with exactly the same situation with which Britain and France were faced in 1938-9 with Hitler," Harry Truman, vacationing in Key West, wrote to his daughter, Margaret. "Things look black." General Lucius Clay, in Berlin, added a little fuel to the gathering war scare by sending a cable to Lieutenant General Stephen J. Chamberlin, the director of Army Intelligence, in Washington, on March 5th. There was a "subtle change" in Soviet attitudes, and war could come with "dramatic suddenness," he said. Clay admitted in the cable that he had no supporting data, but said "my feeling is real." The editor of Clay's papers, Jean Edward Smith, says that the primary purpose of the cable "was to assist the military chiefs in their congressional testimony; it was not, in Clay's opinion, related to any change in Soviet strategy." Nonetheless, the crisis atmosphere in Washington intensified. The Chief of Naval Operations advised taking measures "to prepare the American people for war." Secretary of State George C. Marshall, a White House aide noted in a memo, "is nervous—world keg of dynamite—HST shouldn't start it." The Central Intelligence Agency advised the President on March 16th that war was improbable in the next sixty days, but beyond that no one could say. The Secretary of the Army, Kenneth Royall, asked the Atomic Energy Commission how long it would take to move atomic bombs to the Mediterranean. A few weeks later, *Business Week* published a special section titled "Economic Consequences of a Third World War."

On June 19, 1948, Louis Saint Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, proposed a regional defense pact to include Canada, the United States, and

Western Europe. Like many statesmen of the time, Saint Laurent was casting about for an alternative to the United Nations, which had been stalled as an effective security arrangement because of the East-West split. A serious European initiative on defense was necessary to convince skeptical senators and representatives that the Marshall Plan was more than a ceremonial transfusion to a dying victim. An American defense commitment would have no credibility unless the Europeans were willing to defend themselves, and such a defense commitment, State Department planners believed, was a necessary stimulus to economic and political recovery. From the American standpoint, it was better for Britain to take the initiative than France; the more powerful France's role became, the more difficult it would be to arrange German membership in the new alliance—and German membership would be necessary to any effective security arrangement aimed at containing the Soviet Union. The Brussels Pact creating the Western European Union was little more than a carefully arranged trigger for an American commitment. Isolationism was still too strong for the United States to organize an alliance on the Continent, but it could join one. On June 11, 1948, the Senate overwhelmingly passed the Vandenberg Resolution, calling for the United States to associate with "regional and other collective arrangements" in Europe.

The proposed military buildup in Europe was designed to be a "modest shield," as George Kennan put it, behind which recovery could take place. Its primary military function, as Senator Vandenberg saw it, was to assure "adequate defense against internal subversion." John Hickerson, the director of the Office of European Affairs, advised Marshall on March 8, 1948, "A general stiffening of morale in Free Europe is needed, and it can come only from action by this country." A revival of a military alliance just three years after the end of the last war would signal to the Russians that Europe had a will to live and that the United States was prepared to treat a threat to European security as a threat to its own.

Thus, NATO was designed from the very first as a political response to a political threat. "Political and indeed spiritual forces must be mobilized in our defense," Orme Sargent, the Permanent Under-Secretary of the British Foreign Office, advised the Prime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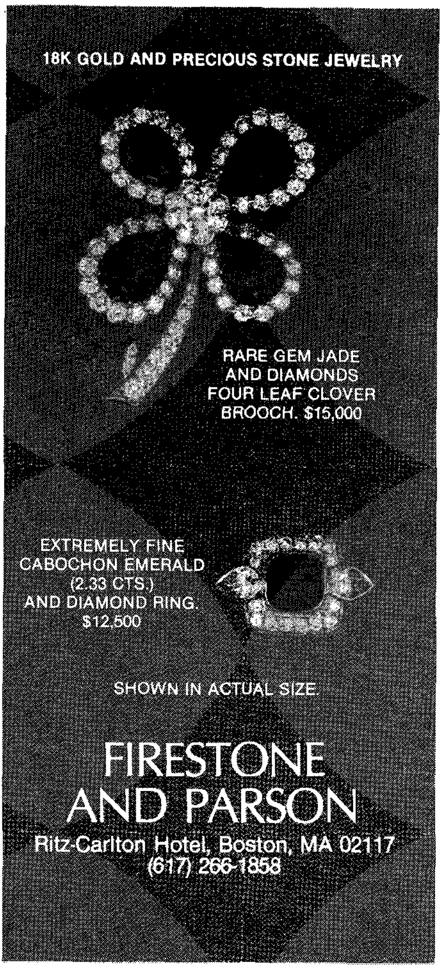
Minister. "I believe therefore we should seek to form backed by the Americas and the Dominions a Western democratic system . . ."

No one—not the Joint Chiefs of Staff or Secretary of Defense Forrestal or any other senior political or military official—believed in 1948 and 1949 that the Soviet Union would invade Europe. All through 1946, the Soviet Union continued to tear up the railroad track across East Germany. Feverish dismantling of this sort was consistent with Stalin's preoccupation of the moment—the rise of a revanchist Germany within a generation—but not with any secret plan to march west. With all the disclosures of Stalin's crimes by post-Stalinist politicians and Soviet defectors, it is noteworthy that not one bit of evidence has emerged indicating that Stalin planned a military attack on Western Europe in the late nineteen-forties. At the hearings on NATO held in the spring of 1949, John Foster Dulles, then serving as Senator from New York, summed up the prevailing view: "I do not know of any responsible high official, military or civilian . . . in this government or any other government who believes that the Soviet now plans conquest by open military aggression." The Russians had demobilized in secret, reducing their forces from eleven million three hundred thousand men under arms to about two million eight hundred thousand. (The United States had six hundred and seventy thousand at the time.) The Pentagon assumed that the numbers were much larger; certainly the public was encouraged to believe that Stalin had two hundred and twenty-five divisions ready and waiting to march to the English Channel. But given Russia's twenty million dead, and the widespread physical destruction and economic disarray throughout Russia and Eastern Europe, American intelligence officials could be quite confident at NATO's birth that the invasion against which the alliance was ostensibly organized would not take place.

Unquestionably, American leaders had a cooler view of the military threat to Europe than was expressed in such public utterances as Winston Churchill's chilling assertion in 1949 that but for the atomic bomb the Russians would be at the English Channel. A C.I.A. study in February of 1950 questioned the assertion that "only the existence of the U.S. atomic bomb prevented the U.S.S.R. from carrying out an intention to continue



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its military advance to the Atlantic," and noted, "There is no reason to suppose . . . that the U.S.S.R. had any such intention in 1945 or subsequently." An Air Force comment on the study considered this a "dangerous" way of looking at the situation but cited no evidence of a Soviet intention to invade other than Stalin's willingness to divide up Poland with Hitler. Many of Truman's advisers worried not about an attack across the Elbe but about possible Soviet use of force on its periphery in some "year of maximum danger," when the Russians had built up their atomic striking force to the point where it could neutralize America's "winning weapon." As early as the summer of 1946, Clark Clifford, who was special counsel to Truman, wrote a memo for the President summarizing the collective wisdom of the national-security bureaucracy. The men in the Kremlin were "isolated" and "largely ignorant of the outside world," and "blinded by [their] adherence to Marxist dogma," and, as a consequence, the only language they understood was "the language of military power." (Indeed, by the end of 1946, the Russians had given up their demands concerning Turkey and Iran in response to explicit American pressure.)

Ironically, some of the actions taken in 1946 and 1947 by the United States in that belief may well have enhanced the Soviet military threat to Europe. By 1948, two developments had taken place that must have alarmed Stalin considerably. One was the not so secret discussion within the United States government about deploying B-29 bombers—the carriers of the atomic bomb—to bases in Europe within striking distance of the Soviet Union. The second was the Marshall Plan, which Stalin read as an American commitment to rebuild and eventually rearm Germany in order, as Dulles later put it, to "roll back" Soviet control over Eastern Europe. Increasingly, military and economic moves by the West, provoked by Stalin's hostility and designed to deter him, reinforced his ideological and psychological predisposition to believe the worst about American intentions. Now, in the name of "national security," he proceeded to take action that created a new military threat to Europe. In 1948, demobilization halted and military budgets rose.

Preparations for the war that Stalin believed was coming demanded an offensive strategy. The war, if it hap-

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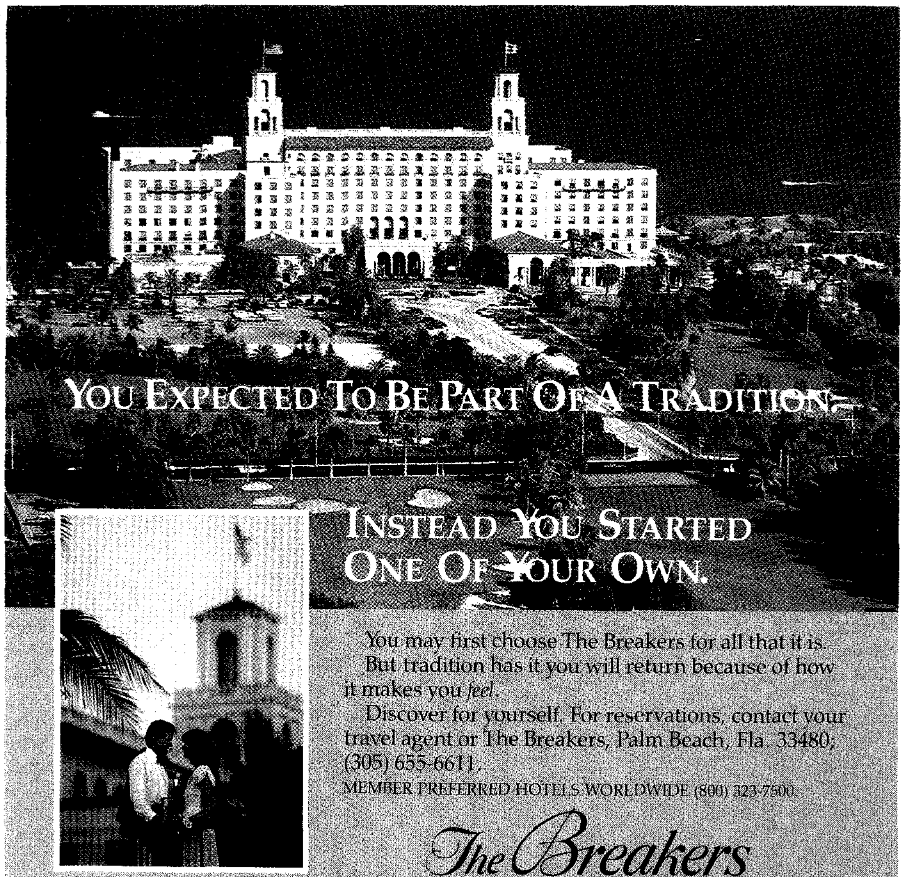
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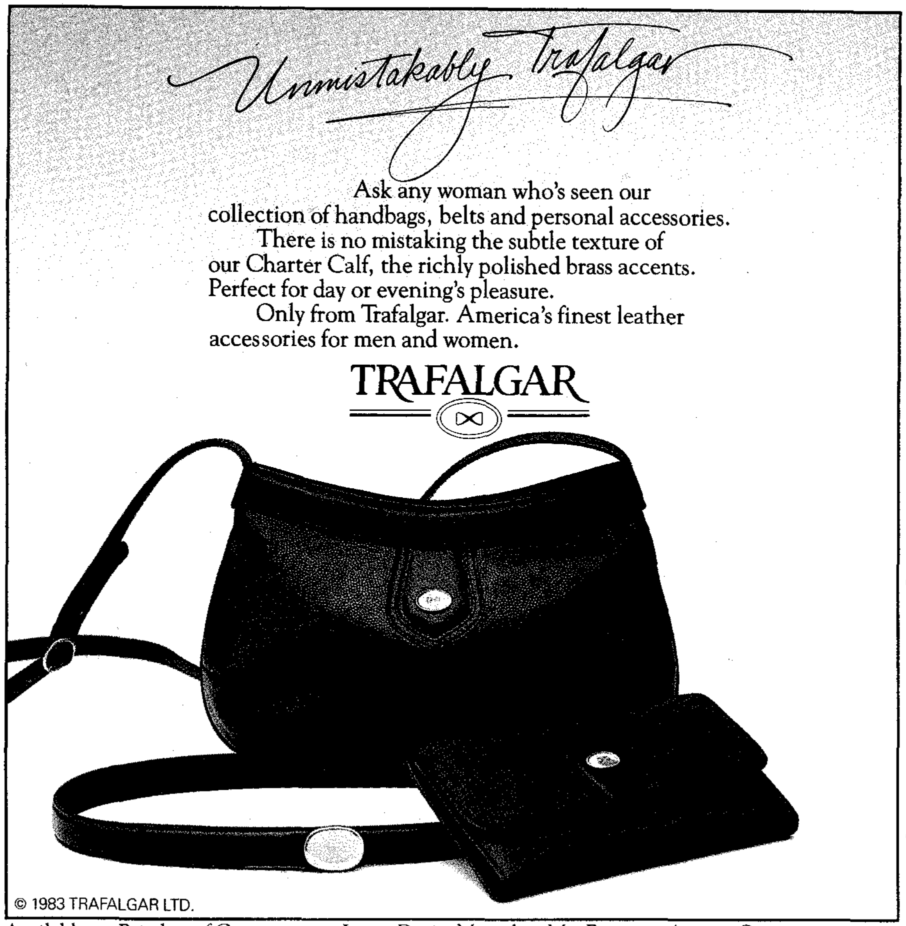

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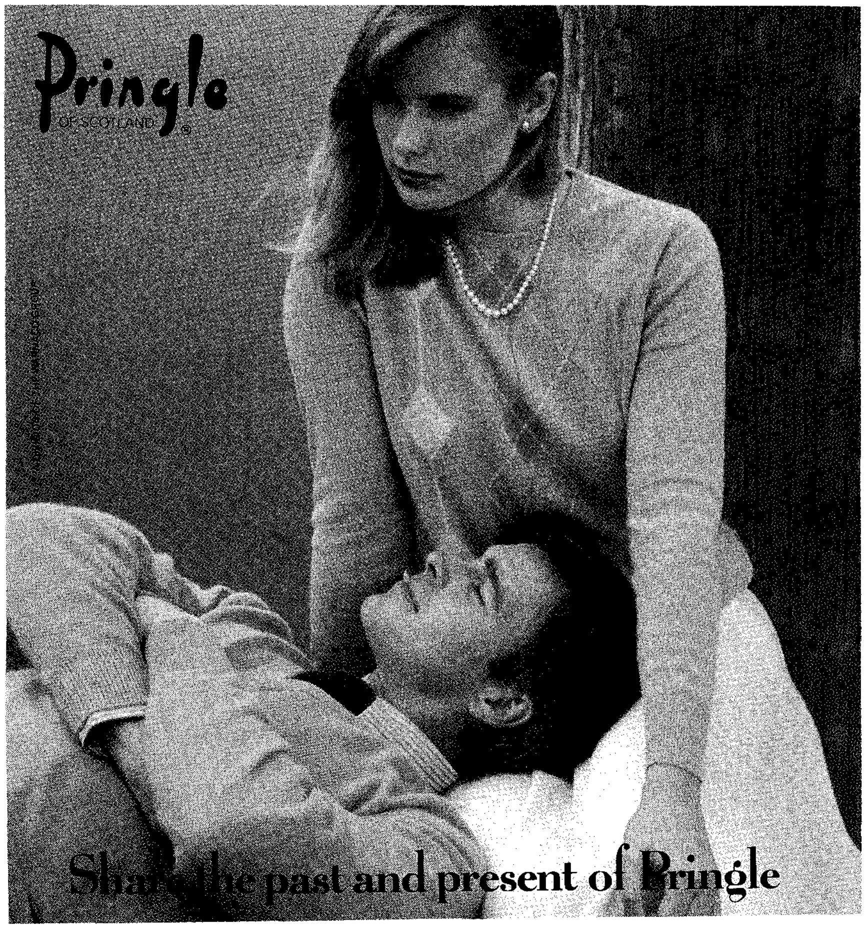

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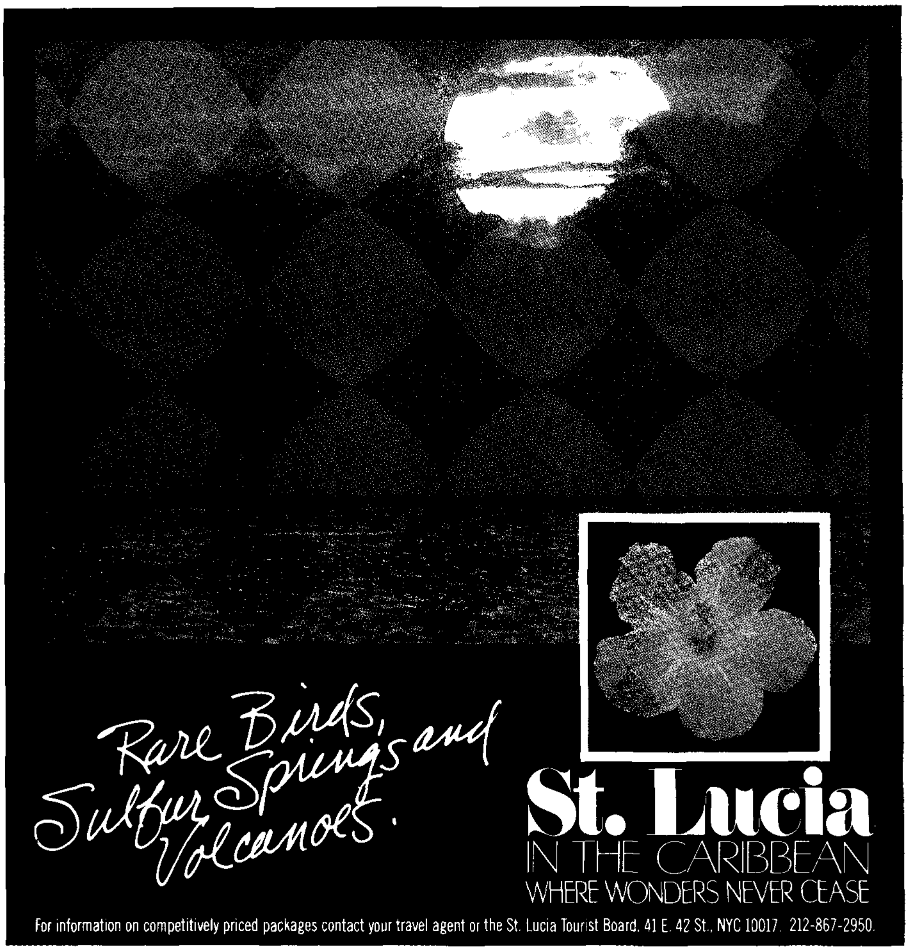
pened, must be fought on the soil of Russia's enemies. Control of Eastern Europe—even the rule of the Communist Party in parts of the Soviet Union itself—was too fragile to withstand another invading army inside Russia three years after the most devastating war in history. The Berlin blockade accelerated plans to establish bomber bases in Britain from which the atomic bomb could be delivered to the Soviet Union; within days of the North Korean attack, in June of 1950, President Truman approved the stockpiling of non-nuclear components for nuclear explosives at the British bases. If Britain and other parts of Western Europe were now bases for atomic attack on the Soviet Union, then in Stalin's eyes they were now legitimate Soviet targets. At a time when an American Secretary of the Navy was openly advocating "preventive" nuclear war, Soviet military journals held out the prospect of a Soviet invasion of Europe as the principal deterrent of an American nuclear attack on Russia.

The new Secretary of State, Dean Acheson, with his imposing stature, his Groton speech, his piercing eyes, his beetle brows, his fierce mustache, and his impeccable tailoring, was a caricature of an Anglophile. He looked, as more than one Midwestern senator snorted, as if he had just emerged from a London club. Anthony Eden bestowed on the American Secretary the ultimate accolade of a British gentleman: "I would not hesitate to go tiger hunting with him." The Briticisms were no affectation. Acheson's father had served in the Queen's Own Rifles after migrating to Canada, and later settled in the United States, where in time he became the Episcopal bishop of Connecticut. On the Queen's birthday during that "radiant morn" Acheson called his childhood, the Union Jack fluttered from the rectory flagpole as the bishop raised his glass at dinner to Her Majesty. Dean Acheson's Anglophile prejudices were tempered by his awareness of Britain's sorry economic state. Despite his unusually close personal relationship with the British Ambassador, Oliver Franks, he was exceedingly skeptical that a government that made social welfare its priority could muster the strength to play the game of nations. Years after he left office, Acheson made a speech lambasting the British for dissipating their power.

In 1949, Dean Acheson saw NATO's armies as instruments for achieving a variety of specific political purposes. The principal objective was to help build a new Europe—not the "rickety fire hazard of the past," as his successor, John Foster Dulles, called it, but a trading partner for America, sufficiently strong and confident to contain the two potential outlaws: Germany and Russia. Indeed, one of the strong arguments in Washington for making the Federal Republic the linchpin to the Western alliance was the threat that Germany would otherwise make a deal with Moscow. Acheson argued that American troops in Germany were as much a guarantee of good German behavior as of Soviet prudence. He wrote in *Foreign Affairs* that without the presence of American troops in Germany to monitor the continued integration of Germany into the West, the United States would continually be haunted by the spectre of "a sort of new Ribbentrop-Molotov Agreement." The containment of Germany remained a critical rationale for the NATO alliance among Acheson's successors. Testifying shortly before his death, Dulles urged ever closer ties with Germany; otherwise, the Germans "would be under an almost irresistible temptation to play one side or the other." But Adenauer understood that the threat of Rapallo—the 1922 treaty under which the European pariahs, defeated Germany and the Bolshevik state, briefly arranged to recognize each other and to enter into a secret military collaboration—was an effective political weapon to use against his new allies. The Americans, particularly, must have confidence in the loyalty of the new German state, but not too much. During Dulles's years as Secretary of State, Adenauer sought to exercise a veto on American policy in Europe, and he was remarkably successful in this endeavor. Germany's Foreign Minister, Heinrich von Brentano, could scarcely conceal his euphoria at the influence the German government seemed able to exercise in Washington. Stopping off to visit the Grand Canyon in 1957, he wrote the Chancellor, "I believe that it is . . . largely within our power to determine the policy of the United States during the next few years. The growing strength of Europe ties the Americans closer to us."

Acheson believed that NATO's armies could serve as glue to consolidate the power of a declining Britain and a recovering Continent. Rearmament could be one of what a 1950 memorandum in the German Affairs Office of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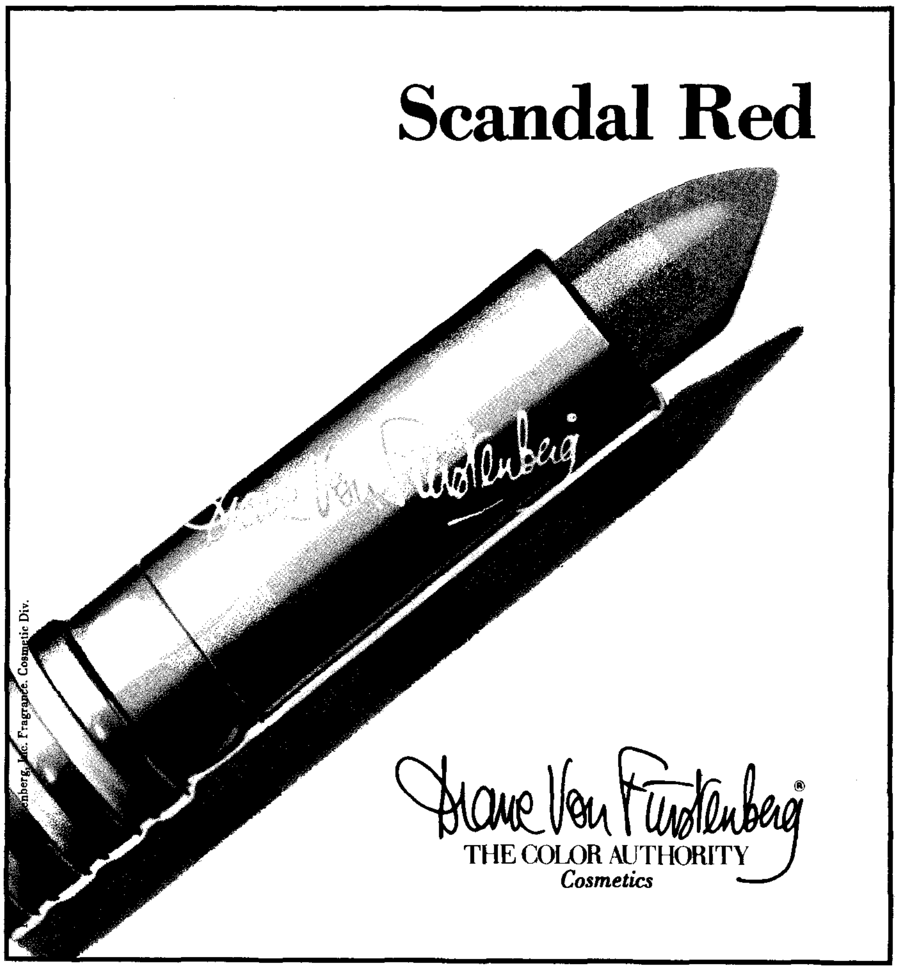

the State Department called the "bold, hopeful acts" needed to overcome the "apathy . . . [and] indecision and the deep-running fears" that seemed so strong throughout Western Europe. Troops, tanks, and planes were tangible expressions of political commitment which could stir the public. In itself, the modest buildup would not scare the Russians, but a transformed political climate might give them pause; but from the day the NATO treaty was signed certain built-in contradictions haunted its architects. The most serious related to German rearmament. No European Army could be credible without a German contribution. But to admit Germany's crucial role would alarm the French, who were not yet ready to accept it, and would give enormous bargaining power to Adenauer in negotiating Germany's path back to nationhood. Acheson had to be wary, and in his maneuvering he resorted to the time-honored tactic of the practiced diplomat—obfuscation. He made a complex reality that was seen differently in every capital of the West "clearer than truth," to use his words. If he did not deliberately conceal official intentions—from the French and from Congress—he was a remarkably bad prophet. Henri Bonnet, the French Ambassador, asked him on December 1, 1949, whether the rumors that the Pentagon favored German rearmament were true. Acheson replied that there was no intention to seek German rearmament. On June 5, 1950, the Secretary told the House Committee on Foreign Affairs that Germany would remain demilitarized. Senator Bourke Hickenlooper, of Iowa, asked him at the hearings on NATO whether the United States was "going to be expected to send substantial numbers of troops over there as a more or less permanent contribution." The Secretary replied, "The answer to that question, Senator, is a clear and absolute no."

For Acheson, the North Korean invasion twenty days later "was in part simply an opportunity to adopt openly a policy urgently recommended in private for some months previously," McGeorge Bundy, then at Harvard, wrote. The possibility that a surprise attack in one part of the world might be repeated in another produced a moment of panic. Intelligence analysts quickly concluded that the attack across the Thirty-eighth Parallel was a "local affair," but the temptation to use the event to push European integration to a new stage was irresistible.

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Acheson and the State Department planners regarded an American troop contribution to NATO as having a crucial political purpose in the United States. It would mark the end of isolationism and seal the victory of a Europe-oriented forward strategy for the United States over the dreams of the Fortress America proposed by Herbert Hoover, Senator Robert Taft, and Joseph P. Kennedy. The culmination of the old prewar debate was at hand. Did the United States need Europe? Why did it matter who took over the Continent? Britain had built its empire on a balance-of-power notion, moving in quickly when any single European nation grew too powerful. But with two oceans protecting America, and the atomic bomb still an American monopoly, why should the United States play that game? Worry about Iceland, not Berlin, Kennedy insisted. (In a little over ten years, his son, as President, would travel to that divided city and declaim, "*Ich bin ein Berliner.*") Like so many strategic discussions, the so-called Great Debate in 1951 about sending American troops to Europe had more to do with the battles of the past than with battles of the future. The isolationists, committed to "Asia first"—the Pacific could be an American lake, but Europe could never be anything but trouble—believed that America could carry out a global anti-Communist strategy far better by acting alone than by making a dubious alliance with creeping socialists looking for handouts. Acheson was the quintessential hard-liner as far as the Russians were concerned, but he became a political lightning rod, attracting all sorts of anti-European feelings parading as anti-Communism. For the Democrats in 1951, it was crucial to win the Great Debate about troops for Europe in order to change the political climate not only in Europe but in the United States as well. Enthusiasm for NATO became the benchmark of the new American political orthodoxy, because the alliance symbolized as nothing else did a permanent American commitment to exercising leadership in the industrial world.

—RICHARD J. BARNET

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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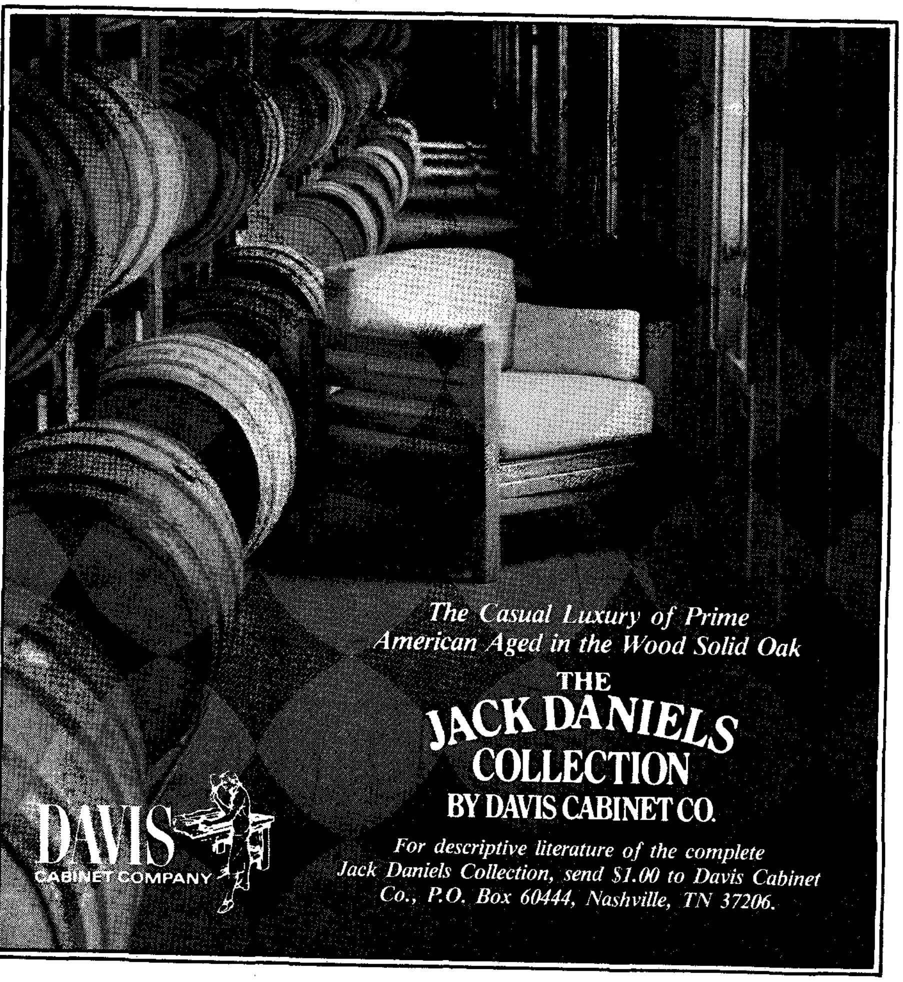

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"Hey, big Bill!"

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"I *was* small when I played for the Knicks."

He weighs two hundred and five pounds, up zero from his weight in college. Which is not to imply a continuum. A year ago, his jowls were competing with the gross national product.

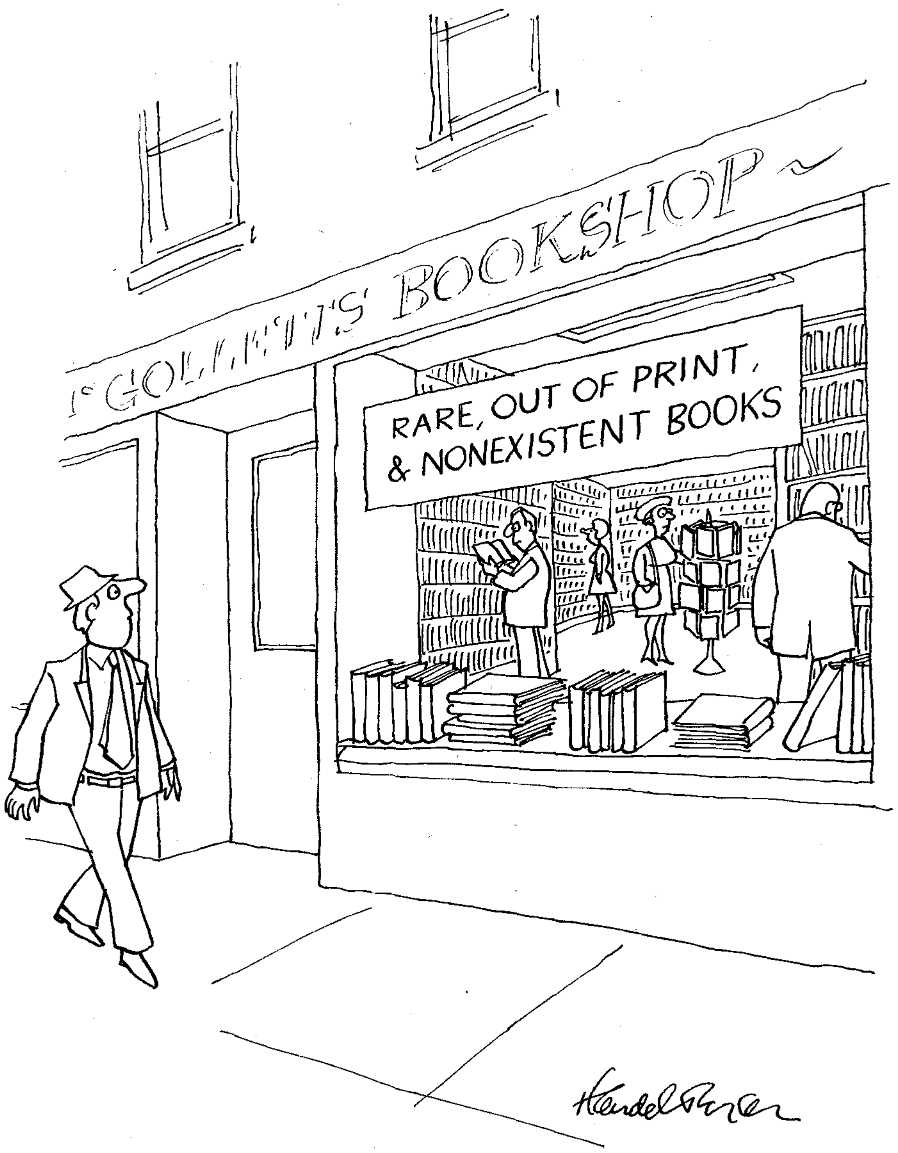
"Good job, Bill."

"Good to see you around, Senator."

"You've lost weight."

"I've lost about thirty pounds."

Senator Bradley has an athlete's contempt for exercise. He runs for office. To get rid of the thirty pounds, he developed the habit of eating lightly. He will work a twelve-hour day on half a sandwich and a cup of soup. Leaning forward as he walks—characteristically creating the impression that he is about to charge—he makes his way, shaking hands, from Shorty's Shish Kebab to Meat Ball City and on into the purview of the Arcade Skeeball. His haircut is fresh—a dark, rising wave in front, relief-mapping a bold headland flanked by a large bay. He wears a blue-and-white striped shirt with a button-down collar. His tie is brown and has small gold New Jerseys all over it like sea horses. His equine midriff is no bigger than it was when he played for the Knicks.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Generally speaking, middle-aged people in the crowd address him as Bill. Younger people call him Senator. Still younger people call him Bill. Nearly everyone is from New Jersey. Two out of three mention basketball.

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"Get teachers more money."

"Hello. How are you? Anything on your mind tonight?"

"What's going to happen in the Philippines?"

"There may be some changes; I don't know. I've long thought that we should move our bases to the Marianas, and not be beholden to a dictator."

"Senator Bradley! What a surprise! I just got a letter from you."

"Bill, Tom Berry. You may remember the name."

"Senator, my father met you the other night in the rest room at the Holiday Inn."

"Give me your autograph, please, like a good fella, Bill."

"Hey, I'm glad to meet you, Senator, but you gotta do something about the Philadelphia wage tax."

"Senator, the new auto-insurance rates are killing me. I've never had an accident and I pay nine hundred dollars a year for two cars."

"Senator, how do you feel about skateboards? Do you think skateboards should be allowed on the boardwalk?"

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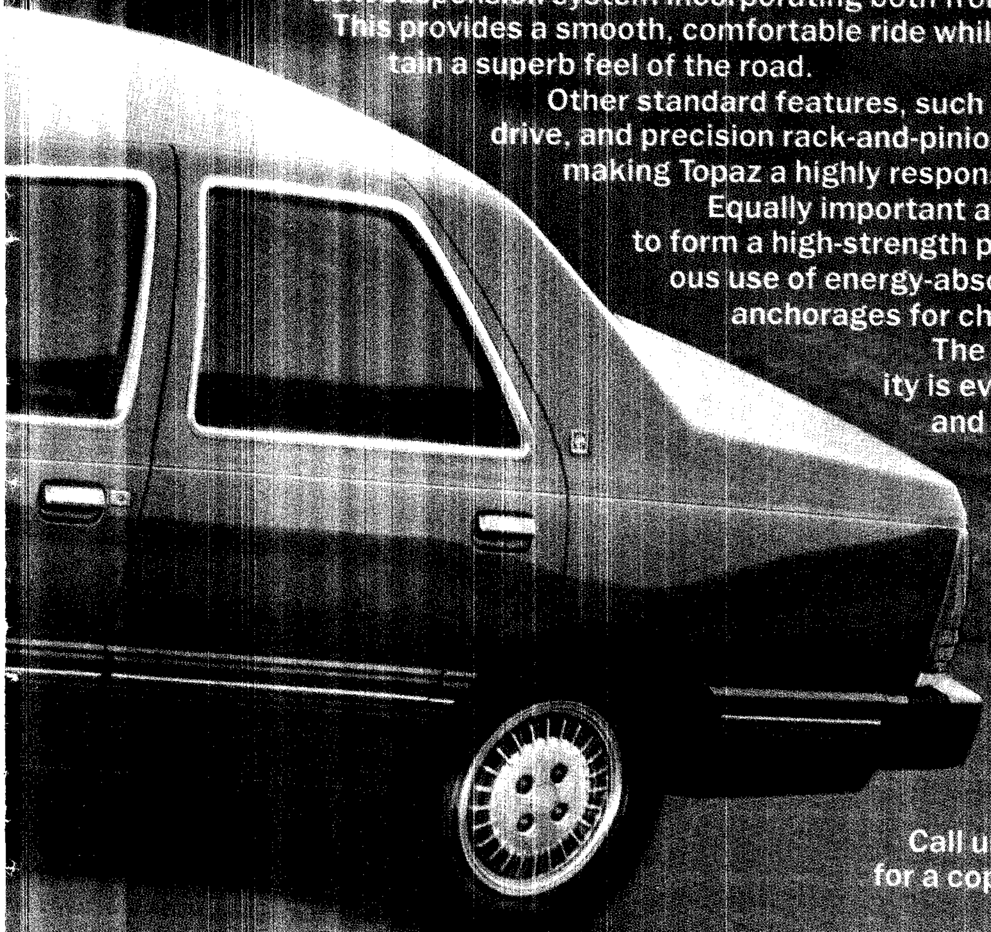

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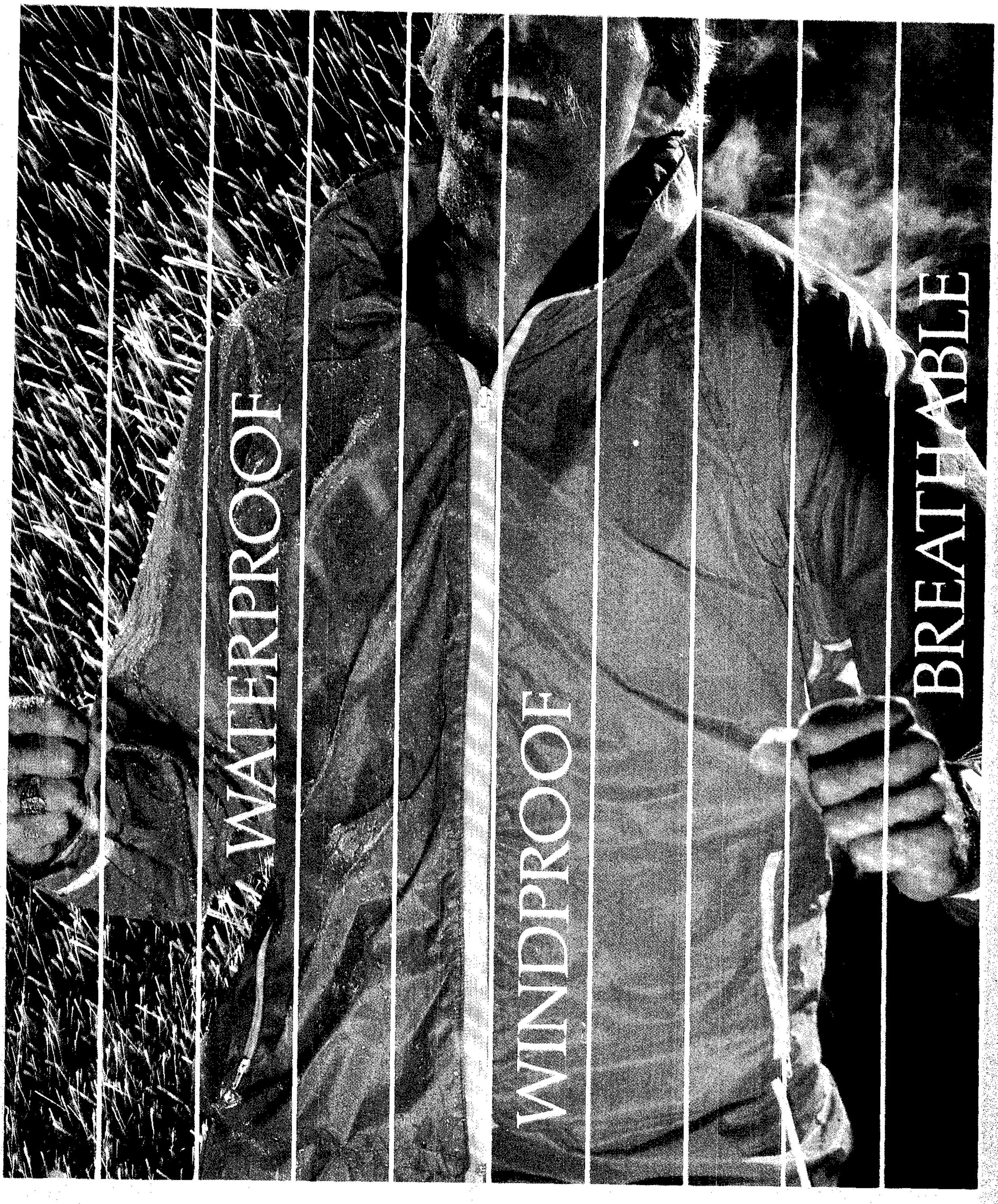
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cently become eligible to vote. Bradley is attentive to his arguments, which begin with the fact that he has invested forty dollars in the skateboard he holds in his hands. In this long day—in which the Senator has covered nearly three hundred miles—officials, editors, and miscellaneous citizens have sought his views on toxic waste, the telephone company, public transportation in southern New Jersey, Medicare, Social Security, internal revenue, nuclear safety, a nuclear freeze, the MX missile, violence in Sri Lanka, New York sewage, the Strategic Petroleum Reserve, the qualifications of schoolteachers, federal aid to education, bilingual education, the Reagan way with women and blacks, the Middle East, Central America, health care for senior citizens, the deregulation of natural gas, food waste, and the fingerprinting of bus drivers, and now, at nine-thirty in the evening, this shirtless citizen before him has raised the only issue for which he has not been prepared: skateboards on the boardwalk. He does not evade the question. Placing a hand on the kid's shoulder, he says, "Sure."

THE Senator got up at seven in Denville, in Morris County, where he long ago hung his carpetbag, having been born and raised in Missouri, educated at Princeton and Oxford, and employed ten years in New York. (The carpetbag is not a mere figure of speech. It is a handsome and capacious carpetbag, full of New Jersey mementos, and it hangs by the front door.) After kissing his wife and six-year-old daughter, he took off in his car, heading south, remarking en route that this would be a varied day, for it would contain what he called structural settings, a constituent setting, a town meeting, and a walking town meeting.

Structural settings turned out to be newspapers, where he sat in small groups with circles of writers and editors, listened to their interests, and told them his own. "They tend not to be aware of what I'm absorbed with in Washington, so I visit them and tell them," he said as he approached Vineland, the agricultural epicenter of Cumberland County, below the Mason-Dixon Line. In Cumberland County, unemployment is at an exceptional level, the concerns of farming are uppermost in people's minds, and one could expect the conversation to dwell right there. In the offices of the Vineland *Times Journal*, he had scarcely sat down when, sure enough, Marvin Smith, editor of the editorial page, asked him what he thought might happen in the immediate future in Lebanon. This touched off a complex dialogue on foreign policy, during which Bradley said that he knew of no satisfactory answer to the question "Why are twelve hundred U.S. Marines functioning as city policemen in Beirut?" He suggested that American troops were too readily dispatched —"almost haphazardly, by reflex action"—to many foreign places, including, most emphatically, Central America, where the recent arrival of a force of twenty thousand to do "war exercises" in Honduras, some of them close to the Nicaraguan border, might "invite a wider involvement there."

Smith said, "Are we ever going to see your fourteen-per-cent tax?"

Bradley said he was hoping for 1985, with a preliminary resolution in 1984. To write a fair and simplified federal tax code has become one of his principal goals as a senator. In five years on the Finance Committee, he has seen three major tax bills go through Congress, and there have been six in the past ten years—each adding loopholes, and collectively raising the value of all loopholes to nearly three hundred billion dollars, in a tax code no less unfair than unintelligible. "Anyone might reasonably ask what is going on here," he said, and this is what he meant to try to do: For about four-fifths of all taxpayers, Bradley would lower the income-tax rate to fourteen per cent. For higher incomes, the percentage would rise to thirty. A family of four would pay no tax on an income below eleven thousand two hundred dollars. Corporate taxes would be reduced to a basic rate of thirty per cent. "There's no free lunch," he observed. "You've got to give up loopholes to get lower rates." His fair-tax bill would close many dozens of loopholes, from the tax immunity of people working abroad to oil-depletion allowances to the rapid amortization of pollution-control equipment. Certain deductions would remain in effect, such as medical expenses, local property taxes, home-mortgage interest, charitable contributions, private retirement funds.

Someone said, "Isn't that a bit of a compromise with the idea of the tax?"

"I'm a political realist," said Bradley. "I'm not an academic. I didn't want to devise a perfect tax system. I wanted to devise one that would work." Numbers have been run that

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seem to show that "the fair tax would raise the same amount of revenue as current law." Meanwhile, equal incomes would be paying roughly equal taxes, and that was the point. Not only would the system be fairer but a lower tax rate would encourage more people to obey the law, to pay the nation its due, and thus would retrieve resources from the so-called underground economy.

Would the new law combat unemployment?

"I don't view the tax code as a creator of jobs. I view the tax code as a hurdle the private sector has to get over. The idea is to make that hurdle as low as possible. It is in the general interest to have a lower tax rate with fewer loopholes."

The subject changed to education and Bradley's assessment of the amount of federal aid. "Increased funding is needed from all levels of government for all levels of education," he said. "Let me just tell you, we need maximum investment in education, and that includes more than the kindergarten through twelfth grade we had when we were growing up. To adjust to the age of high technology, retraining schools are required for people of all ages." Earlier in the year, he had written an amendment to stop the cutting of federal aid to education, and it had passed the Senate eighty to twelve. He had written another amendment that restored a billion dollars. "The fact of the matter is"—he said now in Vineland—"computers cost more than slide rules."

Through time, Bradley has acquired some touches of the accents of New Jersey, where new cars are filled with un-let-it and one hears the shortest "a"s known to diction.

"When are you running again, Senator?"

"I run again in 1984. Tell me who my opponent is going to be."

"I don't see any sacrificial lambs around," said Marvin Smith.

Scarcely five years ago, when Bradley was a would-be candidate, people in New Jersey were saying that he was a nice guy but politics was for the politician—the adroit, experienced pro. Today, anyone who might oppose him is seen as a bleating creature on a slab.

"Would you accept the nomination for Vice-President?"

"No."

"As time goes by, is basketball mentioned less? Is it going away?"

"In part, yes. In part, no. I had a

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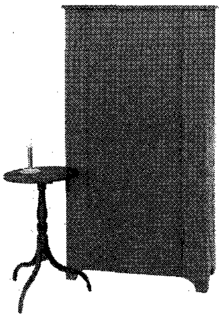

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great ten years in basketball. It was rewarding in various ways—and has been, frankly, in this job."

"When you were playing basketball, did you take muscle-building drugs?" an editor asked.

"Obviously not," muttered the low voice of a fly on the wall.

Now, more than an hour since the Senator had arrived, Marvin Smith—gray-haired and matter-of-fact—had a final subject he wanted to explore. "The casinos of Atlantic City have become a new economic force in New Jersey," he said. "They could turn their economic clout into political clout. Does this bother you?"

Bradley said, "Is there an assumption in your question?"

Smith said, "It's a harsh-type industry. In it, there is not much concern for human . . ."

"I think I know what you are driving at," said Bradley. "This is what the Casino Control Commission is all about."

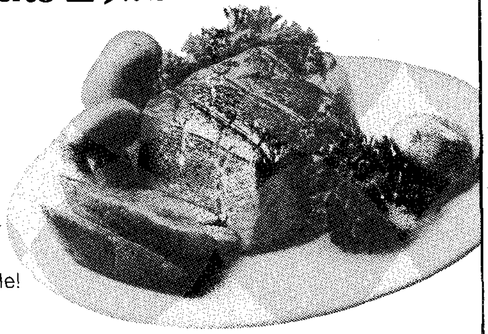
"Would you take a campaign contribution from a casino?"

"No."

The Senator departed, saying, "When you have questions, call whenever you like. You can always find me, even though I don't have an eight-hundred number."

SENIOR senators tend to have license plates that say "U.S. SENATE 1." Bradley's plates say "881 KUW." The car is an old Olds, with two rock-impact craters in its windshield. The car appears to have been mugged. Bradley's Knickerbocker teammates used to say that Bradley was the person in New York least likely to be mugged, because his manner of rumply dress suggested that he had been mugged just moments before. There is no telephone in the car. He is a senator, not an architect. To make his phone calls, he stops at diners, where he leans over pay telephones that come up to his hips.

After crossing the Delaware River on the Benjamin Franklin Bridge, he sat in a circle with the editorial board of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the most influential newspaper in southern New Jersey. The *Inquirer* likes Bradley and he likes the *Inquirer*. Around the piled sandwiches, there was an atmosphere of teammates sitting in front of their lockers. Guthman, Wilson, Nichols, Boasberg, Joyce . . . The big front line was there in depth. Middle East, march on Washington, underground economy, carrot on a stick—the sub-



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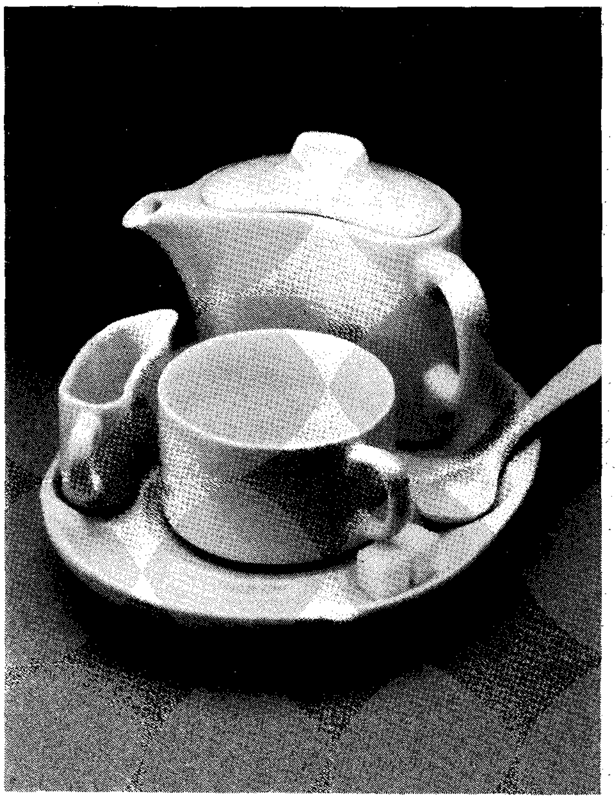

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ject moved around through foreign affairs and taxes and alighted on President Reagan and his suavity with blacks and women. Bradley said, "My theory is—if you want to hear my theory—he's going from bad to worse. In areas like these, you either have the touch or you don't, as any of us who have lived with strong-willed women will attest. Reagan has gone to too great a length to protect his racist right front, which is a part of his coalition. He has mobilized blacks. He has mobilized women. They are more than enough to defeat him. Thanks to Reagan, a Democrat can now go to resources that not only will elect him but will enable him to run the country."

ANTIQUES
LASZLO

Meanwhile, what would Bradley be doing after Congress reconvened?

He said he would try to fill up the federal Strategic Petroleum Reserve, *and would introduce an amendment to* that end. "It's a dull issue, because at the moment there's a gasoline glut and no one is remembering the crises," he said. "The reserve stockpile is supposed to be seven hundred and fifty million barrels, and it's not half of that."

Asked about the Middle East, he said, "The center of the story there is not Lebanon but the Iran-Iraq war. A hundred thousand are already dead. Remember, we lost fifty-eight thousand in the entire Vietnam War."

An editor said, "The Iran-Iraq war is not on television. It doesn't exist."

At the end of a discussion of federal aid to education, Bradley turned his palms upward and said, "Computers cost more than slide rules."

IN an office at the Burlington County *Times*, journal of record of the state's largest county (Pine Barrens, Fort Dix, Delaware River communities), an editor wearing tinted glasses, a pink shirt, and a white tie with a pearl stickpin said the paper was concerned about a new twelve-dollar fee the Federal Bureau of Investigation was charging for fingerprint checks. Fifty thousand people in the state had not been processed, and in New Jersey such a number could be expected to include some thirty-five hundred felons.

"Budgetary," said Bradley, manifesting minimal interest.

The editor, whose name was Joseph Molmer, said the paper was also preparing a piece on food waste, having learned that McDonald's and Burger King throw out anything cooked that is not sold within ten minutes. While thrift is not Bradley's middle name, it could be. He sat up attentively, and turned the cuff of one sleeve from the forearm to the elbow. Molmer asked for national figures to set the context of the story, and Bradley said his staff would help. Food waste had not been a preoccupying issue for him, but he would like to know more about the subject.

Toxic waste, on the other hand, was much on Bradley's mind, New Jersey being the national leader in creeping carcinogens and leaching acids. He said that measures he had already introduced would extend the federal cleanup Superfund from 1985 to 1990, thus doubling the resources, and would also change the policy of the Environmental Protection Agency *from "Negotiate first and clean up* second" to "Clean up first and negotiate second." He went on, "There are two ways to deal with toxic waste. One, take it away. Two, contain it. Taking it away is represented as a capital cost. Containing it is, for the most part, 'operations and maintenance.' The federal government pays ninety per cent of capital cost and nothing for operations and maintenance. We need a ninety-ten split on both. Sometimes it is better to contain wastes than to take them from one place to another. We have to stop pushing pollution around."

Is he for or against tuition tax credits?

"For."

Will the public-school system suffer?

"No. It is doing a good job now and it will continue to do a good job," he said, waxing on into a synopsis of federal aid to education, which he concluded by saying, "Computers cost more than slide rules."

After the subject shifted to nursing homes, Bradley spoke at some length about the successes and failures of Medicare, the structure of the program, and his belief that Medicare coverage should be extended to pay for home-health aids, physiotherapists, and the like, who visit people in their homes. He said that he and Senator Bob Packwood, of Oregon, had introduced a home-health-care bill. Their calculations indicated that home service could be "delivered cheaper than a hospital bed and would be more hu-

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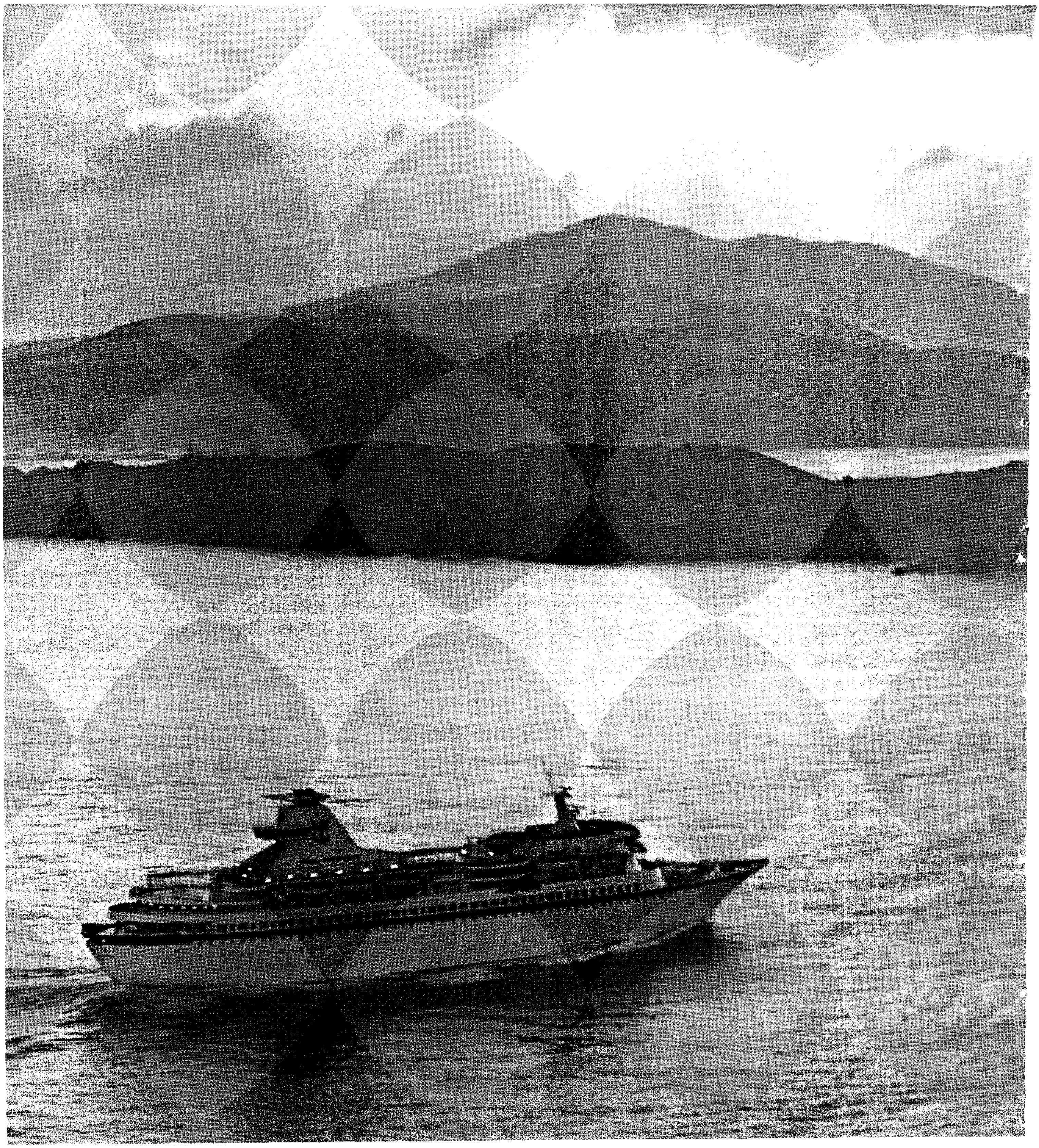

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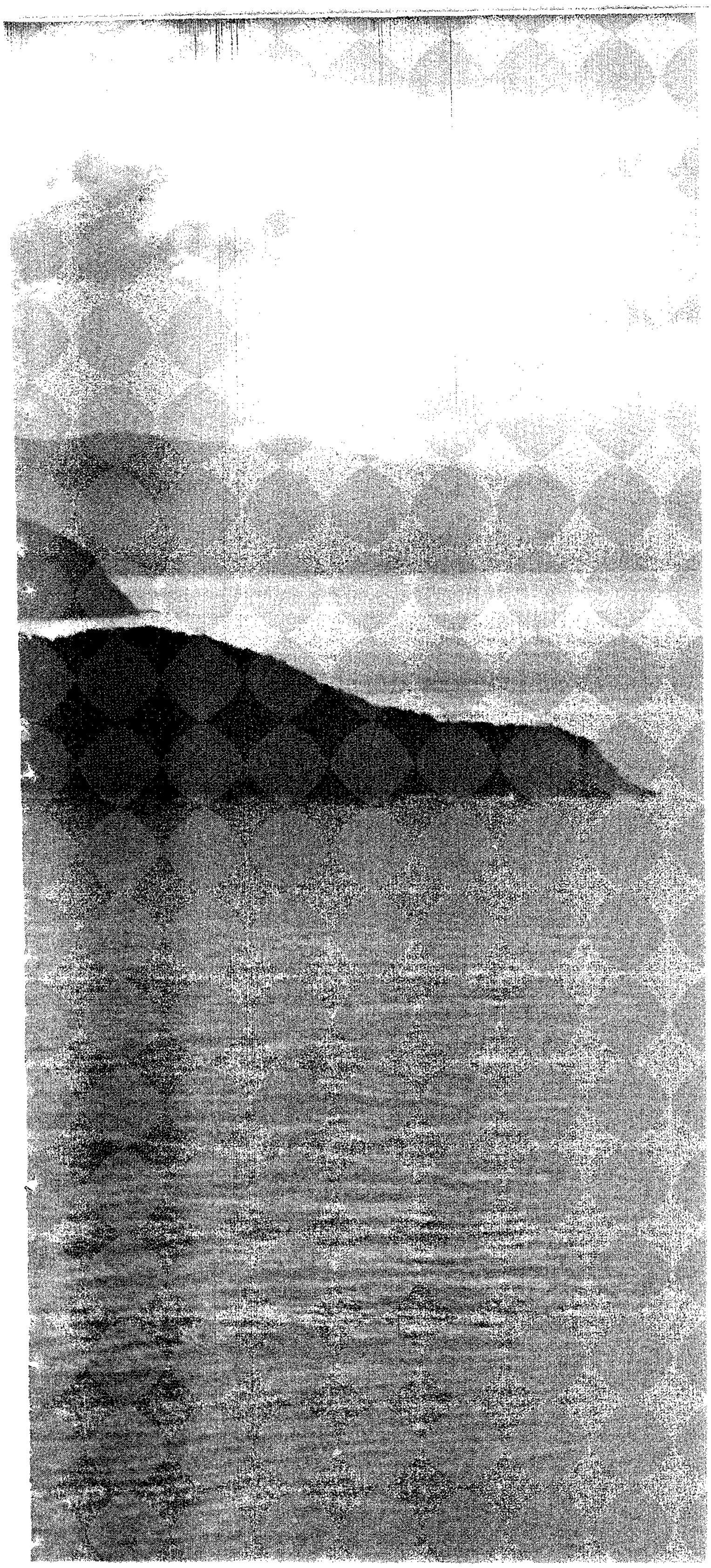

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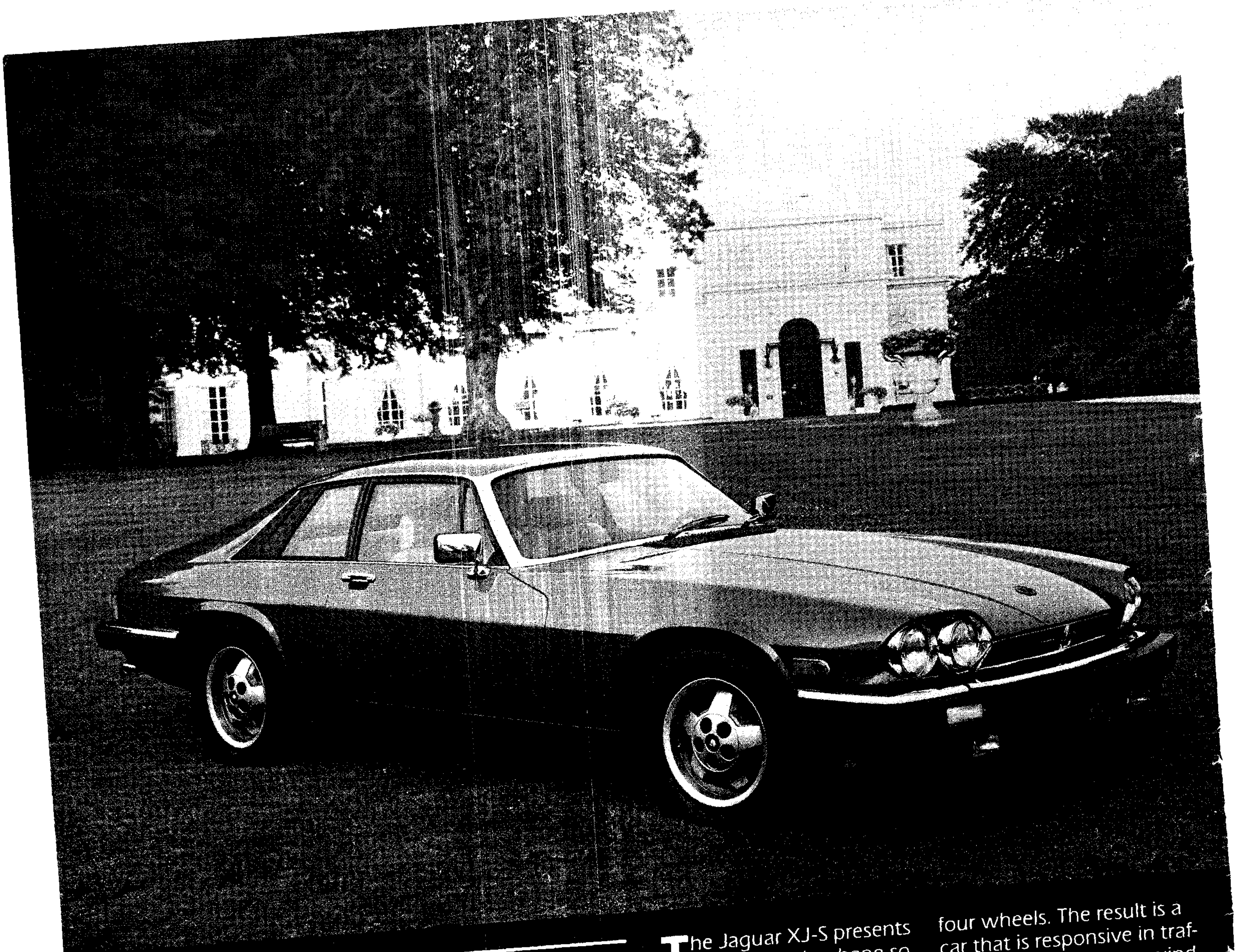

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JAGUAR XJ-S.

mane.” The plan would be tried out in four states—“one of which would be New Jersey, naturally, because I’m a New Jersey senator.”

IN his office in Turnersville, on the Black Horse Pike, he kept an appointment with the South Jersey RAGE. Some time ago, the state’s Department of Transportation announced plans to restore a decrepit railway line and run several trains a day from Philadelphia to Atlantic City. The service was promoted as an enhancement of public transportation in southern New Jersey, but one did not require a degree in regional planning to discern that the purpose of the program was to siphon something like a million people a year out of the Amtrak corridor and into Atlantic City’s casinos. Senator Bradley, like New Jersey’s governor, Thomas Kean, had said he could support this project only if the route were to be used as a multistop service for commuters employed in one city or the other. Meanwhile, citizens whose suburban homes pressed close to the quiet roadbed—joined by anti-casino factions and issue-sniffing politicians—had formed South Jersey RAGE: Residents Against the Gamblers’ Express.

Eight of them now faced Senator Bradley—five women, three men, including a Baptist minister, the assistant administrator of Pennsauken, the mayor of Haddonfield.

The Senator addressed a television crew, saying, “A commuter rail service could enhance the quality of life in south Jersey.”

“The whole idea is to zip people to Atlantic City,” said Robyn Selvin, of South Jersey RAGE. “Four trains a day. Four trains do not a commuter line make. And there is only one planned stop.” The trains were going to be travelling at seventy-nine miles an hour and whistling and thundering at eighty-eight decibels for twelve seconds before each grade crossing—figures yielding a combined total of eight miles of screaming decibels. Evelyn McGill, of Merchantville, said her property was ten feet from the rails, and she remembered years ago sitting many a night in her yard and watching the old Nelly Bly coming up from Atlantic City; and one night, at forty-five miles an hour, Nelly Bly jumped the curving rails. “Imagine what would happen at seventy-nine,” she said, and she spread before Senator Bradley an anthology of wreckage: “AMTRAK TRAIN DERAILS, INJURING 51 IN ILLINOIS,” a picture of an Amcoach hanging off an overpass in Connecticut, a picture of train cars in Colorado piled up like bacon. “That would be in my kitchen,” she told him—not to mention the gamblers lying in the peonies, the creosote splinters in the Sunday ham.

Bob Cummings, the administrator from Pennsauken, said, “This is not an opposition against gambling. The line, though, is nothing but a working shuttle for gamblers.” An Atlantic City casino had volunteered to build a twelve-million-dollar terminal for the new trains. The State of New Jersey would be subsidizing the new service at the rate of five dollars per travelling gambler. “The casinos took in over a billion dollars last year. We fail to see that this is an industry that needs help.”

Possibly someone failed to see that the state was making money, too—that casinos are meant to be to New Jersey what the Alaska Pipeline is to Alaska. Bradley told RAGE that he was impressed with its presentation.

AFTER a ninety-mile drive to the northeast, the Senator arrived in Lavallette, a town on a barrier beach. En route through the dinner hour, he sipped Dunkin’ Donuts’ soup. A meeting room in the Lavallette First Aid Squad Building was filled to the walls, body temperature: toddlers chattering in strollers, a receiver erupting on a policeman’s hip (“Lavallette police . . . Get rid of that phone . . . You’ve already been advised . . .”), and every age group represented, with a preponderance of seniors. Gradually, in the course of the day, Bradley’s sleeves, fold by fold, had made their way to his upper biceps, and now—with a microphone in one hand and waving the other as he used to when he was the open man—he caught an hour’s questions in reeling juxtaposition.

From a wheelchair, a man held up a cassette recorder, light glowing red, and asked a two-part question about the MX missile and the incineration of garbage.

Of the MX, Bradley said, “It is an unnecessary system. It is offensive. It is a first-strike weapons system.”

A young Puerto Rican who said that he had come to the mainland years ago and been shunted into a public school for retarded children asked if the Senator was disposed to support bilingual education.

“I am for giving bilingual educa-

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tion a full role if it is used as a bridge to full participation in an English-speaking culture," he answered.

A white-haired man said, "I would like to ask your opinion of the breakup of the telephone company, which I think is a very heinous thing. What can we do to stop these egomaniacs from destroying the finest telephone system in the world?"

"I'm a friend of the telephone company," said Bradley. "I lean toward your analysis. But maybe the horse is out of the barn, and cannot be brought back in."

Despite the heat and humidity, arms were flying to attract his attention.

"We in Holiday City . . ."

"I've seen scows dump garbage within a stone's throw of . . ."

"I am a young American citizen concerned with building a military apparatus creating a backlash of resentment around the world. Please tell us how you would vote on these three matters. One: The nuclear-freeze resolution. Two: Aid to El Salvador. Three: The Martin Luther King holiday."

Bradley answered, "One, yes. Two, probably—at some level. Three, yes. I'm a co-sponsor of the bill."

Social Security, Medicare . . . His replies were short and economical, and included a two-minute summary of "the arcane subject of the pricing of natural gas."

Why not import natural gas from Russia, someone said—matching the Russians' purchases of grain.

"I don't want to put the fox in charge of the chicken coop," said Bradley.

Social Security: "I've held conferences on the subject all over the state, and at first I thought that seniors would just say, 'Decrease our tax and keep our COLAs.' But the conferences taught me that senior citizens sympathize with the financial plight of the younger generation and are willing to share the crisis costs."

AND now, on the boardwalk in Seaside, 10 P.M., he says goodbye to the citizen with the skateboard and moves along through another half mile of crowd.

"Hey, Bill!"

"There's Dollar Bill!"

Whether for a town meeting or a college conference on a specific subject or a walking town meeting ("You go where the people are"), he will be up at seven in the morning to do this sort of thing all day tomorrow, and the

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next day and the next, and a day or two a week in New Jersey while the Senate is in session. On sheer fatigue and vegetable soup, he sways a little and his eyes are glazed.

In front of the Seaside Coin Castle, he is asked to explain American participation in the International Monetary Fund. He is asked to shoot a basket (declined). He is asked "to keep the Commies on the other side of the ocean."

"Hey, big Bill!"

"You gotta do something about the Knicks, Bill."

A two-year-old child coming toward him in a stroller is wearing camouflage-cloth battle dress from hat to foot and is carrying a plastic automatic weapon. The man pushing him runs forward, takes Bradley's elbow, and pulls him toward the child, saying, "Senator, you've got to shake hands with this man." The Senator lifts a tiny hand from the rifle, gives a squeeze, and moves on.

"Nice to meet you, Bill."

"Nice to meet you, Senator."

"What job bills before Congress do you support?"

"You were a big help to my daughter in getting her boyfriend over from Scotland."

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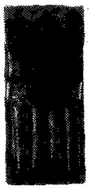

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

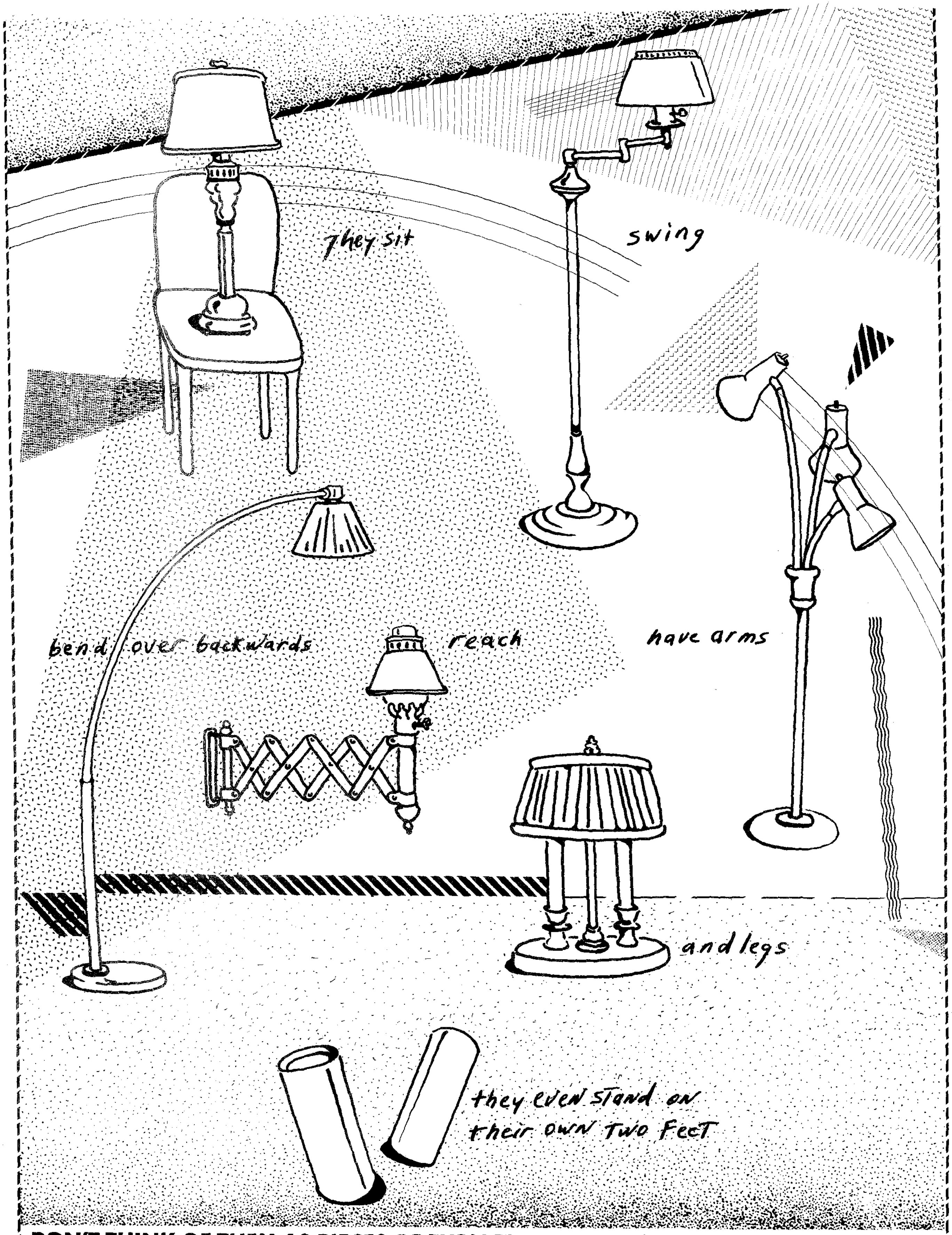
ETHANOL

THE gas-station pump is a good place to appreciate the troublesome relationship between energy and the economy. Without gasoline and diesel fuel, land transportation would come to a halt; getting people to and from work and moving goods to and from factories, farms, and stores—indeed, all the productive processes that generate economic output—would stop. Yet, as the price of petroleum—the source of fuels used to drive cars, trucks, trains, and aircraft—rises, the energy needed to run these and other sectors of the economy consumes an ever-increasing share of the economy's output. In effect, motor fuel, like the energy system as a whole, is cannibalizing the economy that it is supposed to support.

In recent years, the machinations of OPEC have tended to obscure an underlying fact about the petroleum supply—that the cost of producing it, and therefore the price at which it can be sold, must for unavoidable reasons escalate. As cars and trucks travel down the highway, they not only burn fuel but also insure that its price will rise. This is inevitable, because petroleum deposits, from which gasoline and diesel fuel are made, are nonrenewable and vary in their accessibility. As the supplies are depleted, we are forced to exploit progressively less accessible, and therefore more costly, deposits. For example, in the United States the cost of finding and developing oil and natural gas—which is not at all affected by OPEC's actions—increased from seventy-eight cents per barrel of oil (with natural gas converted to energetically equivalent barrels of oil) in 1968 to seven dollars and eighty-five cents in 1981: a rate of increase five and a half times the rate of inflation. Oil-company profits have also increased since the 1973-74 embargo, but much less rapidly than production costs; they averaged 10.4 per cent in the six years before the embargo, and fifteen per cent in the following six years. Thus, rising production costs create an underlying upward trend in the price of United States oil, quite apart from anything that OPEC does. OPEC's price changes are superimposed on this basic upward trend. Since 1973-74, whenever the world demand for oil was so high that it represented more than eighty per cent of OPEC's production capacity the cartel sharply raised its price. When demand has fallen below that level, OPEC has moderately lowered its price. As a result, the world price of oil—and, with it, the price of fuels in the United States—rose abruptly in 1973 and 1974 (as a result of the Arab embargo), then increased modestly each year through 1978 until 1979, when reduced production by Iran caused two jumps in price in the first three months of the year that totalled fourteen per cent. By 1981, falling economic activity brought world demand for oil down to eighty per cent of OPEC capacity, and the price levelled off, and even declined somewhat in 1982. So even if we look at only the low points in this steplike price-trend curve—that is, the prices in 1973, 1978, and 1982—the price of oil is still seen to rise about five times faster than general inflation in the last ten years. A recent Department of Energy projection indicates that the current pause in the rising-price trend will end next year, and will be followed by a continuing rise thereafter, at about the basic underlying rate of increase characteristic of the last decade. What is alarming about this trend is not so much that the price of energy rises but that it rises progressively faster than the price of goods and services generally—that energy becomes more costly *relative* to

Bernard Schoenbaum

"The more things change, the more they remain the same. Thank goodness."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and legs
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everything else. For that reason, a progressively larger share of economic output must be diverted into the unavoidable business of producing energy—a diversion that is bound to erode the rest of the economy. One result is that low-income families, who must already spend between thirty and forty per cent of their limited budgets to buy energy, will be forced to spend even more for that purpose, reducing what is available for other living costs. Another result is that energy production has been taking up a progressively larger portion of the capital available for business investments. Whereas in 1963 energy production consumed about fifteen per cent of this country's business-investment capital, by 1981 its share had increased to thirty-four per cent. As this trend continues, the cost of producing the energy needed to operate not only vehicles but factories, stores, and homes will progressively diminish the capital available to build them in the first place.

The problem can be solved only by replacing petroleum and other nonrenewable forms of energy with some exceedingly large or infinitely renewable resource, which will not become less accessible and more costly as it is used. The energy provided by the sun is such a resource; however, it is not readily apparent how such renewable solar energy could drive a car, truck, or tractor, and thereby diminish the corrosive economic effects of our present dependence on nonrenewable gasoline and diesel fuel. If United States automobile manufacturers were to advertise a "solar car," they would be besieged by potential buyers for whom the term conjures up the happy vision of a vehicle bearing a newfangled device that gathers free fuel—sunlight—and transmits its energy to the car's wheels. American motorists will be surprised to learn that a car powered by annually renewable solar energy is already manufactured, in Brazil, by the Ford Motor Company, and that it looks like any other Ford. The Brazilian Ford differs from an American one only in that its engine and carburetor have been redesigned in minor ways that enable it to run on nearly pure ethyl alcohol. Ethyl alcohol—or ethanol—is ordinary, drinkable alcohol. It is produced by the fermentation of crops, such as grain, potatoes, grapes, sugar beets, or—as in Brazil—sugarcane, and it represents renewable solar energy because it incorporates the energy of the daily sunshine that supports plant growth.

None of the automobiles now manufactured for the United States market are designed to run on pure ethanol, but sales of gasohol—a mixture of ten per cent ethanol and ninety per cent gasoline—as fuel for cars and trucks that customarily use gasoline have been rising. In the past year, the amount of ethanol produced for use in gasohol has increased by nearly eighty per cent. Nevertheless, gasohol sales are only about four per cent of total United States gasoline sales at present. The extensive use of ethanol as a motor fuel has been opposed by a number of people, who raise a barrage of technical criticisms. It is said that ethanol contains less energy per gallon than gasoline; that the energy content of ethanol is so small and the amount of energy consumed in producing it is so large that if it replaced gasoline there would be a net *loss* of energy; that ethanol is more expensive than gasoline; that cars are difficult to start on ethanol, and some parts might be damaged by it; that producing significant amounts of ethanol from crops would interfere with food production and thus raise food prices.

These criticisms and the arguments that are advanced against them constitute a debate that began with the invention of the gasoline-powered automobile, nearly a hundred years ago. In 1980, the debate took the form of disagreement over a report of the Energy Research Advisory Board, a group that provides the Secretary of Energy with technical advice. The report reached largely negative conclusions about the value of introducing gasohol as a partial substitute for gasoline. It was immediately attacked by Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, then a member of the Subcommittee on Energy of the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, as biassed in favor of the interests of the oil industry. In turn, a *Wall Street Journal* editorial, observing that Senator McGovern represented a farm state, asserted that the report's opponents were "tied tight as can be to the interests of American farmers, who stand to make a bundle off growing gasohol grain." This exchange illustrates the fundamental issue in the debate. It is not so much a question of how best to run automobiles as it is of what roles

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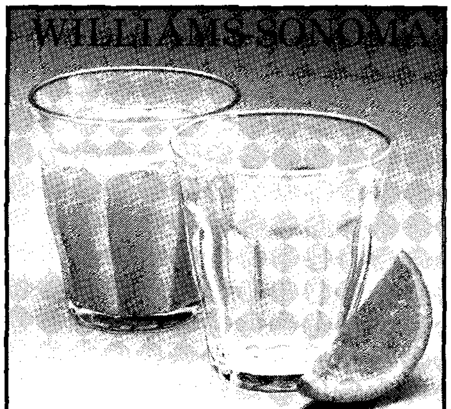

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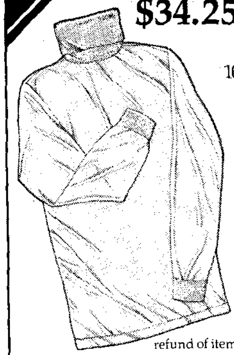

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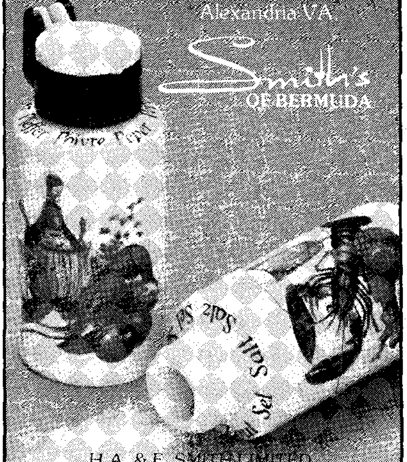
agriculture and the oil industry will play in the national economy. If ethanol produced from crops were to replace gasoline, agriculture would play a much larger role in the economy than it does at present. But this would mean displacing the entrenched and powerful oil industry from a major economic sector: transportation—a market that agriculture lost to the oil industry when the horse was displaced by the automobile. The real issue is economic power. Nevertheless, in order to confront this underlying issue it is necessary to deal with the technical ones—those concerned with the relative abilities of nonrenewable petroleum fuels, such as gasoline, and renewable solar fuels, such as ethanol, to provide the energy needed for motor transportation.

TRANSPORTATION—carrying a load over a distance—requires that work be done, for work is what causes a non-spontaneous process to occur. For work to be done, energy is essential. The necessary energy for transportation is provided by fuel, which is transformed into motion—a form of work—by some appropriate device. The horse is such a device: its metabolism transforms the energy contained in food—sugar, for example—into the muscular contractions that move its limbs. A gasoline engine is also a work-producing device: it transforms the energy contained in the fuel into the engine's revolutions, which move the vehicle. We are reminded of the historic link between the horse and the engine by the unit now used to designate the engine's capability—the horsepower. Power is the amount of work done per unit of time. James Watt, the inventor of the separate condenser for the steam engine, first defined one horsepower as one and a half times the power generated by an average horse in one working day, because he did not want buyers to accuse him of exaggerating the power of his steam engines. One horsepower is equivalent to seven hundred and forty-six watts of electric power—about a third of the power needed to operate an ordinary home-push lawnmower. The practical advantage of the engine over the horse is most dramatically illustrated by the fact that modern American cars are powered by engines of between sixty-five and a hundred and twenty-five horsepower, and they are considerably smaller than even a single horse.

When a horse—or, for that matter,



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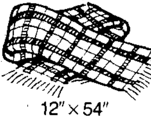

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any other animal—operates on the solar energy available from food substances, that energy is embodied in such substances through photosynthesis, which is a series of non-spontaneous chemical reactions powered by the sunlight that is absorbed by the green leaves of plants. So any fuel made of materials derived from crops is a form of renewable solar energy and, unlike gasoline, need not escalate in cost relative to the rest of the economy, because it will always be as accessible as it is now; it can be replenished as long as the sun keeps shining.

Engines of the type that are used in modern motor vehicles are called internal-combustion engines, because the fuel is burned inside the device—the cylinder—that converts the resultant heat and pressure into motion. (In land vehicles, the internal-combustion engine has largely displaced the steam engine, in which the fuel is burned externally, to heat water; the water, in a boiler, is changed into steam, which under pressure travels to a cylinder, where the pressure and heat are converted into motion.) Although the modern internal-combustion engine originated with an engine patented in 1876 in Germany by Dr. Nikolaus August Otto, the basic concept arose much earlier, from the observation that considerable pressure is exerted in an enclosed space by the explosion produced when a mixture of air and inflammable gas is ignited. An English patent of 1794 described an engine in which a mixture of air and turpentine vapor exploding inside a cylinder caused a piston to move. In the Otto engine, the cylinder, its piston, an intake valve for the air-fuel mixture, an exhaust valve for the waste gases, and a device to ignite the mixture are so arranged as to produce a repeated four-stroke cycle. When the engine is started, it must be driven through the first few cycles by an external force—in a modern automobile, by a battery-powered starter. On the first, or intake, stroke, the intake valve admits the air-fuel mixture, which is drawn into the cylinder by the suction created as the piston descends; on the second, or compression, stroke, both valves are closed and the piston is driven toward the head of the cylinder, compressing the air-fuel mixture; on the third, or power, stroke, the compressed air-fuel mixture burns, the resultant hot gases driving the piston away from the cylinder head and giving mechanical power to the crankshaft to which the piston is attached; on the fourth, or

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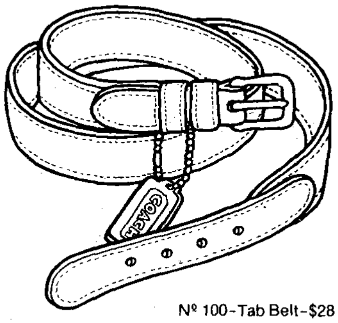

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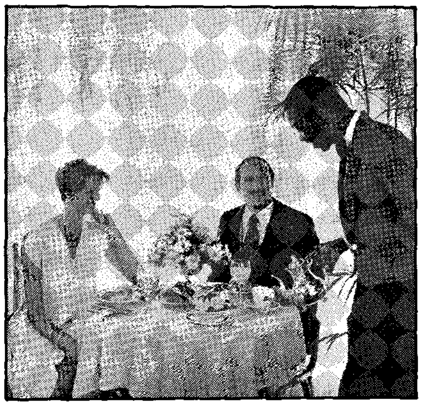

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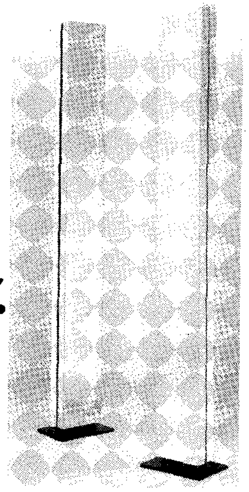
exhaust, stroke, the piston is pushed toward the cylinder head once more, and expels the waste gases through the exhaust valve; and the whole cycle begins again.

The power of such an engine depends on, among other things, the energy content of the fuel and the degree of compression of the air-fuel mixture at the moment of ignition. (The greater the compression, the greater the power.) In the early development of such engines, a number of gases that formed explosive mixtures with air were used as fuel. These included the mixture of gases (chiefly hydrogen, methane, and carbon monoxide) which was then used for illumination. One Dutch physicist even experimented with an internal-combustion engine run on gunpowder. It was soon realized, however, that a fuel suitable for vehicular internal-combustion engines ought to be liquid, so that a sufficient supply could be carried in a relatively small volume but could be readily vaporized, so that it could be delivered to the engine as a gas. In most automobile engines, the liquid fuel is vaporized and mixed with air in the carburetor. In 1885, Gottlieb Daimler, a German engineer, invented an internal-combustion engine, based on the Otto design, that ran on a liquid fuel distilled from petroleum. This was gasoline, then called "petroleum spirit"—a by-product of the manufacture of kerosene from petroleum—which was used chiefly as a cleaning agent. Daimler installed his gasoline-driven engine on bicycles and boats. In 1890, the French firm of Panhard & Levassor incorporated a Daimler engine into a carriage—the ancestor of the modern automobile. By 1895, there were enough automobiles operating in France to organize the first formal race, from Paris to Bordeaux and back; the mean speed of the winning vehicle was fifteen miles per hour. By the turn of the century, a rapidly expanding automobile industry had been created in France, Germany, England, and the United States.

The first use of ethanol to run an automobile engine appears to have been in 1894, in Leipzig, by an engineer working for the German Agricultural Society. German farmers were interested in selling the ethyl alcohol they were producing for the liquor market—most of it from the fermentation of potatoes—to the burgeoning automobile industry. With government support and encouragement, the German Agricultural Society tested



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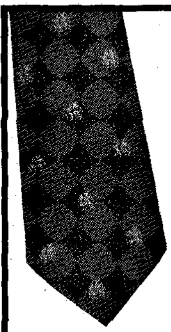

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ethanol in the gasoline engines then being manufactured in Germany, and found that the engines yielded less power when they were run on ethanol than they did when they were run on gasoline. Undismayed, the society asked German manufacturers to develop engines that were specifically designed to use ethanol. The manufacturers discovered that ethanol engines could operate at about three times the cylinder compression that could be safely used in a gasoline engine. When gasoline engines were operated above a certain level of compression, there was considerable danger that the air-fuel mixture would become hot enough during compression to ignite before the piston reached its deepest penetration of the cylinder, with the result that the piston would receive a violent shock. Ethanol was much less likely to ignite prematurely, and the higher compression of ethanol engines allowed them to convert the fuel into work more efficiently. The ethanol engines operated with about the same over-all efficiency as typical gasoline engines. Despite this technological development, however, the role of ethanol in the German fuel market was determined by economic events. In 1901, there was a very large potato crop, and a great deal of ethanol was produced that year. As a result, the price fell sharply and ethanol began to win an appreciable share of the motor-fuel market. But three years later the German potato crop failed, and the price of ethanol tripled; it then became more expensive than gasoline and lost most of the market.

In France, farmers were also interested in selling ethanol to *"les automobilistes."* A popular stunt consisted of driving a vehicle up to the first grocer encountered on the road and fuelling up with *"l'alcool à brûler"*—nearly pure ethyl alcohol, stocked for culinary purposes. This exercise was soon expanded into a road race in which cars were required to refuel only from grocers along the route. In 1899, eight ethanol-driven cars raced between Paris and Chantilly and back; the winner covered a hundred and thirty-six kilometres in eight hours and eight minutes (an average speed of about ten and a half miles per hour), using thirty-eight litres of grocer's alcohol. In the next ten years, gasoline and ethanol competed for the growing motor-fuel market in France. Again, the competition involved economic issues rather than technical ones. A bulletin issued by the French

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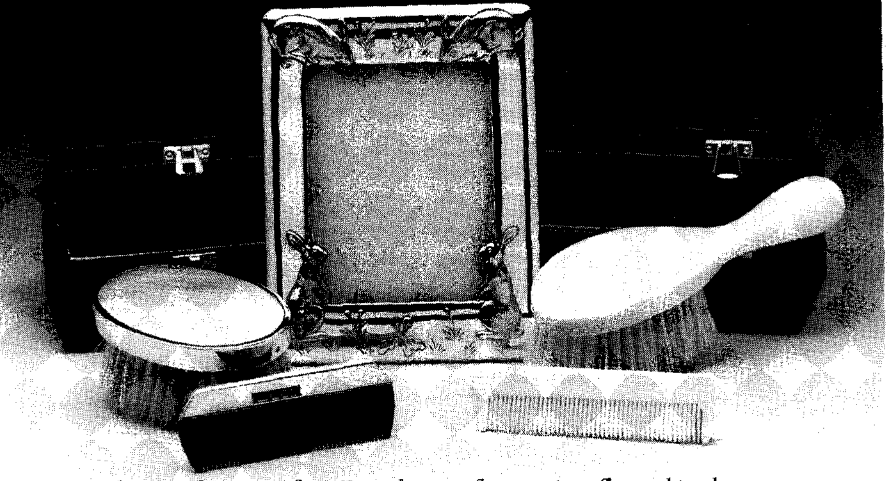

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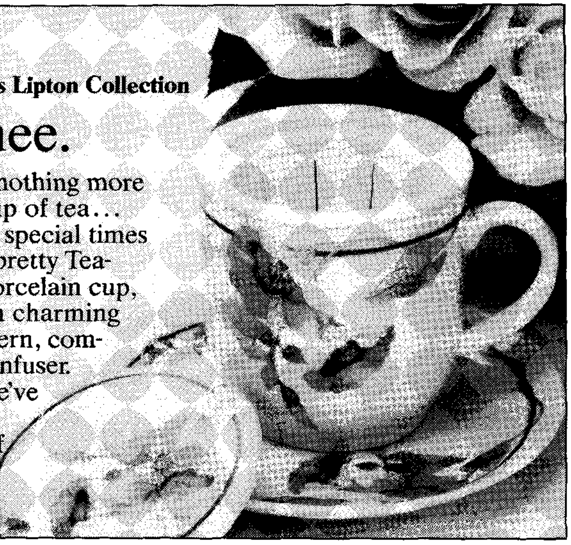

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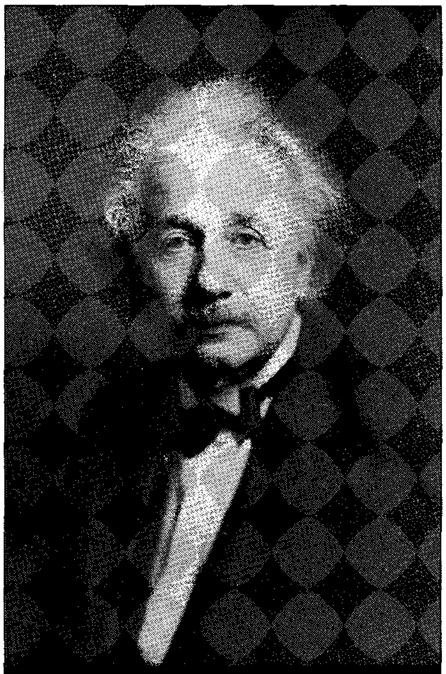

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Society of Civil Engineers in 1901 advanced the following arguments in favor of ethanol: it was "a product of French soil;" its use could help alleviate the economic crisis in certain agricultural regions; it could be readily produced in stills simple enough to be operated by French farmers; and it could be produced from local crops in the colonies, thereby eliminating shipment of gasoline, which would be particularly difficult in wartime. In 1903, the French Agricultural Society, concerned with a surplus in the liquor-distilling industry and "the impossibility of increasing consumption by mouth," awarded a prize for the best book on the uses of ethanol in transportation and other industries.

England's government gave little support to ethanol production, and the fuel was very vulnerable to economic competition from gasoline. In a book on fuels published in 1907, Vivian B. Lewes, a professor of chemistry at the Royal Naval College, complained:

> A few years ago (1903) petrol could be obtained in bulk below 9*d*. a gallon, which meant that it was being sold below cost price, whilst now it has risen to a considerably higher figure.... These fluctuations in price are largely dependent upon the supply of petrol being in a few hands.... The fact that the petrol supply can be so manipulated by the great oil rings makes it all the harder to introduce a competitor like alcohol, as directly alcohol began to command the market, its use could be killed by dropping the price of petrol, or by the demand causing a rise in price of alcohol.

Nevertheless, ethanol established itself in the European motor-fuel market, principally because of the impact of the First World War. Nearly cut off from foreign supplies of petroleum, the belligerents turned to their agricultural crops to produce fuel for automobiles, trucks, tractors, and airplanes. These "national fuels," usually a blend of ethanol and varying amounts of petroleum derivatives, continued to be used well into the nineteen-thirties in some twenty countries, including nearly every European country, Australia, Cuba, and Brazil. In the United States, some ethanol production began after Prohibition was lifted, in 1932. In fifteen countries, including Germany and France, government regulations required the blending of alcohol with all the gasoline sold nationwide or in certain areas. These arrangements persisted as a matter of national policy, in spite of economics. For example, in France, by 1931 the mandated blend had become so much more expensive to produce

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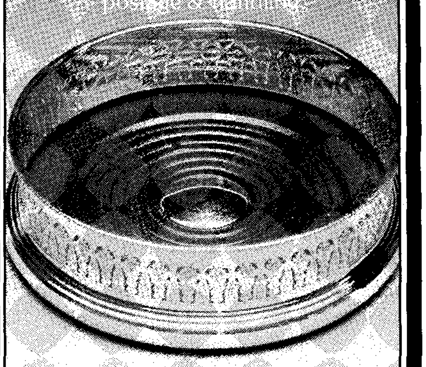

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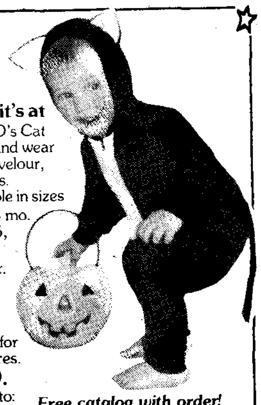

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than straight gasoline that the government taxed gasoline to make up the difference.

In the years after the First World War, as the automobile began to evolve toward its modern version, a new opportunity arose for ethanol to strengthen its grip on the market. The earliest cars were relatively light vehicles, resembling to some degree the lightweight, horse-drawn carriages they had replaced. In the twenties, manufacturers began to build sturdier, heavier cars, which required more powerful engines. The most promising way to get more power out of an internal-combustion engine without increasing its size is to increase the compression of the air-fuel mixture in the cylinder. The degree of compression is expressed as the "compression ratio"—the volume occupied by the air-fuel mixture in the cylinder before it is compressed divided by the volume it occupies when it is fully compressed. Most of the early engines operated at a compression ratio of about four to one; that is, the compressed volume was one-fourth of the original, uncompressed volume. If a manufacturer could double the compression ratio of such an engine, to eight to one, he could theoretically double its efficiency. Here a snag developed. When gasoline was used as the fuel and an engine's compression ratio was gradually increased, the engine's power failed to rise correspondingly; in fact, it eventually fell, accompanied by a noisy metallic ring—"engine knock." (Engine knock is quite different from premature ignition, the more serious difficulty that was encountered when the first attempts were made to operate gasoline engines at higher compression.) In 1923, an English engineer, Harry R. Ricardo, published a detailed study of engine knock. He discovered that under high compression most hydrocarbon fuels derived from petroleum will burn unevenly, setting up a wave of pressure inside the cylinder, which produces the knocking sound, hampers the running of the engine, and reduces power. When Ricardo tested several non-petroleum fuels, however, he discovered that some of them would allow the engine to run at high compression ratios without knocking. Good "antiknock" fuels were ethanol and another alcohol, methanol. A fuel's antiknock rating is now designated by its "octane number," which compares the fuel with mixtures of two pure hydrocarbons—isoöctane, assigned an octane number

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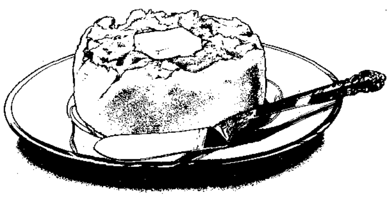

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of a hundred, and normal heptane, assigned an octane number of zero. On this scale, the gasoline of the nineteen-twenties had an octane number of between fifty and sixty and could not be used at compression ratios greater than five. In contrast, ethanol has an octane number of one hundred and eighteen and operates very well at compression ratios of ten or more.

Ricardo also experimented with ways of improving the antiknock qualities of gasoline itself, and discovered that this could be readily achieved by adding a small amount of ethanol. For example, if gasoline with an octane number of fifty was blended in a nine-to-one ratio with ethanol the octane number increased to fifty-nine. This discovery, together with the concurrent development of refinery techniques that increased the initial octane number of crude gasoline, meant that the addition of relatively small amounts of ethanol to gasoline would enable manufacturers to introduce higher-compression engines, which could power heavier automobiles. It seemed that engines powerful enough to drive a heavy automobile and small enough to fit inside it would need to be fuelled at least in part by ethanol rather than gasoline. Farmers appeared to be on the verge of regaining at least a share of the transportation-fuel market they had lost when the automobile displaced the horse and its grain-filled feed bag.

But at the same time that Ricardo's work in England laid the groundwork for an agricultural victory, two General Motors scientists in the United States, Thomas Midgley, Jr., and T. A. Boyd, working under Charles F. Kettering, were engineering a defeat. Like Ricardo, they were engaged in solving the engine-knock problem, but they had decided to do it by adding various chemical substances to gasoline until they found one that reduced the fuel's propensity to knock under high compression. After testing a number of substances, Midgley and Boyd hit upon tetraethyl lead, an oil-soluble compound that readily mixes with gasoline. A few drops added to a gallon of gasoline converted it into a good antiknock fuel; octane numbers in the seventies could be achieved. The oil industry was able to use this discovery to retain control of the fuel market. After leaded antiknock fuels had been introduced in the market, in 1923, Midgley and Boyd's work was commercialized by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, a company organized by

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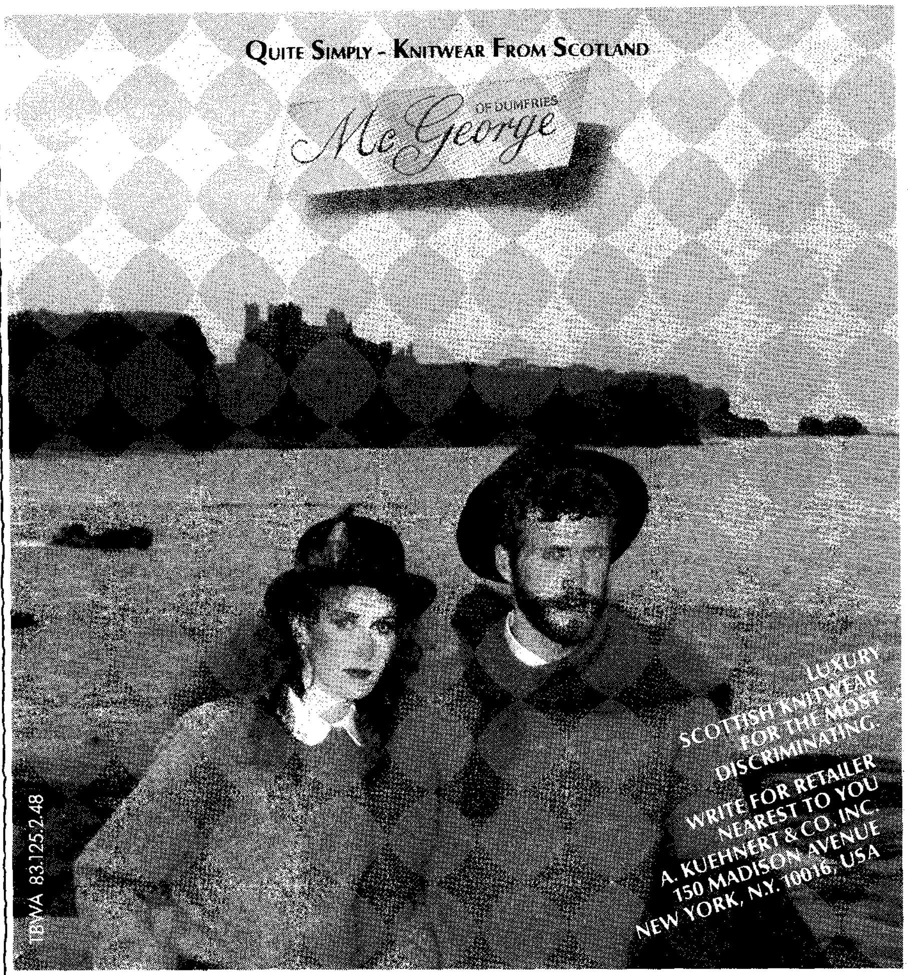
Standard Oil of New Jersey and General Motors. This encouraged the development of high-compression engines and the large cars that they could drive. The trend accelerated rapidly after the Second World War. Between 1946 and 1956, the average compression ratio of United States automobile engines increased from 6.7 to one to 8.6 to one; the average horsepower increased from a hundred and five to two hundred and seven; and the amount of lead added to gasoline per year increased from forty-three thousand tons to a hundred and forty-eight thousand. In 1940, an oil-industry pamphlet had pronounced the following epitaph on ethanol: "Alcohol adds some value to gasoline by improving its anti-knock quality, but . . . the identical anti-knock improvement can be obtained with other ingredients at less cost."

The victory of lead over ethanol in the antiknock market was won at the cost of a serious environmental hazard. The new high-compression engines spewed lead—a highly toxic metal—from their exhausts into the air. Lead began to accumulate in living things exposed to exhaust fumes. Soon, roadside plants contained more lead than plants in the wild; the bones of city pigeons contained more lead than the bones of country pigeons; the blood of traffic policemen contained more lead than the blood of other city residents. Children tend to absorb more lead from the environment than adults do, and they are therefore more likely to suffer from lead poisoning, which can damage the brain and the nervous system. Ingestion of old lead-containing paint and lead-contaminated soil is chiefly responsible for lead poisoning in children. In urban areas, part of the lead in soil must come from automobile emissions, for it has been found that soil in front yards contains two to three times more lead than soil in back yards, which are more distant from the roadway. In 1970, after more than a million tons of lead had been dispersed into the environment from automobile exhausts, legislation mandated the progressive replacement of lead as an antiknock additive; high-octane leaded gasoline began to be replaced by "unleaded" gasoline. The results have been striking.

A 1981 Environmental Protection Agency study showed that the forty-per-cent decline in the amount of lead used in gasoline which occurred between 1970 and 1979 was accompanied by a forty-one-per-cent drop in



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the average levels of airborne lead. According to a study conducted by the Centers for Disease Control between 1976 and 1980, a period in which the amount of lead used in gasoline decreased by more than half, there was a thirty-seven-per-cent reduction in the average lead levels in the blood of United States residents. The reduction occurred in all age groups and appeared to be closely correlated with the progressive elimination of leaded gasoline; from this the investigators concluded that the shift to unleaded gasoline is the likely explanation. In July of this year, a new E.P.A. standard went into effect requiring a further reduction in the lead content of gasoline. (The E.P.A. estimates that there will be little or no market for leaded gasoline by the end of this century.) Recently, a District of Columbia Appeals Court judge noted, in an opinion, that the correlation between the lead content of gasoline and the amount of airborne lead suggested that the E.P.A. might have been justified in imposing a total ban on lead in gasoline. If the oil industry had been guided by Ricardo's work rather than Midgley and Boyd's in producing high-octane gasoline, we might have been spared at least some of the harm that environmental lead has caused. Even when the E.P.A., after 1970, required oil companies to begin removing lead antiknock additives, they preferred to rely on other octane-boosting substances that are produced only from petroleum, such as toluene. Despite the environmental failure of lead, ethanol was once more shut out of the transportation-fuel market.

UNTIL recently, the ongoing conflict between agriculture and the oil industry over the market for motor fuels had little bearing on the national economy. Then came the energy crisis. The energy crisis is a fairly new phenomenon, because the rise in the cost of producing petroleum as deposits are depleted is an exponential process. At the start, when the deposits are large and relatively accessible, using them has a comparatively small effect on the accessibility of what remains; costs are low, and the annual increments in cost, although growing, are small as well. This is the situation now in the Middle East, where large-scale oil production began only after the Second World War. Earlier, this was also the situation in the United States, where oil production started in earnest a hundred years ago. But by

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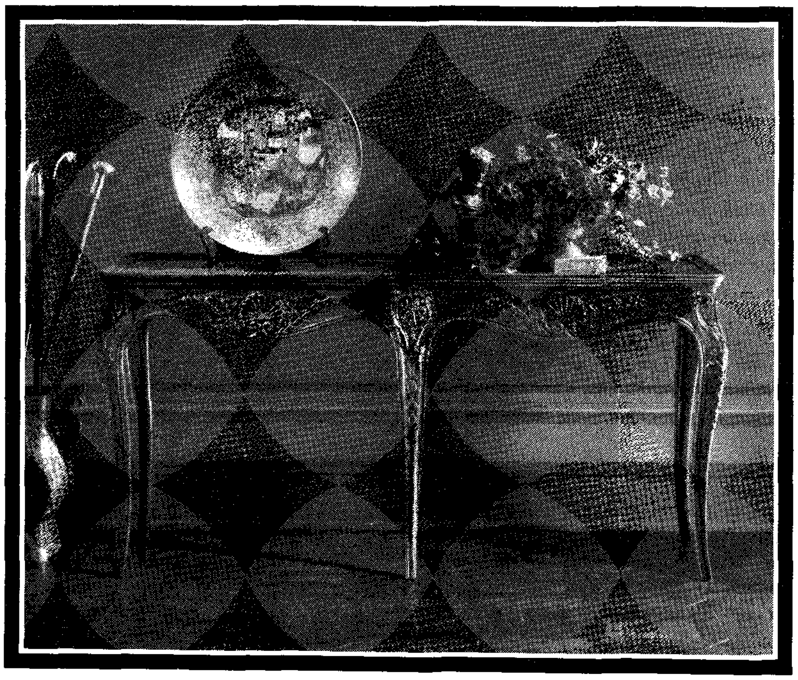
the nineteen-sixties oil deposits in the United States had been so far depleted that production costs reached the steeply rising section of the exponential curve and became sufficiently large to influence the economy. For example, an index of petroleum drilling and production costs in an article written by a vice-president of the Gulf Oil Exploration and Production Company—an index in which 1977 costs were assigned an arbitrary value of 100—showed an increase from 29 in 1960 to only 32 in 1965. By 1970, however, the cost index had jumped to 40, and in the next five years it more than doubled, reaching 90 in 1975. Thus, despite the common view that the escalating price of oil was triggered by the imposition of the October, 1973, Arab oil embargo, domestic production costs, which necessarily influence the selling price of petroleum fuels, had begun to rise rapidly several years earlier. An interim report published in preliminary form by the National Petroleum Council (an industry group that then advised the United States Department of the Interior) two years before the OPEC embargo indicated that the price of United States crude oil, which had remained essentially constant in real terms for more than fifteen years, would need to rise exponentially from 1972 on. The timing of the OPEC action to increase the world price of oil in 1973 may have been a coincidence, or it may have been a response to the Council's prediction. In any case, since the early seventies the built-in escalation of the cost of producing petroleum, and of the price of fuels derived from it, including gasoline, has seriously affected the national economy. By 1973, energy production had begun to claim a growing fraction of the available investment capital, and its rising cost helped to push the rate of inflation into double-digit figures. Since then, the battle between agriculture and the oil industry over the motor-fuel market has been fought for high stakes. At stake for the oil companies is their continued monopoly over transportation fuel and the rising profits engendered by their ability to sell—at ever-increasing prices—oil that had been found earlier, or abroad, at low cost. At stake for agriculture is the opportunity to share in these windfall profits, since as long as ethanol production is not large enough to dominate the marketplace the selling price of ethanol will be governed by the escalating price of gasoline. At stake for the nation is the



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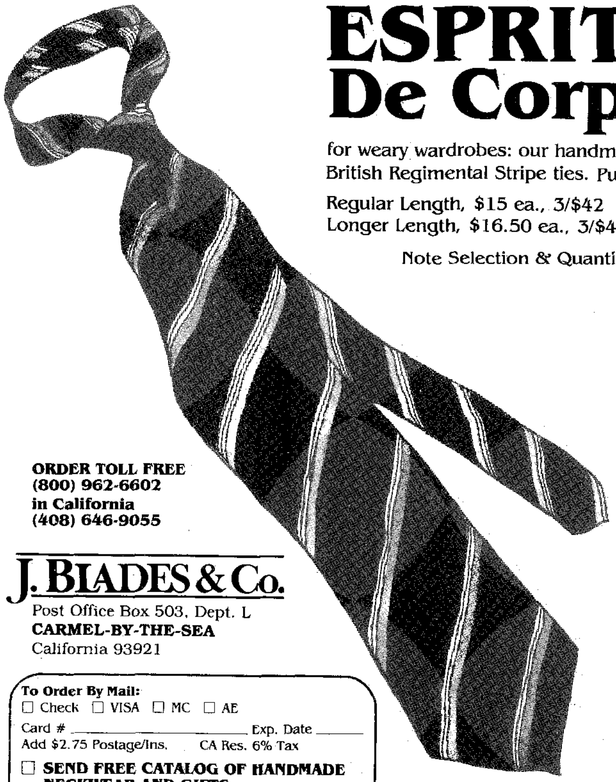

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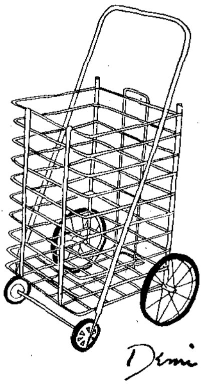
opportunity to escape from the corrosive economic effect of our dependence on nonrenewable fuels by replacing them with ethanol, which, being renewable, need not rise in cost relative to the rest of the economy—or in price, once it takes over the motor-fuel market and no longer competes with gasoline—as it is used. And, in addition, ethanol production would undoubtedly improve farm income, and this might help eliminate farm subsidies.

Ever since the invention of the automobile, farmers in the United States, like those in Germany and France, have agitated for the use of ethanol as a motor fuel, especially when the farm economy has been depressed. Since 1973, they have once again appealed to the government to support a program for producing ethanol from corn, and once again the oil industry has opposed them with a series of technical objections. One objection is that agricultural ethanol cannot supplement the country's energy supply because more energy is used to produce it than the fuel itself contains. (Energy is needed to plant and harvest the corn, and to operate the distilleries that separate ethanol from the fermented corn.) A 1980 Mobil Oil Corporation publication stated that "it takes 1.5 to 2.5 times as much energy to grow and process the grain into alcohol as the alcohol contains." If such assertions, which have gained a good deal of currency, were true, they would deal a fatal blow to the farmers' hopes. But computations of the ethanol-energy balance tend to overestimate the amount of energy needed to produce ethanol, and underestimate its energy value in running a car. They sometimes assume, for example, that the distillation of ethyl alcohol for use as a motor fuel would require the amount of heat needed to distill ethyl alcohol for use as an alcoholic beverage. However, some of the heat used in the latter process to eliminate toxic impurities is unnecessary when the nondrinkable sort is produced. Another overestimation can arise from counting all the energy needed to raise corn as part of the energy cost of producing ethanol. But since about a third of the livestock feed represented by the corn that would be used to manufacture ethanol is recovered in the fermentation residue, ethanol production should be charged with only two-thirds of the amount of energy needed to raise corn. Computation of the energetic advantage of ethanol as a motor fuel also depends on the type of energy used to produce it. For example, if a solar energy source—wood, let us say—is used to distill the ethanol, the energetic gain is greater than it would be if fuel oil is used for that purpose. Another factor that enters into the computation is the amount of energy used to produce the gasoline that ethanol displaces. According to a 1980 study by the Office of Technology Assessment, a congressional research and analysis agency, each gallon of ethanol ought to be credited with saving the equivalent of four-tenths of a gallon of gasoline, because it eliminates the extra energy that a refinery uses to produce the high-octane gasoline that gasohol replaces. Despite some uncertainties regarding the various estimates that enter into this computation, it now seems likely that ethanol can in fact represent a net gain in energy when efficiently produced. According to a 1982 summary prepared by the Office of Energy of the United States Department of Agriculture, the most pessimistic computation represents a net energy loss of only three per cent, while the most optimistic one represents a net gain of fifty per cent.



Some answers to other technical criticisms—that ethanol corrodes certain engine parts, that engines run on gasohol are difficult to start in the cold and tend to become clogged—are found in a bibliography on agricultural automotive fuels which was published by the Department of Agriculture in 1949 and contains summaries of more than fifteen hundred technical articles. A 1938 paper by F. Eisenstecken and H. Roters, in the Berlin publication *Oel und Koehle*, reports that metal parts can be protected from the corrosive effects of ethanol and other alcohols by plating them with tin. J. D. Ross and W. R. Ormandy, writing in a British chemical-industry journal in 1926, report that in road tests London buses using a blend of alcohol and gasoline obtained better fuel economy than they had achieved on gasoline alone, and also showed that they could readily start in cold weather if ether was added to the fuel. K. R. Dieterich, writing in 1933

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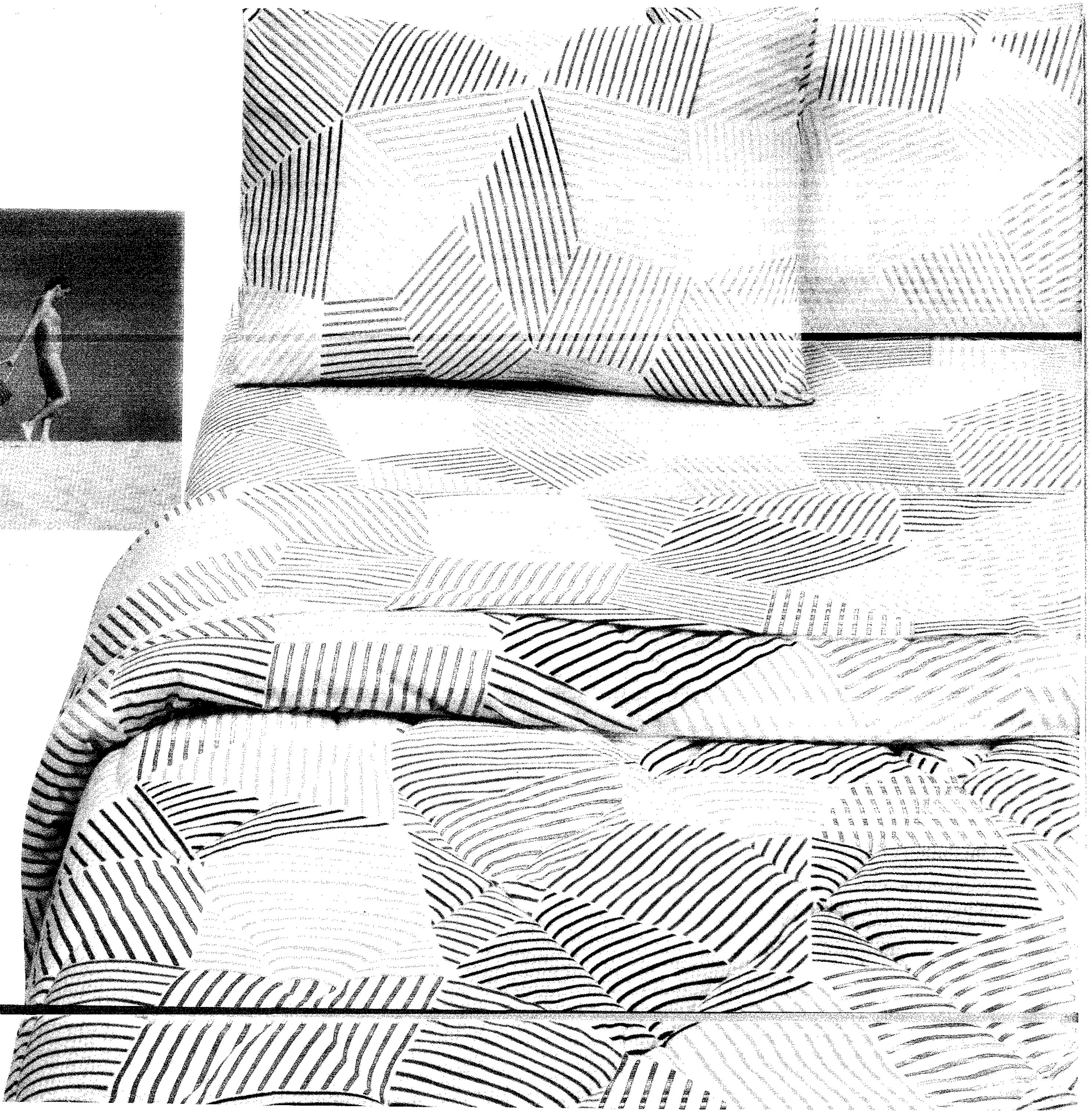

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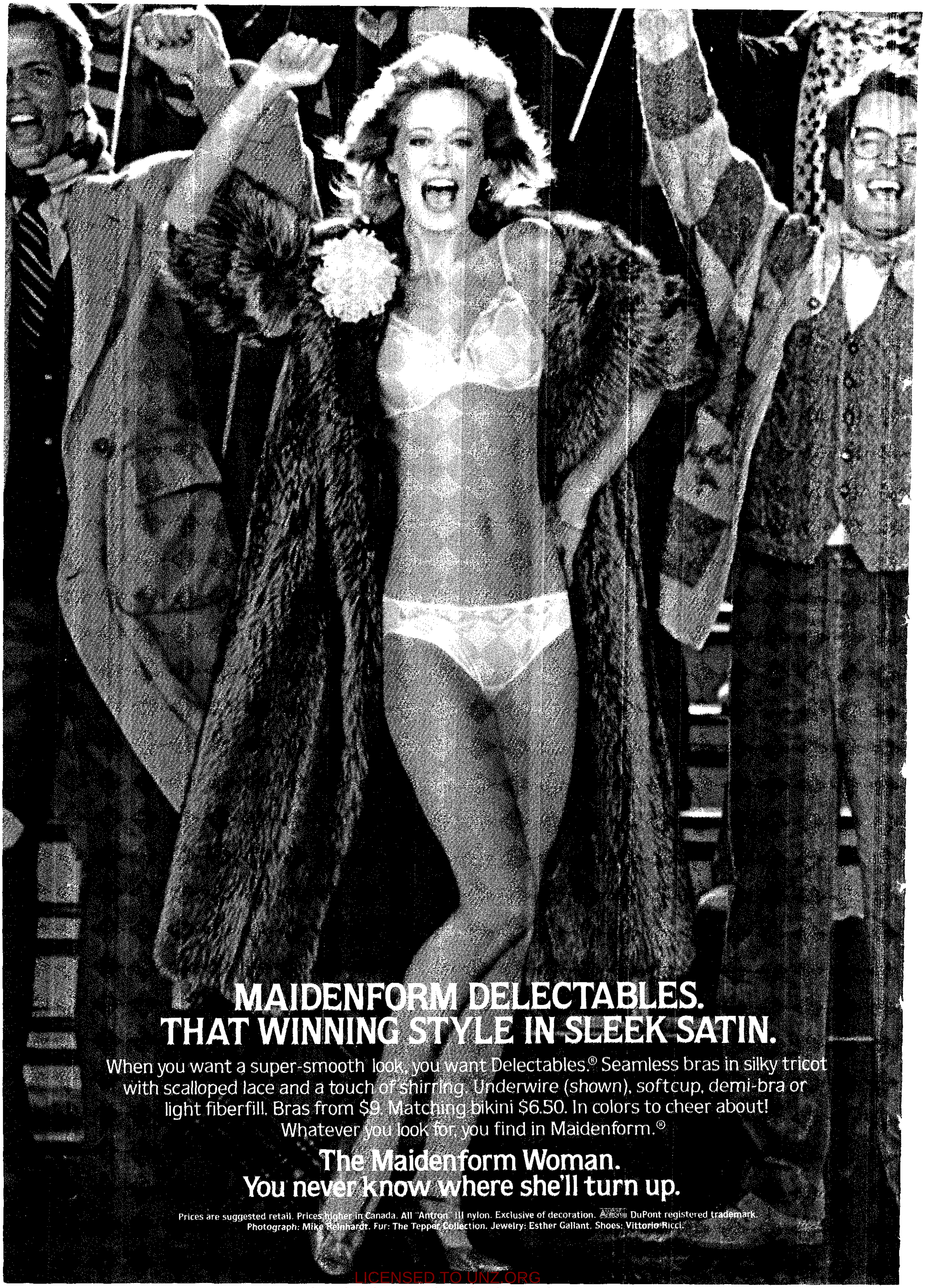

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about the engine-clogging problem, in the German journal *Automobiltechnische Zeitschrift*, reports, "Initial troubles encountered were due to the solvent action of the [ethanol-gasoline] blends, which loosened previous rust and gum deposits and caused clogging of filters and jets. To avoid that, fuel systems should be cleaned before use of blends." There seems to be no unresolved technical difficulty standing in the way of driving internal-combustion engines on gasohol or pure ethanol. It has been found that mileage tests of gasohol, though they vary a good deal depending on driving conditions, can yield results about equal to those obtained in tests of conventional unleaded gasoline. An assessment of five hundred and sixty-five vehicle tests of the relative fuel efficiencies of gasoline and gasohol was published last year by the American Petroleum Institute (an oil-industry group). The statistical-mean result of these tests was that gasohol is probably only 1.7 per cent less efficient than unleaded gasoline.

The question of whether ethanol is too costly to compete with gasoline is resolved by the prices posted at the gas-station pump. In the United States, where there are only a few cars designed to run on pure ethanol, the comparison can be made between the price of gasohol and the price of a grade of unleaded gasoline equal to gasohol in antiknock value. Since ethanol not only serves as a fuel but also increases the octane number and the quality of gasoline, refiners can use it in place of octane boosters such as toluene to produce unleaded high-octane gasoline, and its price needs to be compared with that sort of fuel. Indeed, the ethanol-gasoline blend is now often sold simply as another form of unleaded gasoline, rather than with the term "gasohol" attached to it. (The term "gasohol" seemed appropriate a few years ago when the blend was marketed as a "gasoline extender"—a sales device that appealed to the notion that the United States might suffer a shortage of gasoline. Now that such a shortage seems more remote, the original term is often dropped and the same nine-to-one blend is sold as a "motor-fuel octane enhancer.") In mid-1983, the typical wholesale price of ethanol made from corn was a dollar and sixty cents per gallon, while ninety-octane unleaded gasoline sold at ninety-four cents per gallon. To produce gasohol, nine-tenths of a gallon of regular unleaded gasoline (at a

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wholesale price of ninety cents per gallon) is mixed with one-tenth of a gallon of ethanol (sixteen cents' worth at wholesale), so that the wholesale cost of a gallon of gasohol is ninety-seven cents. On that basis, gasohol costs three cents more per gallon at wholesale than comparable unleaded gasoline. However, federal law provides a five-cents-per-gallon road-tax exemption for gasohol, and in thirty-five states there is an additional state-tax exemption that averages four cents per gallon. These subsidies give gasohol a six-cent-per-gallon competitive edge over the comparable grade of unleaded gasoline—sufficient to motivate the production and sale of gasohol. Thus, under current circumstances, especially where state-tax exemptions are available, it appears to be profitable for distillers to produce ethanol from corn, for oil companies to blend ethanol with low-grade gasoline, and for dealers to sell the resulting gasohol in competition with corresponding grades of unleaded gasoline. Exactly how profitable each of these steps may be depends on complex market interactions among, for example, the price of corn (and the resulting cost of producing ethanol) and the price of oil (and the resulting cost of producing gasoline). Current drought conditions in the corn belt, which have raised the price of corn, are likely to reduce gasohol's competitive advantage temporarily. In any case, ethanol produced from at least one agricultural crop, corn, appears capable of entering the motor-fuel market in competition with gasoline. As the cost of producing oil—and, with it, the price of gasoline—rises in the next few years, relative to the cost of other goods, such as grain and the ethanol made from it, this competitive edge should increase.

THERE is a larger social issue raised by the potential economic effect of extensive production of ethanol from crops. As Lester Brown, president of the Worldwatch Institute, an independent research organization based in Washington, D.C., has put it, "In a world that no longer has any excess food-production capacity, the decision to channel foodstuffs into the production of automotive fuel will inevitably drive food prices upward." Brown makes the following argument to support this conclusion: A typical American automobile travels ten thousand miles per year at fifteen miles per gallon, thus annually consuming about six hundred and sixty-seven gallons of

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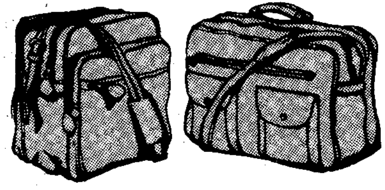

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fuel. If this fuel were gasohol, Brown calculates, some fourteen hundred and sixty pounds of grain would be diverted from the food market—only slightly less than the amount of grain annually required to support an American's diet (sixteen hundred pounds, most of which goes to feed livestock). This suggests that driving all of the nation's hundred and twenty-five million registered passenger cars on gasohol would be equivalent, in its demand on the food supply, to adding a hundred and fourteen million people to the population. Brown concludes, "The stage is set for direct competition between the affluent minority, who own the world's three hundred and fifteen million automobiles, and the poorest segments of humanity, for whom getting enough food to stay alive is already a struggle."

The apparent competition between food and fuel is based on the assumption that any crop used to produce significant amounts of ethanol is entirely diverted from the production of food. (Spoiled or otherwise wasted crops are sufficient to produce relatively little ethanol, no more than a few per cent of the demand for gasoline.) However, the chemical requirements of supplying food to people and supplying fuel to cars are very different. People—and, more generally, animals—require food for two essential processes: the growth and repair of the bodily structure, and the energetic reactions that drive the bodily functions. Two chief components of foodstuffs support these processes: growth and repair are supported by protein, while energy metabolism depends mainly on carbohydrate (starch); an effective diet therefore requires an appropriate balance between the two. About ninety per cent of the United States feedgrain-crop output goes to feed livestock—cattle, dairy cows, pigs, poultry, and sheep—and its over-all composition approximates the protein-carbohydrate ratio required for the proper nourishment of animals, which is about one to six or one to seven by weight. Unlike an animal, the automobile engine neither grows nor repairs itself; it requires from its fuel only energy. Ethanol is made from the carbohydrate, or energy-yielding, part of a crop. Grain, for instance, is made into a mash and steeped until most of its carbohydrate is converted to sugar. Yeast is introduced, and the ensuing fermentation converts the sugar into ethanol and carbon dioxide. (This is essentially the process used to make

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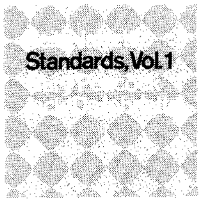

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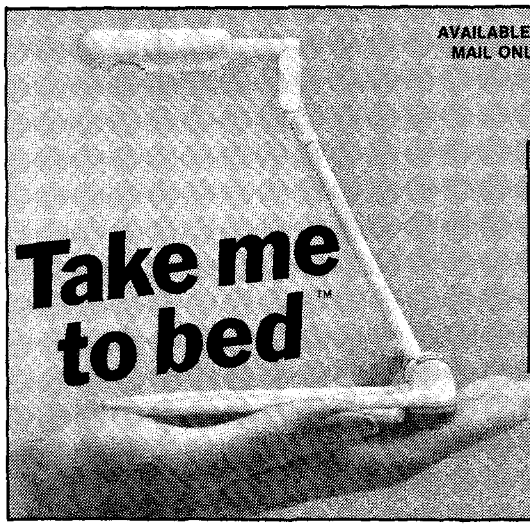

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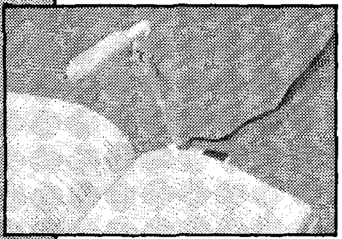

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beer; the carbon dioxide produces the bubbles in beer and sparkling wine.) The biochemical conversion involves only carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—the elements that constitute both sugar and ethanol. Nitrogen, the characteristic constituent of protein, does not participate in the molecular conversion of sugar into ethanol and carbon dioxide. Indeed, all of the grain's original protein content, together with the protein-rich yeast that proliferates during the fermentation, remains in the residual mash after the ethanol has been distilled off. This residue is known as "distillers' dried grains" and is sold as a protein-rich livestock-feed supplement. It contains the grain's original protein and a third of its carbohydrate, the rest of which has been converted to ethanol. About thirty-three per cent of the energy value of the grain is left in the residue, and when the residue's energy value is entered into the energy-balance equation it turns out that the gasohol needed to drive a typical car for a year would divert only about nine hundred and seventy-three, rather than fourteen hundred and sixty, pounds of grain from the food market.

Even if we factor in the food available from the fermentation residue, ethanol production sufficient to support a switch from gasoline to gasohol—let alone to pure ethanol—would nevertheless represent a serious diversion of food from the present crop system. But by taking into account the disparate demands of fuel and food on the crop system—the one requiring only the crop's carbohydrate and the other a proper ratio of protein to carbohydrate—there is a way to eliminate the competition between the two. This requires growing crops different from the present ones in their protein-carbohydrate ratio. If crops were grown that produced as much protein as the present ones but considerably more carbohydrate, some of the latter could be converted to ethanol, leaving in the fermentation residue almost as much carbohydrate and protein as the present crops contain. The residue could then be used to raise about as much livestock—the chief food product of the crop system—as we raise at present. Indeed, fermentation residues, such as distillers' dried grains, could even replace the grains now exported by the United States, which are largely used to feed livestock abroad. Thus, the food-versus-fuel dilemma could be resolved by altering the present pattern of crop production so that, unlike pres-

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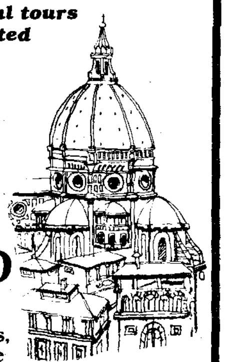

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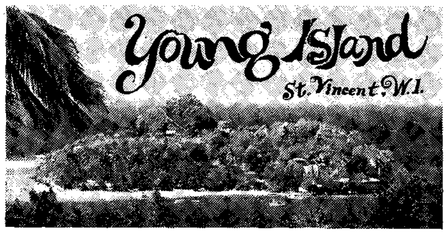

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ent crops, which are grown only for food, the new ones would be designed to support both animal nutrition and ethanol production.

The pattern of crop production in the grain belt, where most of the country's livestock feed is produced, could, in fact, quite readily be changed. For example, soybean acreage, which in 1939 amounted to about one-twentieth of the harvested acreage devoted to corn, was in 1982 about equal to the corn acreage. Since soybeans have a much higher percentage of protein than corn has, this change materially altered the protein-carbohydrate balance in the total crop, bringing it much closer to the balance appropriate for animal nutrition. Certain carbohydrate-rich crops, such as sugar beets, can also be grown in the grain belt. If such crops were introduced into the grain-belt crop system, they could, while maintaining the present protein content, add enough carbohydrate to support appreciable ethanol production without diminishing livestock production.

The feasibility of making such a change in the pattern of agricultural production is not enough to bring it about; farmers must also find the new system more profitable than the old one. The economic consequences of growing crops for ethanol production have been taken up by the Center for the Biology of Natural Systems (of which I am the director), in a study based on the technique of mathematical modelling. Mathematical replicas of four types of Illinois farms were developed; that is, the processes that make up the operation of the farms were described by mathematical equations. Equations described, for example, how the profit from the production of corn depends on its selling price; on the cost of seed, fertilizer, fuel, labor, and farm machinery; and on the interest rate paid to finance these costs. The model was used to compute what the farms would produce, and at what profit, when some of their crops were used to make ethanol and when they were not; and it was designed to determine how the farms should operate over the course of a year in order to maximize net profit. In making this determination, the models took into account the expected price of gasoline and diesel fuel, which, in turn, determined the expected selling price of ethanol. Data regarding projected changes in economic conditions over a fifteen-year period were included in the models, and it was possible to pro-

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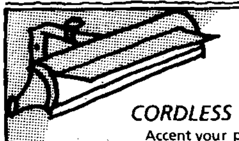

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ject how the farms would operate in 1995.

One computation showed that if a four-hundred-acre beef farm operated conventionally, producing corn and soybeans and raising cattle but not producing crops for conversion to ethanol, it would make a net profit in 1995 of seventy-nine thousand dollars from the sale of beef and grain. In contrast, if the farm raised as much livestock as the conventional farm but also produced crops—corn and sugar beets—for conversion to ethanol, it would make a net profit of a hundred and thirty-four thousand dollars from the sale of livestock feed and ethanol-yielding crops, and the production of beef. The higher profit was made possible not only by the high price of energy but also by the changed crop pattern: by growing sugar beets as well as corn, the ethanol-producing farm yielded, per acre, eighty-seven per cent more carbohydrate than the conventional farm and only one per cent less protein. The excess carbohydrate yielded a hundred and twenty-seven thousand gallons of ethanol, while the remaining carbohydrate, together with the protein, enabled the farm to produce as much food in the form of livestock feed and cattle as the conventional one. The food-versus-fuel conflict was eliminated. In addition, eliminating the production of soybeans in favor of sugar beets reduced soil erosion. Mathematical models imitating the performance of Midwestern farms that raise pigs or dairy cows, or that produce only crops, showed that such farms would also make considerably more profit when they grew crops for ethanol production than when they did not. These farms were unlike the beef farm, however, in that when they sought to maximize their profits by producing as much crop for conversion to ethanol as possible the yield of feed nutrient was reduced somewhat.

On the basis of these computations, it appears that in 1995 Midwestern farms of all types, if their owners were motivated by profit maximization, could yield a total of about thirty billion gallons of ethanol per year—enough to fulfill about a third of the expected demand for gasoline. The ethanol-producing farms would raise as much livestock as conventional ones but would have somewhat less grain for sale; ethanol production would reduce by about a fourth the total nutrient output (that is, the nutrient sold for human and animal consumption plus that used to feed the farms' own

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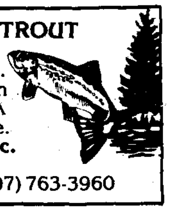
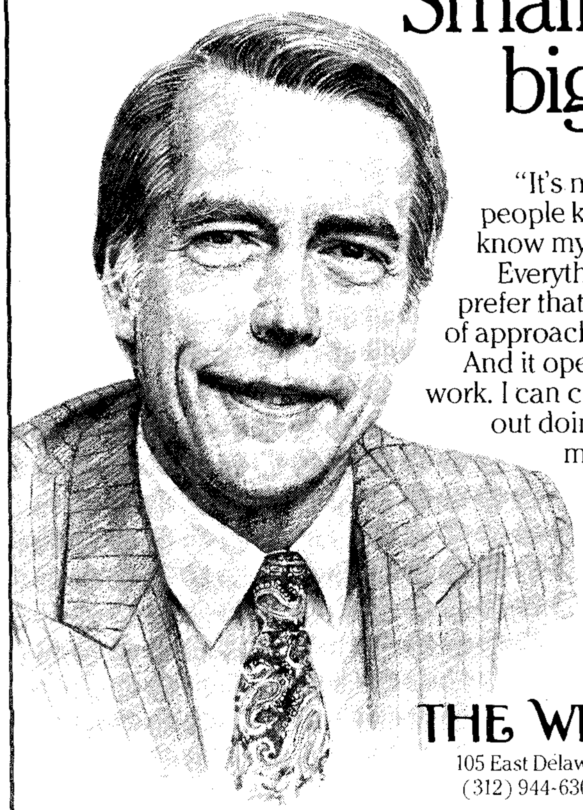


livestock); and the farms' profits—over all—would nearly double. However, if the aggregated Midwestern farms were required to yield, in addition to ethanol, as much nutrient as they would ordinarily produce, thus entirely eliminating the conflict between food and fuel, they would then produce about twenty billion gallons of ethanol—nevertheless enough to fulfill about twenty per cent of the expected demand for gasoline—and correspondingly less profit than they would if they produced thirty billion gallons of ethanol. This could enable all the nation's gasoline-driven vehicles in 1995 to run on a gasohol blend containing twenty per cent ethanol without causing any reduction in food production.

Much of the remaining eighty per cent of the expected demand for gasoline could also be met by ethanol, by using cellulose, the main constituent of wood and paper—another solar source. Cellulose is made of long chains of linked glucose (the same fermentable sugar that forms starch) molecules, which can be freed from this molecular structure, by chemical or enzymatic means, and then fermented to produce ethanol. Such processes were used in European countries during the Second World War, to produce ethanol from sawdust, and from 1976 to 1979 a pilot plant at the University of Arkansas successfully produced ethanol from garbage and paper segregated from urban trash. Cellulose waste available from forestry, agriculture, and urban trash could yield between twenty and forty billion gallons of ethanol annually. Together, this supply and the ethanol produced from agricultural crops could go a good way toward replacing gasoline as a motor fuel. So the United States could, starting at once, plan to use existing commercial processes to produce enough ethanol from crops (without reducing food production) to supply all the vehicles now running on gasoline with a twenty-per-cent-ethanol-eighty-per-cent-gasoline blend of gasohol. Then, as cellulose-to-ethanol processes that are now in the pilot stage became commercially available, enough additional ethanol could be produced to replace perhaps three-fourths of the gasoline now used. It is possible that by making an effort to increase the annual yield of woody material we could even replace gasoline entirely. All the nation's cars would then run on renewable solar energy. And instead of a reduction in the



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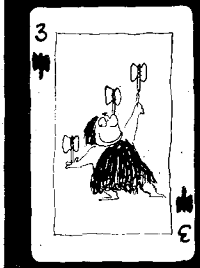

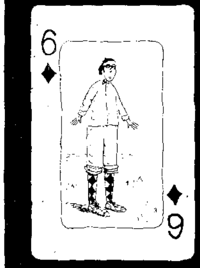

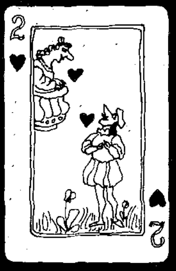

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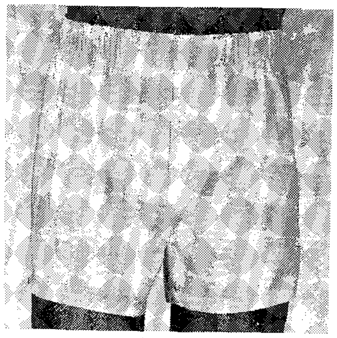

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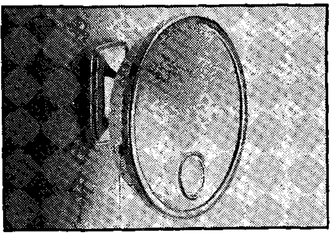

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amount of food available there would be an increase, for the fermentation of cellulose actually yields a considerable amount of highly nutritious yeast as a by-product; in effect, the process turns waste wood and paper trash into motor fuel and food.

Thus, it appears that there are no insuperable technical or economic barriers to substantially replacing gasoline with ethanol. Such a shift would relieve the economy of the task of meeting the ever-increasing costs of producing motor fuel from nonrenewable petroleum, a process that contributes to inflation and diverts capital from new productive investments. It would establish a system of transportation fuelled by renewable and potentially stable-priced energy.

HOWEVER desirable, these changes are outside the competence of any one sector of the economy. Farmers could indeed change their present pattern of production and produce new crops that would yield, in addition to food, enough ethanol to run every car in the United States on gasohol. But farmers are unlikely to make this change unless they can be assured that there will be enough distilleries in operation to buy the new crops. As for prospective investors in new distilleries, they are unlikely to take the risk of building any unless they can be assured that oil refiners are willing to use ethanol in place of petroleum-based antiknock blending agents and to market gasohol in place of conventional unleaded gasoline. The refiners, in turn, are likely to worry about the tendency of ethanol—like all weather-dependent agricultural commodities—to fluctuate in price more unpredictably than gasoline. Finally, if all these agencies were effectively orchestrated and ethanol production rose to the level represented by twenty per cent of the demand for gasoline, the further expansion of production would depend on the willingness of the automobile industry to invest in the manufacture of a new type of engine. Gasoline-driven engines can run on gasohol in blends of up to twenty per cent ethanol; more concentrated mixtures are not tolerated. Hence, if more ethanol is to be used it must be supplied in pure form, and engines must be specially designed to run on it. Automobile manufacturers are unlikely to risk the investment needed to produce the new engines unless they are assured that ethanol production will keep up with

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the output of ethanol-fuelled cars.

The difficulties involved in achieving such an integrated program are illustrated by the experience of Brazil, the only country that has thus far attempted a large-scale substitution of ethanol for gasoline. Brazilian farms had been producing small amounts of ethanol for a number of years when, in 1975, the Brazilian government decided to expand production to nine hundred million gallons per year—enough to convert the nation's entire automotive-fuel supply to a twenty-per-cent-ethanol-eighty-per-cent-gasoline blend. In 1978, it became evident that this goal would be exceeded by 1980, and that thereafter a growing number of cars would need to operate on pure ethanol. Accordingly, in September of 1979 the government and the Brazilian National Association of Automotive Manufacturers signed an agreement in which a commitment by manufacturers to produce the required number of ethanol-fuelled cars was balanced by a government commitment to invest eleven billion dollars in new distilleries and related projects. The government also set a low price for ethanol and relaxed credit restrictions and taxes for producers of ethanol-fuelled cars. In 1980, however, a strike delayed the production of the new cars, and Brazil developed a surplus of ethanol—much of which was exported to the United States for use in gasohol. Then, with the developing world recession, oil supplies improved and the price differential between ethanol and gasoline diminished. With the economy declining, the demand for automobiles fell, and, given the uncertainties about the supply and price of ethanol, the ethanol-fuelled cars were particularly hard to sell. At the end of 1981, Volkswagen, which had invested heavily in producing ethanol-fuelled cars in Brazil, reported a large loss in that enterprise.

The Brazilian experience shows that the substitution of ethanol for gasoline will require a program of coördinated changes in agriculture, the automobile industry, and the oil industry which are sufficiently flexible to respond to uncontrollable changes in the supplies of oil or agricultural crops. Unfortunately, such coöperation among its different sectors is not characteristic of the American production system. For example, the present predicament of the automobile industry, which appears to have permanently lost much of the market to Japanese imports, might have been avoided if

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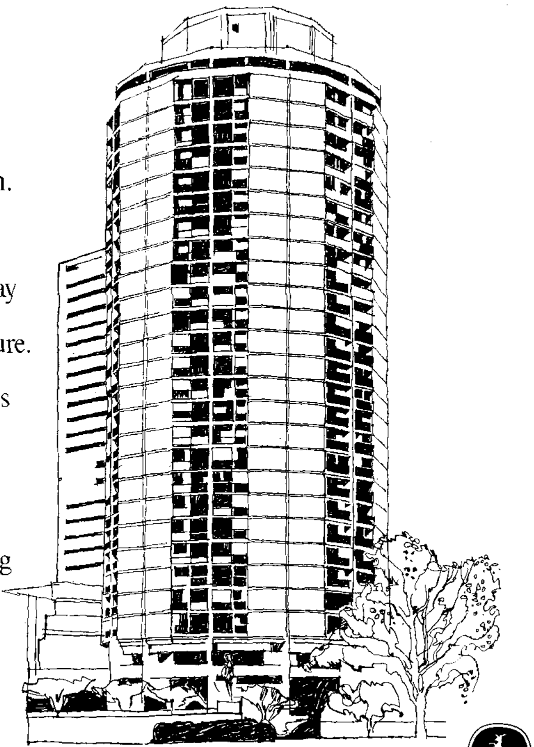

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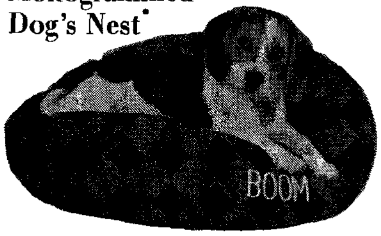

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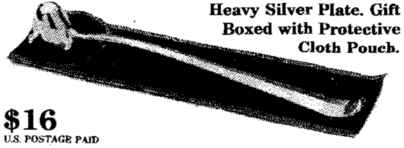

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Detroit manufacturers had been warned in time of the need for developing fuel-efficient cars. This information was in fact in the hands of the American oil industry, which predicted more than ten years ago (in the National Petroleum Council's December, 1972, report to the Department of the Interior, an interim version of which had been available a year and a half earlier) that the price of oil, although it had been constant in real dollars for decades, would thereafter rise exponentially, and so would place a premium on cars that used less fuel. But there appeared to be no mechanism, either private or governmental, capable of bringing this crucial prediction to the attention of the automobile manufacturers—a symptom of the general lack of social planning in the American system of production.

Yet this issue—the need for some sort of planned relationship among relevant sectors of production—like most of the issues regarding the feasibility of replacing petroleum-based motor fuels with ethanol, had arisen earlier, during the Great Depression of the nineteen-thirties. The Depression had a devastating effect on American farms. As consumers' income fell, so did the demand for agricultural products, and large surpluses accumulated. With the free market at work, the surpluses drove prices down until, in 1933, corn was selling at the unprecedented level of ten cents a bushel. Farm income declined sharply; numerous farm families went bankrupt and were forced off the land; the land itself was devastated by drought and dust storms. The notion of converting corn into ethanol in order to deal with the surpluses and give farmers a new source of income was an attractive one. As before, the farmers and the oil industry were on opposite sides, but this time two new elements entered the debate. One was the automobile industry, in the persons of Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone, who sided with the farmers, because, along with their friend Thomas Edison, these industrialists were convinced that farm products could supply industry with a wide range of materials. Ford's company, for example, developed plastics made of soybeans and other agricultural products, and for a time some car parts, such as the horn button and the knob of the gearshift, were made of these materials. (George Washington Carver, the black agricultural chemist, was a pioneer in developing such products.) Ford also promoted the use of

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ethanol as a motor fuel: the carburetors in some of his early cars could be adjusted to use either gasoline or ethanol. The second new element in the debate was the Depression itself, and the serious questions it raised about the basic structure of the country's economy. Both new elements are reflected in the official "Declaration of Dependence Upon the Soil," at a conference on "chemurgy"—a term invented to describe the conversion of farm products into industrial materials—that was held at Dearborn, Michigan, in 1935 and 1936, under the sponsorship of Henry Ford, the chemical industry, and the major farm organizations:

> These are perilous days that call for high accomplishment. Men and women of this generation will determine the destiny of this nation.... Through the timely unfolding of nature's laws, modern science has placed new tools in the hands of man which enable a variety of surplus products of the soil to be transformed through organic chemistry into raw materials usable in industry. No bounds can be set on the markets for such materials ... Here lies a new frontier to conquer that challenges the genius of science, the courage of private industry and the productive capacity of agriculture. It is nature's plan.

At the conference, William J. Hale, a chemist and a proponent of chemurgy, asserted—using a florid mixture of chemistry, economics, and politics—that the oil industry might have to be coerced into tolerating the entry of ethanol and other agricultural products into the industrial market:

> The chemical revolution is destined to drive man back to the farm. It is here that the wafting breezes, laden with carbon dioxide and moisture, give up gratis their charges to the flora wherein, by catalytic action and sunlight, energy-rich carbohydrates are synthesized.... To alcohol then do we look today for the chemical means of stabilizing all agriculture.... It becomes our bounden duty to make it desirable on the part of industrialists to use more and more of organic material from the farm.... If the petroleum corporations will join with us in our organic material shift, we feel certain we can ward off the disaster that threatens. If they refuse, or are unwilling to coöperate with us, we shall force them into line. So also with the heavy metal industry. We intend to save them in spite of themselves. If we fail, heaven help us all. 'Tis then you can tear up all your stock certificates and burn them. They won't be worth a tinker's damn.

The oil industry's response to this political challenge appeared in a pamphlet published five years later by the American Petroleum Institute. In countering the chemurgists' arguments, it was, in its turn, political:

> It is difficult to see how government could establish effective control over a

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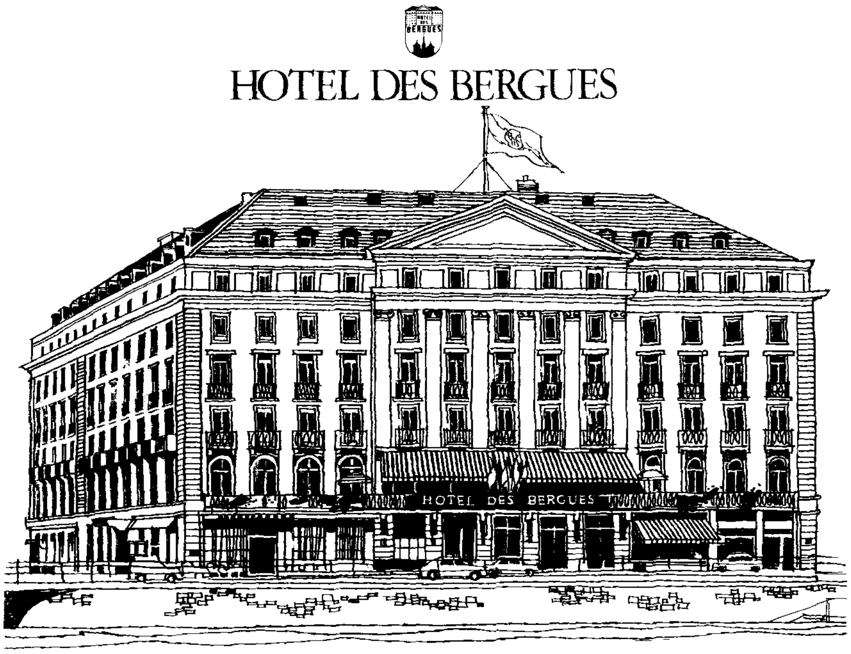

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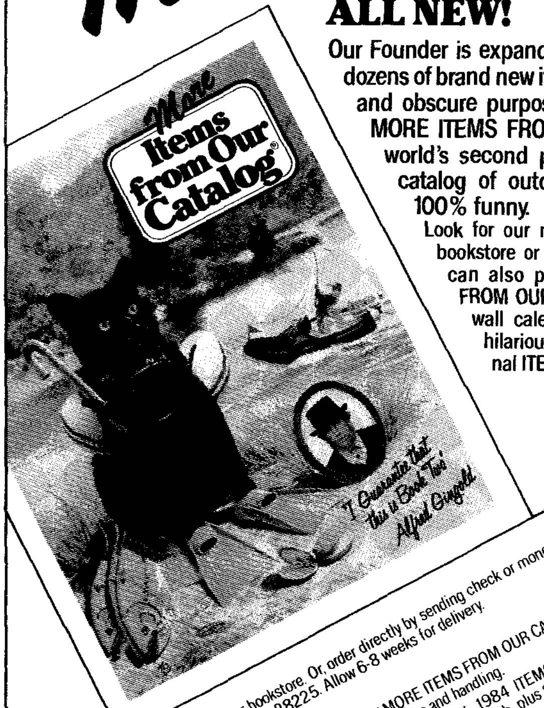

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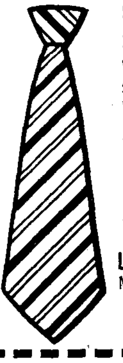

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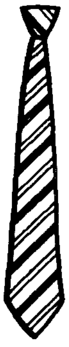

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> project so surrounded with uncertainties as to be completely unattractive to wise private capital unless state or federal government itself embarked on a socialistic venture in financing and controlling the industry.... It is difficult to believe that the American public would sanction so socialistic an experiment by government even for the praiseworthy purpose of trying to increase uses of farm products.

Stripped of political rhetoric, the chemurgists' argument was that in order to use fully the productive capacity of agriculture, which considerably exceeds the country's ability to consume its edible output, the oil industry would need to give up some of its markets to agricultural products such as ethanol. This position reflected the belief, fairly widespread during the Depression, that the national system of production was so seriously out of order—incapable of keeping factories open and farmers on the land—as to require some sort of fundamental reorganization. The oil industry's reply reflected the belief, equally common during the Depression, that any government effort to plan production was "socialistic" and therefore political anathema.

The chemurgists were defeated not by the oil industry but by Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal, which invented and put in place a remarkable way of responding to agricultural surpluses—initially by the straightforward method of plowing crops under, and eventually by the more subtle technique of subsidizing farmers to produce less than they could. While the chemurgists wanted to improve farm income by changing what the farms produced, the New Deal sought to accomplish the same end by limiting production. While the chemurgists called for a fundamental reorganization of the national production system, with the farms recapturing a part of the transportation-fuel and industrial markets that had been earlier lost to the oil industry, the New Deal introduced a series of much more superficial stratagems, which left the system of production unchanged. The failure of this sort of governmental manipulation to solve the economic problems generated by the excess productive capacity of American farms is made clear by a July, 1982, article in the *Times* published under the headline "USUAL FEDERAL TINKERING WON'T HELP FARMERS NOW." The article points out that "American agriculture is currently in the grip of the worst downturn since the 1930's," largely because of "the current production glut." It is

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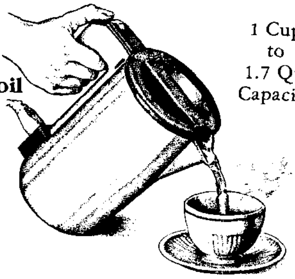

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ironic that the New Deal measures, which successfully supplanted the chemurgists' more radical demand for creating new productive relations between agriculture and industry, served as prototypes for the pattern of "government regulation" which is now so frequently deplored in some quarters.

The argument for expanding the role of agriculture to include energy production achieves a new force as the debilitating economic effects of our dependence on nonrenewable fuels intensify. That such a change would require social planning of production in agriculture, the automobile industry, and the oil industry is usually regarded as an insurmountable obstacle, on the ground that—as in the case of agriculture—government regulation has never succeeded in solving our economic problems. It seems clear, however, that the government failed to solve the problem of agricultural overproduction not because it regulated agriculture but because its regulations were misdirected. If the government, instead of seeking ways to reduce agricultural output, were to facilitate the introduction of a crop system capable of producing ethanol as well as food and suitably integrated with the necessary changes in the oil and automobile industries, farmers would be better off, and the nation would be on the way to a more stable, solar economy.

—BARRY COMMONER

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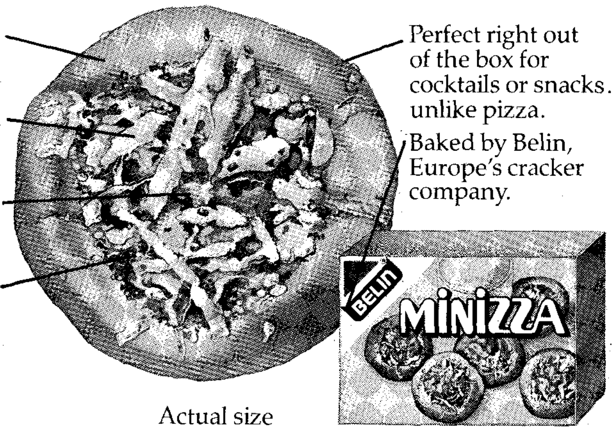

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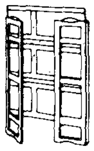

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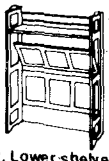

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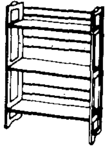

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THE THEATRE

An Actor's Life

"VEHICLE" is the old-fashioned theatrical term that best describes "Edmund Kean," a one-man show that has just opened at the Brooks Atkinson. Written by Raymund FitzSimons, it provides an opportunity for the distinguished British actor Ben Kingsley to demonstrate his talent and skill by impersonating one of the greatest of his predecessors, the early-nineteenth-century tragedian Edmund Kean. There are many difficulties for Mr. Kingsley to overcome on this occasion, not the least of which is that Mr. FitzSimons has unaccountably failed to write a play for him; what we are presented with, in the course of two welcomely short acts, is a disconnected series of Shakespearean recitations, presumably enacted in Kean's famous tempestuous style, accompanied by snippets of Kean's biography, which, even as snippets, prove repetitious. The vehicle is, in two words, unexpectedly ramshackle; we are left in no doubt that Mr. Kingsley is a very resourceful actor indeed, but of Kean we learn little more than what a not very diligent schoolchild might acquire from the nearest theatrical encyclopedia. No doubt a serious play could be made out of Kean's exceptionally vivid and troubled life; that play would have to be the genuine article, with a substantial plot and a visible cast. Under the kindest circumstances, a one-man show is always a more or less ingenious stunt, and when it happens to be devoted to an actor the stunt quickly reveals its limitations. The founder of this magazine, Harold Ross, objected strongly to the uninventive literary narcissism of short stories that dealt with writers writing; equally distasteful to him, I feel sure, would be plays about actors playing actors in other playwrights' plays.

Kean is thought to have been born in 1787, and he died in 1833. He was the son of an actress; his father is unknown. He appears to have hoped that he was a by-blow of the nobility. (Bastards are understandably eager to entertain high hopes: why not imagine *oneself* a duke's son rather than—what is surely more likely—a duke's stableboy's son? In fact, Kean's father was probably an architect's clerk.) Kean was already on the stage by the age of four. Later, he spent sufficient time in school to learn the Latin and Greek tags that he took pride in scattering throughout his letters and conversation. He spent long years in the provinces, as nearly every actor in history has been obliged to do, and made his début in London, at the age of twenty-six, at the fashionable Drury Lane Theatre. Playing Shylock, he created a sensation with the vehemence of his gestures and declamation. He added to his fame with rip-roaring performances as Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Richard III, and Lear; obviously he relished tearing a passion to tatters, as Shakespeare specifically admonished actors not to do, but such cultivated admirers of Shakespeare as Coleridge and Hazlitt praised Kean to the skies.

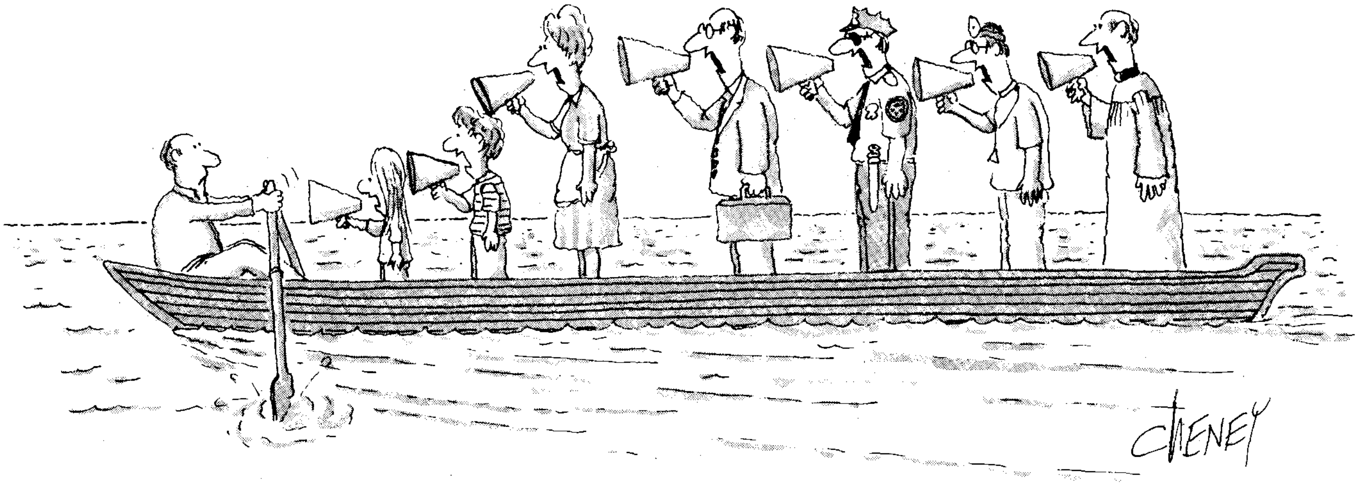
Short and wiry, with hypnotic black eyes, Kean was a heavy drinker, a womanizer, a social climber, and a spendthrift. A practitioner of "uncouth exploits," he was always quick to compare himself favorably to his betters, including Lord Byron. Like John Barrymore, he found the means of turning his career into a continuous decline from grace, and though he died relatively young it wasn't a moment too soon. Working within the confines of an impoverished script, Mr. Kingsley can do little to convey the anguish of this conspicuous feat of self-destruction. As for his readings of Kean's readings of Othello, Hamlet, and the rest, what must Mr. Kingsley think when, imitating a fashion of acting totally antithetical to his own, he hears audiences at the Brooks Atkinson break into wave after wave of unbridled applause?

The single set—a conventionally sketched backstage scene—is by Martin Tilley, the lighting is by John Watt, and the direction is by Alison Sutcliffe. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Mother Love

MAGGIE POLPIN, of John B. Keane's "Big Maggie," at the Douglas Fairbanks, is a middle-aged woman in a small Irish town, whom we first meet in a graveyard, after the funeral of her husband. She has refused to be present at the actual burial, and has insisted that her younger daughter—by all odds her favorite among her four grown children—stay with her while the other children, along with the rest of the mourners, are at the graveside. We soon learn, as a few sorry-for-your-troubles visitors drop by, and as her two sons and her other daughter protest, that Maggie detested her husband. In the following scene, at her home—a farmhouse with shop attached—she informs her dismayed family that there is no will, that all her husband's property has been signed over to her. A while back, it seems, she caught him in bed with another woman and blackmailed him into this



arrangement. During the rest of the play, we watch her as, by every imaginable scheme or device, she forces those grown children of hers to face life in all its harshness and to make their own way—forces them, as she puts it, out of the nest to make their own nests. By the end, she has not only freed them, with subtlety and, often, apparent cruelty, but converted them willy-nilly to her own bitter view of the world—the world of puritanical provincial Ireland, that is—and to the kind of furtive and hypocritical behavior it demands of the people who live there. Once we realize what Maggie is up to (and once we've accepted her), the story becomes a matter of how and when she will win. Near the end, one of the daughters asks her whether she has any love for her children, and she replies, in effect, "If I didn't, I'd let you have your own way."

"Big Maggie" may have its weaknesses, but it is not as grim as I've made it sound; it is a comedy, although a dark one. Maggie, sarcastic of speech and clear of eye, is often witty and always credible, and her schemes are, for the most part, as entertaining as they are dreadful. The strongest—or perhaps the most interesting—aspect of Mr. Keane's plot is the Irish background it reflects, and a play as indigenous to Ireland as this one practically demands an Irish company to perform it. Even though the actors assembled at the Douglas Fairbanks are all Americans, they do pretty well (in spite of some slippage in accents), under the direction of that fine Irish actor Donal Donnelly. The richness of the speech may be skimped, but the action is always clear. Nothing whatever is skimped in the very good performance of Robin Howard in the title role, and she is ably supported (with the limitations noted above) by Juliana Donald and Terry Finn, as her daughters; Robert Walsh and Kevin McGuire, as her sons; David Huddleston, as a blarney-talking, portly fellow who would like to marry her; James Handy, as a blarney-talking travelling salesman who would like to deflower the younger daughter; and Maura Vaughn, as a trashy local girl who becomes pregnant in order to force marriage upon the younger son. The effective settings, on a revolving stage, were designed by David Potts and lighted by Andrea Wilson, and the effective costumes were designed by Judith Dolan.

—Edith Oliver

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MUSICAL EVENTS

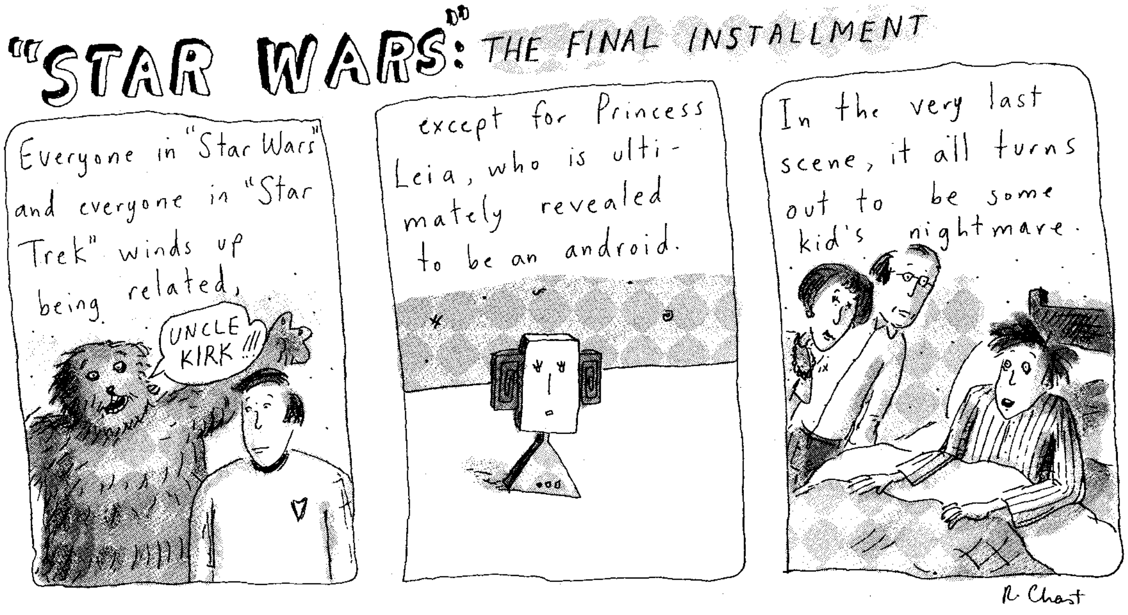
Swan of Pesaro

PESARO, a seaside town, on the Adriatic between Rimini and Ancona, enters musical history early in the fifteenth century, when Guillaume Dufay composed motets for the Malatesta family. It opened its opera house, the Teatro del Sole, in 1637, with a production of Giovanni Ondedei's "Asmondo." In 1792, the Swan of Pesaro, Gioachino Rossini, was born, son of the town trumpeter. In 1818, the Teatro del Sole was rebuilt, as the Teatro Nuovo, and opened with "La Gazza Ladra," directed by Rossini himself. In 1854, it was renovated and was renamed the Teatro Rossini. In 1930, it was damaged by an earthquake; restored, it reopened with "William Tell." In 1980, it was refurbished, and since then it has been the seat of an annual Rossini Opera Festival. The Teatro Rossini is an attractive, traditional, horseshoe-shaped neoclassical house. Like the New York State Theatre, it has five tiers, but, unlike the State Theatre, it holds not twenty-eight hundred people but about nine hundred. It has fine acoustics. It is intimate yet not at all poky. It enables listeners to hear Rossini's operas, comic or serious, with the kind of rapture that Stendhal described, hanging on each word, inflection, glance, and orchestral subtlety. Both stage and orchestra pit are a shade small, however, to do justice to the grandeur of Rossini's grandest operas.

Rossini left a large part of his fortune—a sum estimated at twenty billion modern lire—to his native city for the establishment of a musical conservatory there. A splendid Liceo came into being; among its directors have been the composers Mascagni, Zandonai, and Alfano. The Liceo houses the Fondazione Rossini, which administers the composer's bequest, supports a Center for Rossini Studies, and has embarked on a critical edition of Rossini's works. The Foundation collaborates with the Pesaro Comune in presenting the opera festival, and the operas are performed in newly edited texts. The repertory so far has been: in 1980, "La Gazza Ladra" and "L'Inganno Felice;" in 1981, "L'Italiana in Algeri," "La Donna del Lago," and "Gazza;" in 1982, "Edipo a Colono" (a play with incidental music), "Tancredi," and "L'Italiana;" and this year "Il Turco in Italia," "Mosè in Egitto," and "La Donna del Lago." This summer, each opera had a run of four or five performances, and then there was a week's gap before the next appeared—an inconvenient arrangement for visitors who hoped to see more than one show. I saw "Mosè," a key work in the Rossini canon.

Rossini composed this *azione tragico-sacra* for Lenten performance in Naples in 1818. The following year, he added to it its most famous number, "Dal tuo stellato soglio," the Israelites' prayer before the crossing of the Red Sea. Stendhal, an untrustworthy historian, declares that it was inserted to distract attention from some ludicrously inept scenic management for the parting of the waters, which the previous year had roused the audience to gales of laughter. After the new prayer, he says, "people stood up in their boxes and leaned out over the balconies, shouting to crack the vault of heaven: *bello! bello! o che bello!* " It was even reported that some forty attacks of nervous fever or convulsions on the part of young women were directly traceable to the effect of the composition. At a Crystal Palace concert in 1892, Bernard Shaw "so wanted to hear it again that after a careful look round to see that none of my brother-critics were watching me I wore away about an eighth of an inch from the ferrule of my umbrella in abetting an *encore*." In 1827, Rossini revised and expanded "Mosè in Egitto" as "Moïse et Pharaon," for the Paris Opéra. In this form, usually in Italian translation, the work has had most of its modern revivals. But five years ago the Sacred Music Society of America gave a splendid concert performance, in Avery Fisher Hall, of "Mosè," and three years later the opera was produced in Lisbon. Last year, a good recording appeared, on Philips, with June Anderson as its heroine and Ruggero Raimondi in the title role. The concert performance and the recording made clear, and the Pesaro production confirmed, that although the finest music of "Mosè" is retained in the much-praised—and justly praised—"Moïse," the earlier opera is not an inferior work, only a different one.

Eighteen years ago, when the Welsh National Opera brought a production of "Moïse" to Sadler's Wells, I studied the two scores and discovered that the standard twentieth-century commentaries on Rossini were inadequate. At that time, it was an accepted fact of musical history that in his three French grand operas—"Le Siège de Corinthe," "Moïse," and "Guillaume Tell"—Rossini reformed opera seria in ways that might be summarized as: a broader construction of numbers, with extended and audacious harmonic schemes; a larger and more "symphonic" role for the orchestra;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R. Chast

a more important rôle for the chorus; and a new simplicity and directness of vocal utterance. These things were acclaimed when the Paris operas appeared and have been made much of ever since. The observations are true. When converting "Mosè" into "Moïse," Rossini removed three "regular" (cavatina plus cabaletta) arias, two conventional concerted strettos, and a poor, brief chorus; he added an overture, three extended ensemble scenes, and one dramatic, unconventional aria. But close comparison revealed that in his Neapolitan serious operas Rossini was no mere "cynic amused"—Francis Toye's phrase in his pioneering Rossini biography—but already an operatic reformer with a feeling for music-drama of the kind we praise in Handel's dramatic oratorios, in Gluck, in mature Verdi. Charges levelled at him in his lifetime, of being too learned, too complicated, too Mozartian—in a word, too "German"—no longer seemed absurd, although what was then disparaged we hail now as high virtue. In Italy, the composer compromised and sometimes fell back on formulae, it is true. In Paris, where he had financial security, a stable company, a good orchestra, and plenty of rehearsal time, he carried out with determination and consistency reforms already begun in the Naples operas. And in the process, one might add, something of his earlier bravura and zestful brilliance was lost. Now that Rossini becomes better known as the composer of more than "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," a fuller view of his serious operatic achievements is finding general acceptance. Philip Gossett proclaims it in the New Grove.

THE eighteenth-century tragedy, by Francesco Ringhieri, on which Andrea Leone Tottola based the libretto of "Mosè" was entitled "L'Osiride." The love of Osiris, Pharaoh's firstborn, and the Hebrew maiden Elcia is set against the events of Exodus. The latter called forth Rossini's grandest, richest music—starting with a wonderful, winding C-minor theme during the Plague of Darkness, plunging into still darker keys, blazing at last into C major as Moses restores light. But the love music is also arresting and beautiful. In "Moïse," the solo music becomes less important, and the individual characters—all except Moses himself, thrown into greater prominence as the leader of his people—are less viv-

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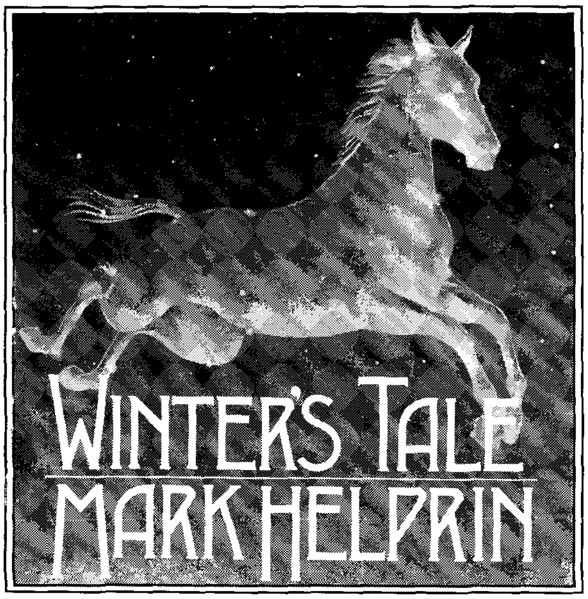

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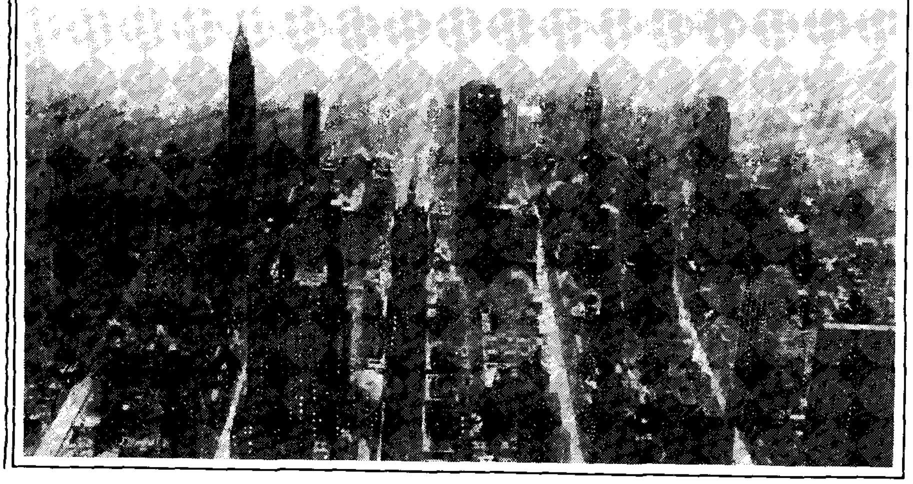

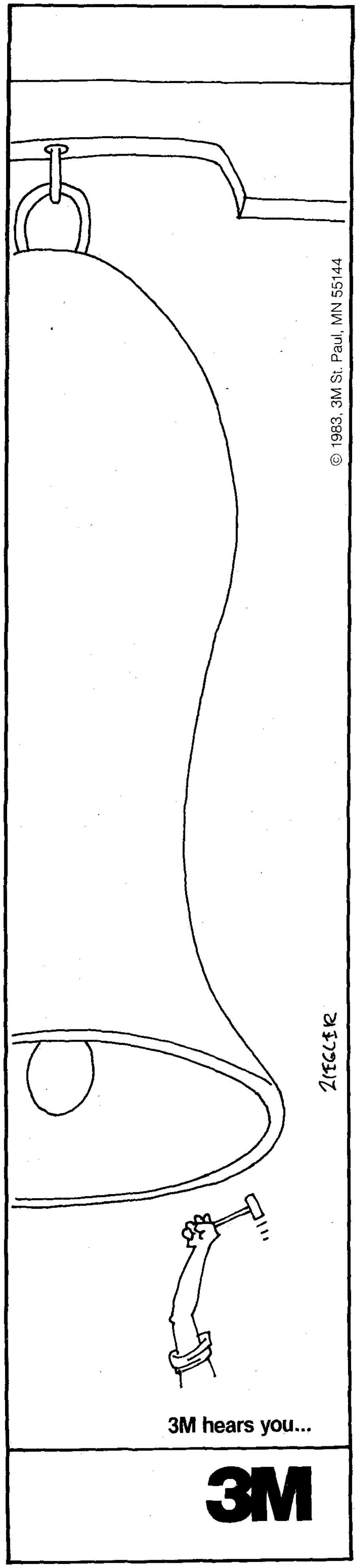
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id. Choral pieces, dances, and divertissements are added, and, as Gossett has remarked, “the balance between the personal and the public, so carefully controlled in the original, is lost.” Some of Rossini’s finest inspirations appear in both operas; they shine even more brightly, I think, in the setting for which they were first conceived.

“Mosè” was composed for contrasted pairs of sopranos, tenors, and basses. Elcia, Isabella Colbran’s role, is a heavier, more dramatic part than Amaltea, Pharaoh’s consort. Osiris, Andrea Nozzari’s role, exploits “heroic” tenor virtuosity through a range from G at the bottom of the bass staff to tenor high C; Aaron, Moses’ brother, provides a lighter foil. Moses needs the weighty grandeur of a majestic basso profondo, while Pharaoh (a role often taken by baritones) needs the flexible, fiery brilliance of a basso cantante. Pesaro had assembled a strong cast. The Elcia was Cecilia Gasdia, a twenty-three-year-old soprano who has been in the news lately. (Last year, she stepped in for Caballé at the Scala “Anna Bolena;” in Florence she has sung Bellini’s Juliet, Anne in the Ken Russell “Rake’s Progress,” and Nannetta in Giulini’s “Falstaff.”) She has a clear, attractive timbre, with a gleam in it, accurate musical instincts, and a pleasing stage personality. Daniela Dessì, the Amaltea, had a great success with a beautiful aria, borrowed from the early “Ciro in Babilonia,” that Rossini included in 1818 but dropped in 1819. Rockwell Blake, the Osiris (he also took the part in the Lisbon production), is not much of an actor, but he negotiates Rossini’s heroic-tenor music, through all its huge span and with all its intricacies, more deftly than anyone else around and does so in a manner both virile and graceful. Giuseppe Fallisi, the Aaron, was pleasant but unremarkable; it is a small part. Simone Alaimo, the Pharaoh, had a firm, bright high bass and a dramatic presence. Boris Martinovich, the Moses, was not quite so clean of focus, and he seemed rather less than magisterial; his unhappy costume, a sleeveless white shift, was no help.

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One of the glories of “Mosè” is the rich, adventurous, subtle orchestral writing. It even includes—on double-basses, at the death of Osiris—those snap pizzicatos the invention of which is commonly ascribed to Bartók. Rossini uses the same orchestra (less one trumpet) that Wagner used in “Die Meistersinger” fifty years later, and in addition a banda turca and an onstage brass band sixteen strong. The Sacred Music Society performance brought us the score in full splendor, jingling johnny and all. The Pesaro forces were smaller: the London Sinfonietta, fifty-three strong for the occasion, had been engaged, and its playing was bright, clean, and sensitive. (Andrew Marriner’s long, lovingly phrased clarinet solo deserves special mention.) Claudio Scimone, who had prepared the edition, conducted. He is a champion of the original “Mosè” (he also conducted the Lisbon production and the recording), and he showed much feeling for the forms, the colors, and the long line of the piece. But he was a shade metronomic, unwilling to phrase with rubato as well as by accent and volume. He sometimes held the singers to the beat in places where they needed time to mold their lines expressively. His “no mid-scene applause, if you please, but straight on into the next number” approach struck a somewhat modern, unauthentic note. It was all a little too brisk, perhaps, but with a briskness born of belief in the power of Rossini’s music. The general effect was shapely.

Pier Luigi Pizzi, both director and designer of the show, provided a simple, sober, and effective staging. A constructed set of movable stepped ramps and floats seemed opulently crusted with lapis lazuli. The Egyptian cohorts were gleaming in gold. The Jews were in spotless white, looking as if they’d never built a pyramid in their lives—looking, indeed, rather like an assembly of nurses and orderlies. There was plain blocking for the chorus—the Prague Philharmonic Choir, in excellent voice—with moves more decorative for a posse of lithe Egyptian warrior-pages. The Red Sea was all too evidently pieces of cloth agitated by people beneath them. There’s a good deal to be said for simple, formal modern productions of Rossini—not fussy, not extravagant, focussed on the essentials of Rossini’s greatness. This serious, well-balanced presentation—like Philadelphia’s admirable 1981 production of “Moïse”—musically and scenically seized on the serious, noble aspects of the work and rendered them with conviction, yet did not neglect the charm and the sheer excitement of individual vocal virtuosity. It belonged to another

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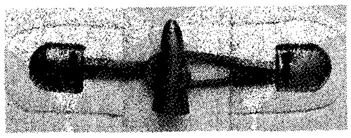

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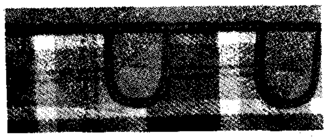

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and better world than, say, that of Houston's "Donna del Lago," in 1981, where a romantic and carefully constructed opera was reduced to twiddles, tunes, and spectacular vocalism in a decorative frame. All the same, Pesaro might be an ideal place to essay sometime a Rossini production in the manner of Rossini's day, with painted scenery, settings of varied depth, house lights up, and the orchestra not sunk into an anachronistic modern pit—not a "museum" reconstruction, abuses and all, but one aimed at what the composer might recognize as a superior realization of all that he had hoped for, achieved in his own terms.

Massimilla Doni, the heroine of a Balzac story that contains an eloquent account of the opera, was moved by "Mosè" to exclaim, "You German masters, Handel, Bach, yea Beethoven himself, on your knees, behold the queen of the arts, behold Italy triumphant!" She went too far, perhaps. But after both the Sacred Music Society and the Pesaro performances it was easy to understand her enthusiasm. —ANDREW PORTER

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Raleigh* (*N.C.*) *News & Observer*]

Sylvia O'Kelley caught a fierce case of sailing fever during a year's stay in Newport, R.I., and she wasn't about to miss the America's Cup Ball. So she and her husband, Dewey T. O'Kelley Jr., threw their own version Tuesday night at their Raleigh home.

Although the America's Cup race was delayed because of weather, it was smooth sailing at the O'Kelley party.

The invitation called for creative dress, and guests lived up to the challenge. O'Kelley, dressed as '77 Cup winner Ted Turner, escorted his daughter, Courtney, who appeared as Gloria Vanderbilt. The Nancy Reagan look-alike in Reagan red was hostess Mrs. O'Kelley.

Mrs. O'Kelley's mother, Mrs. A. A. Maynard Jr. of Harrells, came as Janet Lee Auchincloss, the mother of Jackie Onassis, who was also spotted in the crowd. At other times, Jackie O. is known as Raleigh attorney Margie Case.

Other celebrities included George Smart as commodore of the New York Yacht Club, Mrs. J. J. Coxe as Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Mrs. O'Kelley's sister-in-law, Emily O'Kelley, as Lady Astor.

Dr. Allen Norris of Louisburg portrayed Cole Porter, and Norris' wife, Bess, was Alva Vanderbilt. Dr. Nicholas Pediaditakis (Zorba the Greek) was accompanied by his wife, Vicky (Melina Mercouri).

But Rachel and Sidney Eagles stole the show by appearing as Claus von Bulow and Sunny von Bulow. Financier von Bulow, convicted of trying to kill heiress Mrs. von Bulow, had his attorney (Raleigh attorney Charles Case) by his side.

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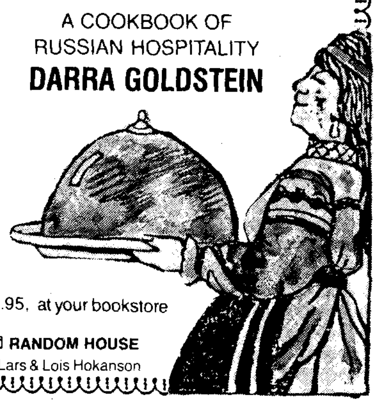

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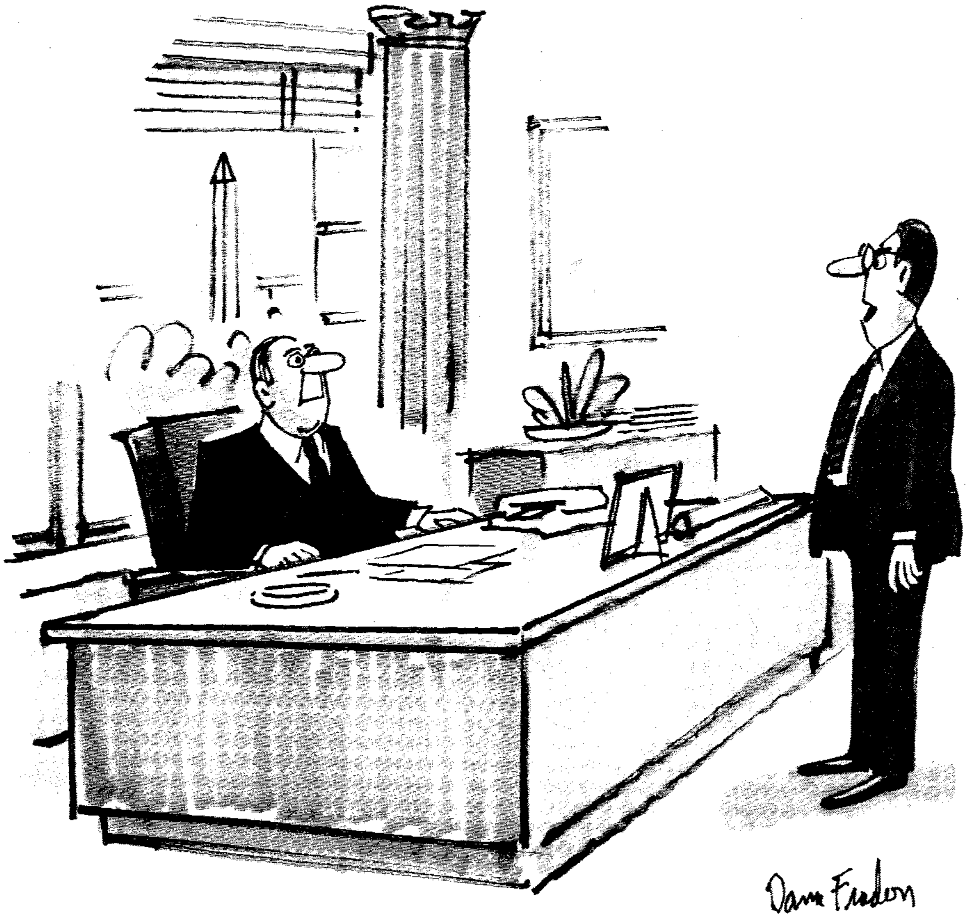
BOOKS

Something Old, Something New

"THE INVENTION OF TRADITION" (Cambridge; $29.95) is a collection of learned, funny, and surprising essays edited by two British historians, Eric Hobsbawm and Terence Ranger. They and four other contributors discuss secular rituals, practices, and usages that were invented in modern times but have been presented as immemorial traditions, usually in order to deny, disguise, or make palatable changes of the past two hundred years. The collection's geographical range is wide, but the authors are aware that they are all dealing with the same phenomenon: creative nostalgia.

Mr. Hobsbawm's introduction notes that historians have only just begun to study the subject of invented tradition. The book's first two essays—"The Invention of Tradition: The Highland Tradition of Scotland," by Hugh Trevor-Roper, and "From a Death to a View: The Hunt for the Welsh Past in the Romantic Period," by Prys Morgan—deal with groups in the British Isles. The Highlanders and the Welsh were regarded as savages or hillbillies until, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, forgers (the most notable was James Macpherson, who cobbled up poems he attributed to the bard Ossian) and fantasists endowed them with long, glamorous pasts and with national arts, letters, learning, and costumes. The inventions simultaneously gilded these geographically and economically marginal populations with tourist quaintness and prepared them to enter the modern economy. Mr. Trevor-Roper asserts that the kilt, as now worn, was unknown in Scotland before 1727; it was invented by an English industrialist for his Scottish workers. By the time antiquarians thought of collecting ancient Welsh music, Mr. Morgan reports, nobody could read its notation, and the Welsh were singing English tunes. What is often performed as ancient Welsh music appears to have evolved after 1830. The next essay, "The Context, Performance, and Meaning of Ritual: The British Monarchy and the 'Invention of Tradition,' c. 1820-1977," by David Cannadine, administers a few more shocks to our sense of the past. Mr. Cannadine explains that British royal ceremonials "oscillated between farce and fiasco" for a long period, until near the end of the nineteenth century—to the point where the British were convinced they singularly lacked a talent for ceremony. He quotes Lord Robert Cecil's comment on Queen Victoria opening Parliament in 1861: "Some malignant spell broods over all our most solemn ceremonials, and inserts into them some feature which makes them all ridiculous." Lord Robert, as the third Marquess of Salisbury, was Prime Minister in 1897, when England celebrated the Queen's Diamond Jubilee—a magnificent contrast to earlier, slapdash royal events, and the beginning of the British mastery of royal pageantry. Royal ceremonies proliferated during the twentieth century: the wedding of the Duke of York, the future George VI, to the present Queen Mother, in 1923, was the first marriage of a prince of the royal house to be celebrated in Westminster Abbey in five hundred years. Since then, of course, the world has assumed that royal weddings have been public extravaganzas time out of mind. One reason that royal fêtes became popular is that the monarch had lost effective political power. Kings and queens who actually ruled elicited as much dislike and disrespect as Prime Ministers do today.

The next two essays take us overseas, to watch nineteenth-century Europeans inventing traditions for their colonies. "Representing Authority in Victorian India," by Bernard S. Cohn, studies the Imperial Assemblage of 1877, which was convoked in Delhi to proclaim Queen Victoria Empress of India—a gathering pervaded by a curious mixture of canniness and sentimentality. By this time the British had become saturated with invented traditions and were convinced that such traditions were necessary to government everywhere. In seeking a suitable tradition to maintai their power, they drew on fantasie about their past and came up wit what they supposed to be a feudal rall at which the assembled Indian prince swore fealty to the Empress. Eac prince was given a banner bearing h coat of arms, freshly designed by



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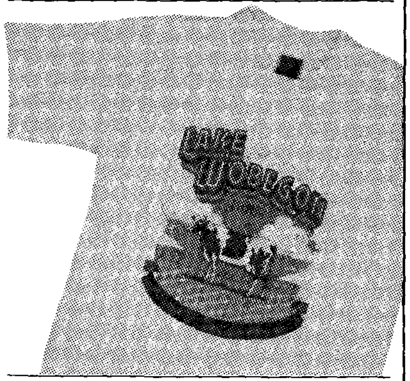

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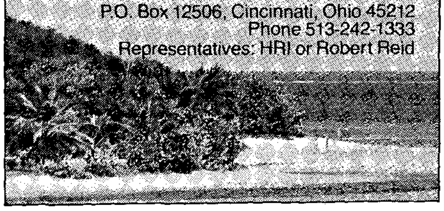

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British civil servant named Robert Taylor, under *the imprimatur* of the new Calcutta College of Arms; less grand participants received medallions. Mr. Cohn points out that this splendid farce—India was not medieval England, and, besides, medieval England was nothing like what Victorians imagined—was taken very seriously indeed: Gandhi recognized its importance, and opened the First Non-Coöperation Movement, of 1920-21, with a call for Indians to return all their British honors and emblems as a demonstration that they rejected imperial authority. In "The Invention of Tradition in Colonial Africa," Mr. Ranger describes Europeans transferring their romances to yet another continent. German-sponsored missionaries, for example, tried to create African peasant villages based on their fantasy of pre-industrial German peasant villages. In Africa, Mr. Ranger thinks, Europe's invented traditions did harm. The French introduced the mystique of militarism, which the other colonial powers copied, and Europeans seem to have invented modern tribalism. Mr. Ranger explains that in pre-colonial Africa "most Africans moved in and out of multiple identities, defining themselves at one moment as subject to this chief, at another moment as a member of that cult, at another moment as part of this clan, and at yet another moment as an initiate in that professional guild." This sophisticated pattern of social organization was beyond the comprehension of the European colonizers. They introduced rigidities of tribal membership and tribal government in the belief that they were respecting African tradition, when in fact they were inventing it in conformity with their own invented pasts.

The colonizers were also inventing African tradition in conformity with their own present needs, for the last essay, "Mass-Producing Traditions: Europe, 1870-1914," by Mr. Hobsbawm, reminds us that two colonial powers—the Third French Republic and the Second German Empire—were invented in 1870 and 1871, respectively. While they experimented abroad, they sought traditions at home to disguise their brand-newness and to conceal their internal divisions. The German preoccupation with national unity and identity, especially, translated into tribalism in Africa. By 1870, the earlier Highland and Welsh revivals had passed into European cul-

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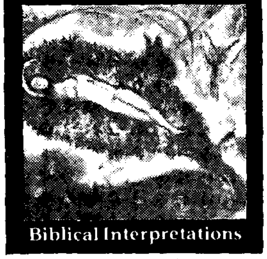
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ture, affecting both Germany and France. Just as the Highland myth maintained that the Highland population descended from the Caledonians, who had turned back the Romans in the first and the third centuries, so German nationalism recalled Hermann the Cheruscan (Arminius), who defeated three Roman legions in 9 A.D. The Welsh revival had discovered an incontrovertible truth: the languages known as Scottish Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, Cornish, and Breton are all closely allied. In the eighteenth century, this language group was associated with the people who were known to the Greeks as the Keltoi, and who were feared, fought, and conquered by the Romans as the Gauls. The Welsh agreed to think of themselves as Celts, while the French evolved a cult of "*nos ancêtres les Gaulois*." According to Mr. Hobsbawm, this was one of the few references to French history before 1789 which the Third Republic encouraged. Rimbaud made fun of it in the section of "A Season in Hell" called "Bad Blood," but many Europeans believed in the wisdom of the Druids, and, indeed, took the whole barbarian revival seriously. The German officer who, Mr. Ranger tells us, presented an African chief with a cloak and a helmet that had been worn in a Berlin performance of "Lohengrin" seems to have been as earnest as Wagner. This appeal to a primitive tradition exemplifies what Mr. Hobsbawm calls "the intellectual retreat from classical liberalism" and a new emphasis on "irrational" elements in late-nineteenth-century politics.

The irrational, of course, is not necessarily political. Pleasure in pageantry and extravagance is a human constant, which need not be linked to monarchy; the longest-lived republic in history, Venice, was noted for its gorgeous civic ceremonies. Pageantry and spectacle with no political content whatever have been staple attractions in masque, drama, opera, ballet, and film. Florenz Ziegfeld, Cecil B. De Mille, and Busby Berkeley met an American need for spectacle. Down to the First World War, at any rate, serious artists contributed their gifts to the invention of tradition; Elgar, for example, wrote British coronation music. Mr. Cannadine and Mr. Hobsbawm both discuss the monumental architecture—urban spaces and buildings designed as stages for public ceremony—and the memorial statuary that went up all over Europe before the First World War. Subsequently, this kind of work flourished only in Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, and the Soviet Union, which were inventing new traditions. The arts of Europe had largely turned away from the monumental style, and these later arenas and memorials are unspeakably bad. Apparently, if the arts do not want to say something it will not be said, or it will be said poorly. Fine art is an example of what money and power cannot create. So is a tradition. Mr. Hobsbawm is interested in the fact that some invented traditions were rejected. There appear to be limits to this kind of propaganda—sales resistance, if you like—and this suggests that, after all, rationality, too, has a place in politics. He reminds us that the Hapsburgs remodelled Vienna and staged great public celebrations of their dynasty, and that the Romanovs staged similar celebrations. These ventures in public relations failed to inspire loyalty. Other invented traditions have disappeared. Mr. Morgan tells us that after Wales became "one of the most industrialized countries in the world" the Welsh adopted a new set of traditions—those of a Wales immemorially nonconformist in religion and radical in politics. In a trice, Lloyd George supplanted Owen Glendower.

Mr. Hobsbawm thinks that, as in fashion and popular music, there is a narrow range within which traditions can be invented, and an even narrower one within which they can succeed. The successes, he thinks, "meet a felt—not necessarily a clearly understood—need among particular bodies of people," and he suggests that one task of the historian is to find out why such needs arise. The study of the mentality of the past, though essential, is difficult. (The mentality of the present is, of course, no less puzzling. Of two invented traditions, Mother's Day and Father's Day, why do Americans take the first so much more seriously?) It seems to me that most of the invented traditions in this volume express assertiveness—dynastic, political, national, ethnic, class. All the contributors show us people drawn into large societies as the nineteenth century spread literacy, improved transportation and communication, increased wealth, and began to enfranchise adult males. It appears that as people entered national—or world—society they demanded its attention. The so-called masses did not want to be an undifferentiated mass.

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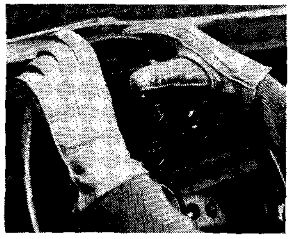

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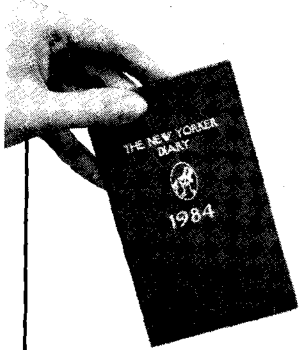
adduced to shore up new traditions *was recognizable as nonsense in its* own day. When Mr. Trevor-Roper tells us, for example, that the distinctive hereditary tartans alleged to have been worn since antiquity by members of the Highland clans were in fact designed by Scottish woollen manufacturers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, we do not need to check his documentation, because we know that primitive tribesmen do not wear uniforms. But the British public, which trusted the tartans, also knew that; British explorers, settlers, and soldiers had been encountering tribal warriors since the Age of Exploration. The strength of the will to believe evidently reflected some deeply felt needs.

However diverting we may find the study of other people's irrationality, sooner or later it leads us to consider our own, and I recognize such needs in myself. As an American, I regret the demolition of much of this whimsy, because it forces me to recognize how venerable my own country and its traditions are. I have wanted the Old World to be truly old, so that I, as an American, could continue to feel truly young. Perhaps because we were born in revolution, the appealing word in this country has been not "old" but "new": the New Nationalism of Theodore Roosevelt, the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson, the New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt, the New Frontier of John F. Kennedy, and, lately, the New Federalism. If the Europeans in this volume used age to disguise change, have we used youth and novelty to disguise age and *continuity?* —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SHALIMAR, by Kamala Markandaya (Harper & Row; $15.95). A large, quiet novel, set in present-day India, about a luxury resort called Shalimar and erected, by a multinational consortium, almost overnight; about the ancient fishing village that Shalimar overshadows by day and overlights after dark; about a hilltop pile called Avalon, a crumbling relic of British colonial splendor; about the amiable heir to Avalon, who is also one of Shalimar's directors; and about an enterprising fisherboy, who attends Shalimar's guests in whatever capacity, from waiter to lifeguard, the management requires, but always—and for this he wins the heir's esteem—on his



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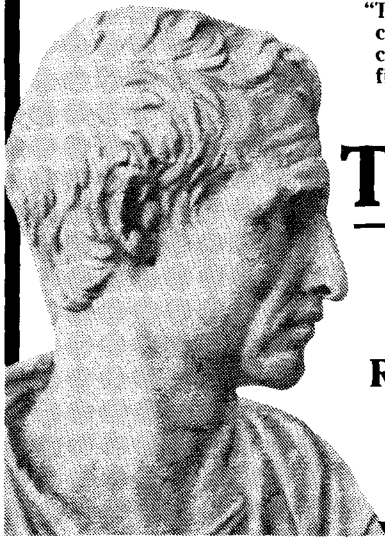
own terms. Nothing lurid or cataclysmic happens, despite an abundance of grass widowers, flirts, hotheads, and fools. Kamala Markandaya, the author of nine other novels, is more concerned with individuals' dreams and memories than with collective ones, and the ending, after one tense episode involving the resort, the village, and the sea, is relatively realistic and happy. The book is full of eccentric grammar (some sentences lack a main clause), but technical flaws do not dim the drama that the author draws out of simple words and gestures.

Pariah, and Other Stories, by Joan Williams (Atlantic–Little, Brown; $13.95). "Pariah"—a story about a bridge-playing alcoholic whose bluffing fools neither her friends nor her family—has the best title of these ten stories, all set in the rural South (the setting of Joan Williams' fine novel "County Woman," published last year), but it is not as memorable as some of the others: "Rain Later," for instance, in which one woman asks to borrow another's "nigger," as if he were a cup of flour, or "Going Ahead," about an old man and his grandson and their first experience of integration, at a dime-store lunch counter, or "Spring Is Now," about a schoolgirl who (like the grandson) unlearns her elders' prejudices when she comes to think of a new schoolmate not as "the Negro" but as Jack Lawrence. A pair of stunning stories have the dullest titles of all: "The Morning and the Evening" and "The Sound of Silence," both taken from the author's first novel (1961), describe the warped and muffled world of a retarded man named Jake, and the gentleness of almost everyone who knows him, from a little girl who sits next to him at a movie (when she leans against his shoulder, he wants to sing for joy) to "Preacher with the ice" (as he announces himself), the black iceman who discovers what Jake only dimly understands—that Jake's mother has died—and who stops to feed her pigs before fetching mourners, and helpers, from town.

GENERAL

Westering Man, by Bil Gilbert (Atheneum; $17.95). Joseph Walker, a six-foot-four, two-hundred-pound Tennessean, was the first sheriff of Independence,



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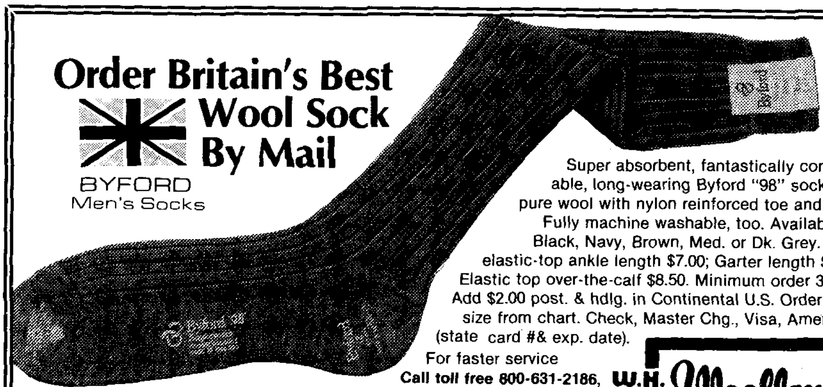

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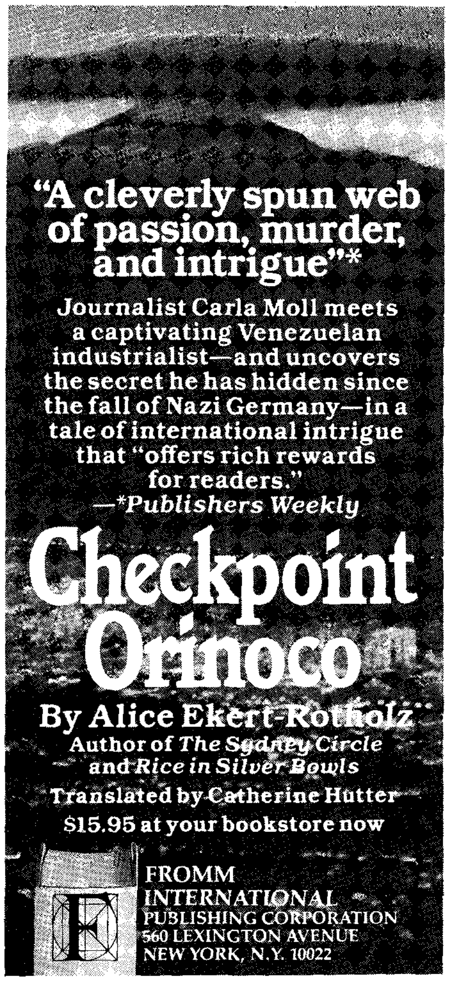

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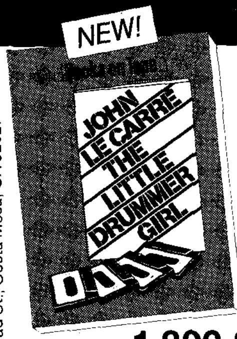

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NUMBERS: THEIR HISTORY AND MEANING, by Graham Flegg (Schocken; $14.95). Mr. Flegg is a British mathematician who has specialized in the teaching of mathematics. This book is an entire course in what numbers are and how they are manipulated and used. Much of the discussion is historical, and one comes away with a new sense of the depth of the accomplishments of the early mathematicians. It is extraordinary what they were able to do with the clumsiest tools imaginable. Think what it would be like to divide using Roman numerals. For another example, we take for granted algebraic manipulation involving unknowns represented by *x*. This notation was invented by Descartes, in the seventeenth century. Before that, many algebraic problems were expressed verbally; how the early mathematicians managed to deal with them is one of the things that Mr. Flegg explains. Pocket calculators may have made mathematics unfashionable, but, as this book shows, it can be a beautiful subject.

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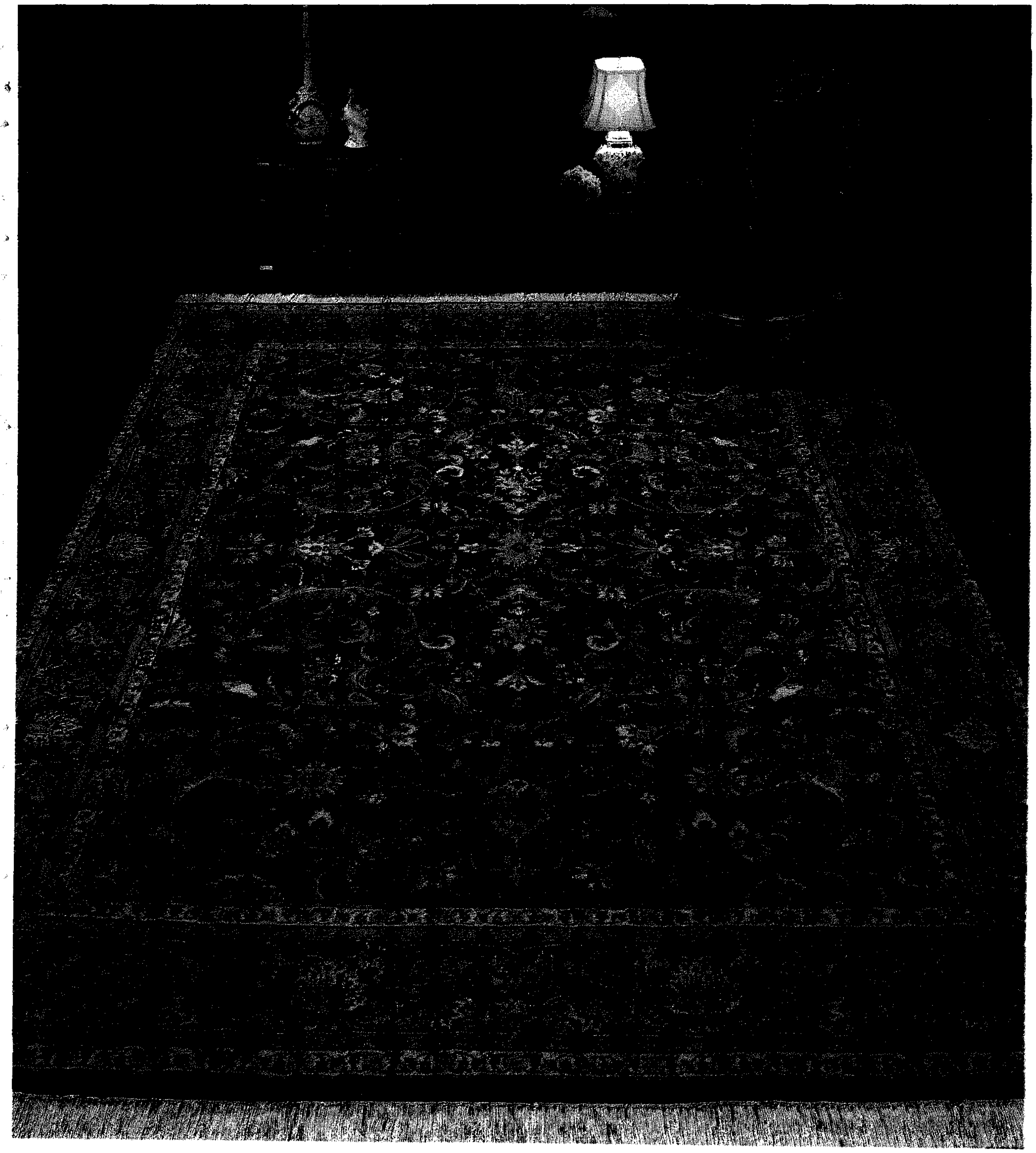

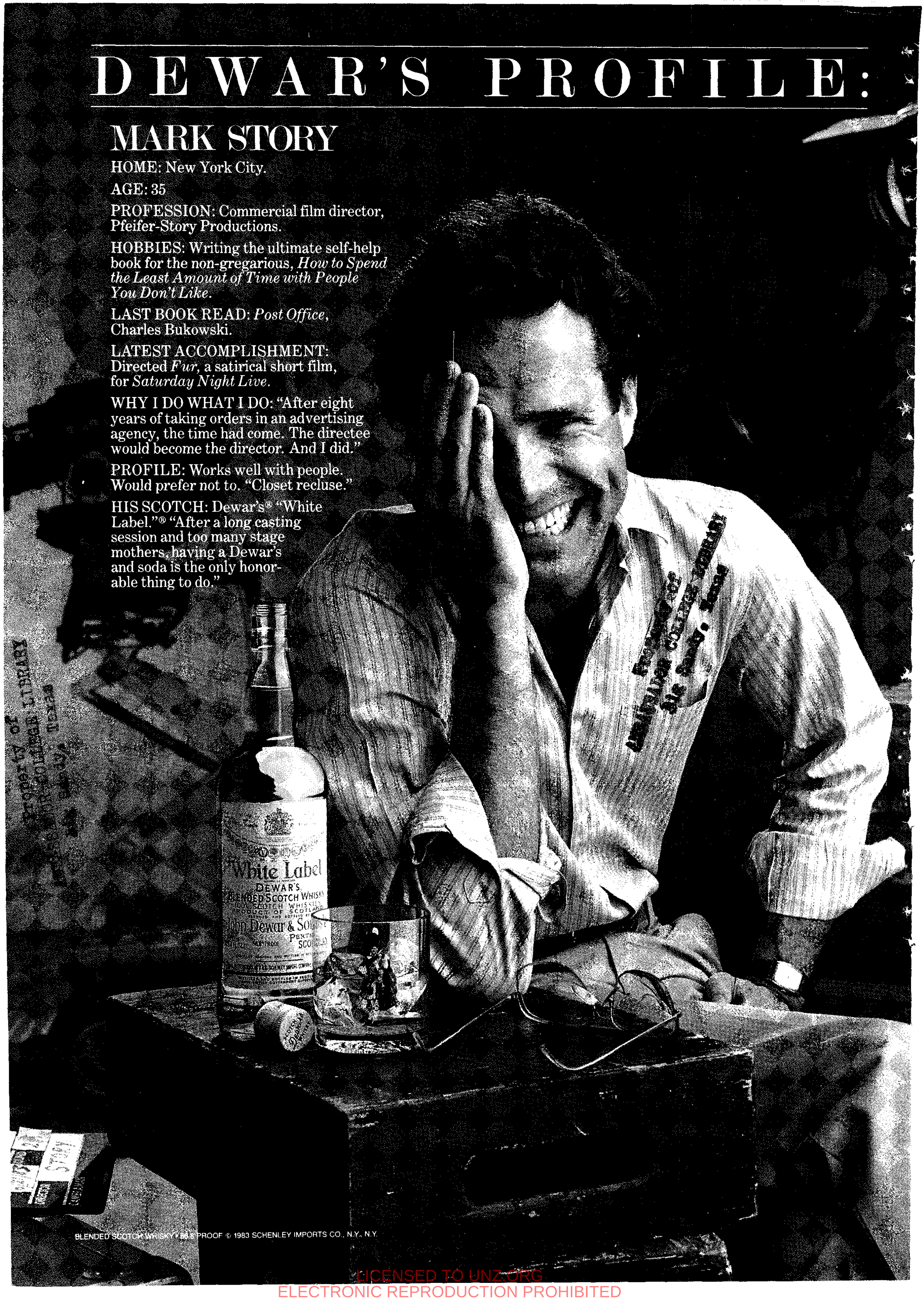

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